BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

egistered in accordance with the Copyrigh Act of 1875.1

Thus benefactor and protege sat together each busily engaged in the hoolwinking of his own soul, until the sound of footsteps to but the big chest was on the deck waiting to the corridors, the calling of voices and the slapping of doors, bespoke the house alive again, and they adjourned to their private mitting room together. There the old man ordered breakfast, and, by way of maintain ing his character, murmured a clumsy gracabove it, which sounded, even in the regentaut jul bird's ears, as though it were uu-babi ual. Breakfast, for which neither of the two had any g eat appetite being finished Mr. Bushell called for his bill and paid it, saw young George into a four wheeler, and h s luggage placed on top, and himself enter ing, was driven to the docks. Or the way thither he drew out a fattish pocket book which young G a rise had twice or thrice seen before, an i producing from it a builtle of bank notes, he began to thumb them carefully over, whilst the watcher's heart beat with

flattering expectancy.
Count them, sail the Christian bene-

factor, handing the bundle across.

Young George with nervous fingers to them off. Twenty ten pound Bank of Euglaud notes. It was an amazing relief to have them in his hands, though, carious as it may seem it was only then that the far occurred to him that his benevolent rescue might have remitted the money to Messre

Nally and Tulson of M thourne.
"Woat do you make 'em?" asked Mr Busbell. " Two hundred pound, sir," said the other

trembling. "New don't let's have no moor snivellin'. said old George, rather bru aby He was afraid of being noticed, and at the bare thought of encountering anybody known to him he shivered and a premonition of that swimming in the head came back upon him I'ut 'em in you pocket," he continued "Theer's what I promised you, an' now

you're provided for.

Young Geerge obeyed like a min in Even yet he was not used to it. "Now, Mr. Banks," said the od man, ning forward and drawling loudly as the tour-wheeler joined along the bobbled pavement of the street, . . i subplied pavement of the street, want y u to understand as that ain't the last help you'll recave from me if you de serve it. The world's afore you, an I look to you to do well. You'll be wise to give at your past acquaintance in this country the go by, and remind nobody of your crime. It I hear good accounts of you, I shall do my best to influence your father to overlook your offense, but you'll be wise not to attempt my passage money or any part of it?" to write to him until I advise you. Dye

I will follow your advice, sir, in things," said young George faintly.

'Theer's nobody," so the old man cogitated, "as he's likely to write to, left i' the piace." Daniel had gone, no man seemed to know whither. John Keen had faded out of sight. So had Ethel and Dinah. young George was certainly ignorant of their whereabouts. It might be as well to test

that.
"You know as Mr. Banks has sold the Sar acen, don't you?" he asked.
"I don't know it, sir," answered George

with downcast eyes.
"Him an' your—sister"—he half boggled at the word, he had mother so strongly in his mind - "an' the fake at Quirry moor, have all gone away together notody knows wheer But - '-remembering that this scarcely agreed with his promise -" I shall try to find your father, and persuade h m to soften to

you a bit, if I hear good news of you."

The young criminal began to think. It his tather out him off and that was likely enough, Dinah would inherit whatever there Dinah had always been very fond of him and was not the sort of woman to cheat a brother of his rights. He did her so much credit, and he beyon to see that there was hope, after all. Sae would not be influenced by Mr. Busuell, and it would be easy to fin a er. She could not have gone away and left no trace behind

The released convict did not weep any more and his companion, though he was refleved by that lac, had upon him a contradictory feeling that the young man ought to have been moved anew by his last evidence of trust and kinduers. The noise and bustle of the docks were a great trial to Mr. Bushell, for he saw in every stranger a possible acquain tance, and the danger of detection seemed imminent and terrible. He rushed young George aboard ship, therefore, and went down with hir liuto the saloun, where he began to feel feverish with suspense and fear. "I'll mek' efforts," he whispered behind his hand, "to find out wheer your folks are.

an' theer's no manner of doubt I shall be found 'em afore you get to Melbourne.' " It will be a i-ng searcu, else," said young George to himself drearily and with an inside

reproach. "If you want to write to th m, send through me, an' I'll find means to forward

'Tuank you," said young George chekily "Good bye, old England!" he thought. He was going away a rescued felon, disgriced and dis wned, and only (of all his triends) the man he had injured clung to him.

The steward approached.
"Better get ashore, now sir."

"Good bye," said the old scoundrel, "an God bless you! You li be met at Melbourne They'll know the suip you're coming by. "Good bye, sir," said the younger rogue

Old George gave a limp hand to him, and hurried ashore. Dreading to be recognized. yet afraid to leave until he had seen the las of his protege, lest even now some stroke of fortune should prevent him from going, he lingered on the quay. At eleven o'ch ex to the minute, the splended ocean going steamer began to move; slowly and heavily she forged ahead: and old George seeing his young namesake now on deck, ran alongside puffing and panting until the cleared the dock-gate steamed majestically down the There was a great crowd about him, and hats and hankerchiefs were waving on the steamer and on the quay, and land and water alike sent out a cheer. rah and good bye, from quay to deck and deck to quay. Hurrah! Good bye! Hurrah! In a white all went quiet, and old George walked away a free man. The certificate destroyed, the wicked Righ ful Heir forever banished, what had he to fear? He put that problem to himself a hundred times, and he was a dread within him which would not be

appeased.
"Wuat is theer for me to be afraid on?" he asked himself, and always answered

Nothing." But the voice inside said, "Everything The whole world-wide chapter of accident Any and every little wind of chance. Me your conscience !"
As poor old George's evil fortune would

have it, the very next Sanday morning, when he went to church, the incumbent at Trinty preached from this this text; What shall is profit a man if he gain the

whole world and lose his own soul?"

So Joe Busheli's son was following—with difference - in the steps of his father, and leaving England and hearts he had madsore behind him. He was free-free to go where he would, and carve ou his fortune with the lessons of the past be hind him Whatever come to pass in the future, he would at least be honest. He went down from the saloon dick to the so loon, and asked for a small buttle of cham pague, for he felt badly shaken, and need. a reviver. After that he was not going to b extravagant, but he could afford five shill ling's worth of delight and self-gratulation after all he had endured. The wine, at his request, was poured into a big soda water glass, and as he held it and watched the beaded bubbles winkling at the brim, his heart sent up a bubble or two of joy to bis eyes; and as he sipped, things looked dim

and blurred to bim, seen through those thin tears. He sipped his wine and thought It was necessary to escape at Queenstown if he meant to evade Mesers Nally and Tulsen at all. Very well—but was it necessary to sacrifice his luggage? That would be a pity and would be ungrateful into the bargain The two portmanteaus were in the state room be lowered into the hold. He finished his ing, walked out, and looked at it. So far, there no distinguishing mirk-for in the loses his sense of strict necessity, and turns and hurry of his preparations, the painting of name or initials had be forgotten young. George's lies were more than equal George thought that fortunate. "George " was not a good name to go through the world with, after what had happened ask one or two people to give him a look-up o the holder of it; and though he was registered under that title in the list of the sh p's passengers, he decided that this was Sid "-so the good natured youngster was the tast time he would bear it. Winlat he stood looking dreamily at the chest and cogitating, a sulor preceptated his thought into sudden from for action by preparing to 14ul away the trunk towards the op-"Ain't this for Melbournel" asked the

'I am not yet certain," young George said, rehearing this final necessary lie of his upon the seaman before trying it elsewhere. "I am ooked for Melbourne, but until I reach beenstown I cannot tell whether or not I farly affort on the pleasant rapids nall have to forteit my passage money. " That's rather awkward, sir, ain t it," said

the man good hamoredly.
"Yes," said George condescendingly. "How ong do we stay at Queenstown?"

Eight hours, sir," the man answered.
Dear me! said George, "no more than that! I may have to stay in Queenstown the next ship. You had better leave it I'll put it in last thing, sir,"said the man.

'so that you can get at it easy. But there's name on it." In a pocket of the suit of clothes he work the very suit in which he had been ar ested - George had a card-case, and produc

ng this, he drew forth a card and saw the man tack it on to the chest, Then be marched away to find the captain. They were in the Irish Channel by this time, and having lovely weather and smooth water. the captain was at leisure to advise a firstclass passenger. " Just b fore leaving my hotel to come

aboard this morning," said George, nived a telegram instructing me to call at Q seenstown, and in a certain eventuality to emain there to await new instructions. vessel, will it be competent for me to recover The company's agent will see about that

at Queenstown," said the captain. "But, ith suave politeness, "I trust you won t have to leave us." "I trust not," said young George.

long do we stay at Queenstown?"
"Eight hours, sir," said the captain. "That," said George, carrying of omedy, and doing his best to make it life-

like, "is a very short time."
We move along no addays," said the cap tain with a cheerful laugh.
"You do indeed," said George. "This is a

very fine boat," 'Anything else I can tell you!' asked the aptain, finding himself summoned by his

first officer. "Nothing, thank you," answered George. and so they parted mutually satisfied. "A champagne sang through all his pulses. A les man again, and not a soul to nim here. The lie had prospered. It sounded atural enough - why should it not prosper Wno was to guess that he had broke a com act with the only friend he had in all the world, by not going to Melbourne. He talked o his fellow passengers about it—what a nuisance it was, this probability of his having to stay in Oncenstown - and they took an the probabilities and non-probabilities of a return of his passage money, until George o, and half believed his own tale. He grew lmost pathetic in his aments to a middle g dlady with whom he fell into talk on the

saloon deck. "I had hoped," he said, "to pick up health

little on the voyage. I have been longing for the sea for a mouth past." That was true enough, but the middle aged ady would have been a little astonished 1 ue had shown to her the where and when of

the longing. "You do not enjoy good health?" said

"I do when I get it," said George with chastened ga ety, and the lady was so com-plaisant as to smile. But I am only newly recovered from a fever. Had to shave my head," said George with quite a fine-gentle nan manner, ' and strap me down. Imag

was really dreadfully 111."
With suchlike scraps of imaginative auto nography did our youthful traveller beautie time and the middle sged lady, until the call to dinner. He already felt himself again. and if his gaiety was sometimes a little tremulous, what else could be looked for in a man so pallid - a poor fellow only recently recovered from a most prostrating illness? He declared on deck again in the evening but the sea air was already doing him world of good after the close confinement o is -sick room; and probably it was. His regrets about the sacrifice of the voyage, ever

for a week or two, were almost affecting He mad such a longing for the sea, and had so nooked forward to it, and now, poor thing his hopes were dashed. It is certain that i ne had continued the voyage as he began it prodigiously. A well set broad shouldered voung fellow, with a handsome figure and a face by no means unhandsome, a pleasant voice, a look and tone approaching to the look and tone of culture-a released telon, yes, but once Ethel Dunne's chosen ausband. Quite a taking young person, and dmost in hyster capirits just then, as might mave been predicted of him, considering the

sircumstances. He went ashore at Queenstown, and came ack with regret painted visibly upon his pale and interesting countenance. His in structions had not arrived, and he was com pelled to stay behind until the dispatch of the next vessel. People quite condoied with him. and said "good-bye" in the friendliest and most regretful manner, considering the brevity of their acquaintance with him. His uggiege was put ashore, and the captain gave about to obtain a consideration for his lost passage-money in the next versel of the same line, and even wrote a note introducing im to the Queenstown agent of the firm the young geatleman tore his card from the top of his trunk and extracted the tacks. He had his portmanteaus painted with the

nitials "(1 C., and his big chest painted 'Mr. George Cheston." He got nin cards seorge Cheston, and he shipped himself by he very earliest vessel to New York. And then, when he stood upon the vessel's deck and passel from Queenstown harbor the felt imarlf doubly free - free of the old crime and ily, free of the name associated with it

The past was wiped out. Ban, ban, Chaliban I Have a new name and be a new man!

On the Atlantic voyage he made new riends under his new name the name waout not to swellish, and represented as w know, by an honorable family in his own disrict. His bair grew, his moustache was spidly approaching its normal fascinating toon and curl and his cheeks had recovered heir color, before the ship's look out sighted Sandy Hook. And how about his spiritual indition? Well, perhaps that was not al ogether satisfactory even to the young man nimself. A certain number of lies were necessary, of course. Or rather, let us dea

which he was placed, a strict veracity would have been quixotic, and that a little new olor was excusable. The mischief is that when a man turns artist in that direction to the circumstances, and, led away by at his brother's place in Staffordshire—Sir Sydney's place—Worley Hall. "Dear old at his brother's Sid "-so the good natured youngster was from home." satisfied to call him-would be delighted to "You lost

"Steady, there," said George, "Don't stow it only for the dignity of the family, that the raveler should put up at a first-rate hotel. One or two of his traveling comrades were He sighed inwardly and murmured to himself doing the same thing, and advised him to ollow in their steps. He was knocking about for his health, and thought of taking run across the prairies, and see if he couldu't get picked up in that way. And so "gain, he glided along quite gaily, with his banks. The place grows, sir, rap dly."

14 uph the briefest crackle of thorns, poor "Ah! No doubt -no doubt.

New York, like other places, is pleasant to men who have leisure and money. Our upon his breast, and his voice fell again into young friend engaged much in games of a mulmur as he repeated, "Great changes mi gled change and skill, and prospered so amazingly with the not very skilful but moneyed young Englishman who had voyaged out with him that his funds increased for the first mouth in spite of extravagances But when at length they continued their trav els and left him behind, he did hegin to think seriously about making aliving. So many peo ed him curiously, perplexing him the ple already knew him in New York, that he pedestal in that city, and he falt that he must But whilet he considered yo taither afield. what it would be best to do, he hung on at he big hotel, where he amused himself by night at pool on an English table, and pretty The first bustle of departure was over, and generally won at it. One evening, before the u-ual party had assembled, a grave looking man of middle age strotled in, and asked for drink and a cigar. Being provided, the grave looking man sat down and sucked peacefully, and now and then sipped at hi liquor through a straw George had seen the ew-comer at table d'hote, but had never exchanged a word with him. The middle aved man sat at one end of the table and cigars George at the other, and until now they had never encountered.

"It's a fine evening, sir," said George in his pleasant tenor voice, as he lounged ested in nothing which does not concert resplendent on a settee facing the grave man's seat.

"That is so, sir," said the grave man. "I suppose," said the friendly George, that your climate is pretty severe here in the winter time?

George offered one or two other remarks of the same sort, and the two were me up for desgilding into talk, when some of the you know?" habitual pool-players came in and the game began. The grave man sat awhile and watched, until he had finished his drink and smoked out his cigar, when he arose self luxuriously back in his chair and blow and went away. Next afternoon George ing a lazy cloud, "I'm almost inclined to over the balcony with a cigar in his mouth

wristocrat. The grave stranger tilted his hat gables and dormer windows, and so on. back, nodded seriously at George flicked the suppose that's all changed?" back, nodded seriously at George means on "Yes," said George, his mind recurring ash from the end of his cigar, and went on the Saracen, of whose altered condition he

"Not quite half a year," said George. the stranger that.

'I hope," said the other with a singular mild gravity of face and voice, "that you abroad as he spoke.
won't charge me with eaves-dropping, but I "Nit exactly," G heard you talking last night with those young

y well when I was a lad."
Indeed?" said young George carelessly.
George was blowing his nose again, and look He fluttered a lit le at this, and flurished a ed up a little flushed, perhaps by the violence cented handkerchief aflout h.s face to nide a of the exertion. nomentary confusion. "You are an Eng

"Yes," said the stranger with the same "Is it standing yet?" "Yes," said the stranger with the same mild gravity; "a South Stafford man."
"The Saracen?" said George with counterledged?" said George again, and blow feiled reverse. "The Sarac-n?"

his nose with violence. ' Excuse me for asking," said the stranger. and added: "but I've been away now for a quarter of a century or thereabouts, and that's a long pulled up there for a glass of home brewed Has Worley Hall changed hands?

"Oh dear, no," answered George.

"Excuse me for asking, again," rursued the stranger, "but I heard you speaking of your place, Worley Hall in Staffordshire, and remembrance. "Syd calls there sometimes and the smile was pleasant and inviting.
"My name is Cheston," said young George, loved.

'So Sydney got married, did he?" said answered.

Did the old boy marry again? I bag your Old Banks used to keep it—Daniel Banks. I bardon. But I should have thought you suppose he's gone, too?" pardon. oo old for that."

under this examination.

"Now, I should have thought," resumed able to him. is companion, regarding him with candid riendly eyes, "that you were six and twenty at the least. And you can't be more than three-and-twenty, at that rate."

was nothing in the stranger's manner at upon him.

"When I was a lad," said Joe, hardening hich he would or could have taken offence. questions, but the grave man's way was provocative of trust genial and frank, though world. You don't know whom she married, always tinged, even when he smiled, with a do you?"
look which no man ever wore whose life had "Marr

ow me to off r you my card. My name's ried two or three and twenty years ago.
Bashell—Joseph Bushell. Your brother and "I'll be hanged if she did," were at school together, and were great George with well bred languor. "She's an

felt singularly ill at ease, and would rather taken."
not have met an old friend of his brother's, though of coure it was difficult to say so.
"Thank you," said the newly made ac-

quaintance with tranquil heartiness, "thank you. It does a man good to meet a face that comes out of the old country. You won't mind arms abroad and gaping lazily.

my asking you - will you? come and dine "But you scarcely remembered the house with me to-night, quietly. We'll go just now? to Delmonico's and have a room to our "I reme

Tuanks," said the impostor. " I am pledged for to night"

No harm in it, you know, for I be
"Well, say to morrow night. Come to always been a deuced good sort of my room now, if you you've nothing else to do, and have a smake and a talk and a glass And the aristocratic youth yawned again

of wine. Dol" There was nothing else to be done, and the long lost Joe h led off his old chum's brother to his own sitting room, and there began to and have thought the want of interest over pump him. But first the imposter, desperate y, feeling it needful to clear the ground a ittle for himself, and to carry the thing way. Then why the deuce should my uncle off with a good air, put one or two questions to him.

"I think," he said, crossing his legs negligently, and speaking with a society drawl,

place of George Banks in the scheme of the time," said Joe, gravely smiling again, "but sorld. Grant that, under the conditions in | he was my uncle. He's alive?"

"Oh yes," said George, som swhat recover ng his ease. "I know the old boy well. " His brother Joe, my father," asked Joe -" is he alive?"
"No" returned George, rather startled by

this question. "I've heard he died before was born. You didn't know that?" "No," said the other gravely. "I didn'

"You bolted?" said George, growing mor and more inused to the situation. "Yes," said Joe Bushell, "I ran away

'You lost a pot of money by it," said George easily. "I've heard Syd say that your governor left your Uncle George a quar This newly discovered relationship with a ter of a million." wealthy English baronet made it necessary, "So much as that," said Joe quietly "Well, 1'm glad Uucle George had it. Hwas a good old fellow was Uucle George

Poor old dad!" Eh?" said George.

"Nothing. There are great changes in if he the place, I suppress?"

nd so "Great changes. Town hall and free once library in the High street. Two or three new

changes - great changes " His drooping head crushed his brown bear

CHAPTER XXII.

There was a memory somewhere for Jo Bushell in the face of his new acquaintanc Mr. George Cheston, his old companion younger brother-a suggestion which touch sould not possibly descend from his social for the young man was not like Cheston in pedestal in that city, and has falt that must the least. Was it——? no—Hang it! What yo taither afield. But while he considered was it? They could never have met before, of course, and yet Joe was certain that he had seen the face somewhere. The fact was that the young scoundrel was unworthily like his mother, and that it was this resemblance to her which at once attracted and puzzle his father. Jee felt, but could not trace, th likeness -could not identify it with anybody but his heart warmed to the youngster. "And so," he said, "my uncle's a grea

> One of the richest men in the district. said George, pulling away at one of his host This is good tobacco." He wa not going to be over-interested in the conve sation, having a general notion that a gentle man horn and bred ought to be really inter himself. Not to admire was all the art h

> "I suppose he's still a bachelor?" "Quite superior to feminine blandish ments, I faucy," said George. "One couldn't fancy him making love under any sort

" Well, yes," returned the other. "That circumstances."
"No," said Joe, lingering on the word I suppose not. Has everybody quite given me up for dead on that side of the water. d He put this question with short laugh which had no merriment in it whatever other feeling might be there.
"Weil" answered George, casting him

sand went away. Next afternoon Groorge ling a lazy count, I in almost include to came across him again as he was leaning think they have. Syd bas, I know."

"It was an odd old place, as I remember and his hat tilted forward.
"It was an odd old place, as I remember it," said Jue after a little pause. "There and his hat tilted forward.

"Beautiful day," said the young English used to be a lot of queer build ngs about-

"You are not long away from England, I was of course unconscious. His companion struck his very thought.

" Their notions of an hotel in that part That day seven weeks he had said farewell to the world used to be primitive," said Joseph the challain. But there was no need to tell approaching the ground he wanted to get at with great caution. "I suppose they haven't got this pitch even yet?"—waving his hand

"Not exactly," George reptred.
"The Saracen's Head was one of gentlemen at the billiard-table. You men-tioned a place at home that I used to know with apparent carelessness. "Do you know

> "I beg pardon?"
> "The Saracen's Saracen's Head," said Joe again.

> Joe helped him to the topographical lines, "Old Sir Sydney, your father, always

when he rode over to the petty sessions

I didn't catch your name. Since the old in the same way. Yes, yes. I know it place is in the same hands, I needn't ask it. Of course." Before he had become alto-You're a Cheston, of course." There the strenger's mild gravity gave way to a smile, indeed served with his own hands that glass of home-brewed the genial baronet He bore the unexpected turn the with an approach to hauteur inhis voice and talk had taken with great sang troid, after the first enquiry had been made and

"I used to be there a good deal myself, the stranger.
"Sir Sydney is my brother," replied young said Joe, "when I was a youngster. They had the first billiard table there that bad the first officer table the stranger with a new smile. bad the first officer table to that part of the world of the stranger with a new smile.

"I fancy not," said George. "I believe he "My father remarried comparatively late has retired. Some family troubles, I think in life," said George, feeling very ill at ease He felt his coolness under fire to be credit

"Family troubles?" asked Joe.

"I don't know, I am sure," George answered yawning a little as it the conversation bored him. But his the conversation "That is my age," said Georgestiffly. Had companion was casting about in his mind he been the man be pretended to be, there to the down to get further, and the by-play was lost

Of course there are ways and ways of asking his heart for the leap, " I used to think

"Married?" said George, thrown off his not been crossed by some very considerable guard for a second.

"Yes," answered the other—" married."

"You don't mean ——? Confound it—

Sydney speak of me. He was the last man what's the woman's name? —Dinah?" what's the woman's name? —Dinah?" Yes, I do," returned Joe. "She mar

chums years ago.

George perforce tock the proffered card and produced one of his own. "Mr. George Cheston, Worley Hall, Staffordshire." He and told me she was married, if I m not mis-

yawning outright this time. Joe. "You must be." " Sure I'm not," said George, casting his

" I remember it well enough now you call yawn, "Syd used to call there, and he was little sweet on Dinah, too, in a quiet way. No harm in it, you know, for I believe she's stretching forth his arms in luxurious aban donment. Perhaps had his companion had a reason for watching, he might have caught

" Not married!" said Joe in a bewildered George have said the was?" " Made a mistake, I suppose," said George more languid and fine gentlemanlike tha

done.

gently with him, and call them -not lies, but very well managed on the whole, "that I have ever. "Tell you what makes me so sure thed prosperity, and his being in this swell spell it backwards, and not only that, but about with makes me so street the prosperity, and his being in this swell spent and not only that, but one in the swell spent of the case, and employed old Gorge Bushell's, the great mine secessarily as a background and plot to stand on the work. They owner makes me so street the prosperity, and his being in this swell spent and not only that, but one successfully a spent of the case, and employed old Gorge Bushell's, the great mine secessarily as a background and plot to stand on the whole, "that I have level." They downer makes me so street the prosperity, and his being in this swell spent and not only that, but only that in the swell spent and not only that, but only the same had not only that, but only the same had not only that, but only the same had not only that, but only the swell had a knak of making money; will tell you at ones hote sand the only that, but only the swell had a knak of making money; will tell you at ones hote swelled in the swell spent and not only that, but only that had a knak of making money; will tell you at ones hote swell the pour transfer that not not the swell spent and not only that, but only the swell that prosperity, and his being in this swell spent and not only that, but only the swell that prosperity, and his being in the swell spent and not not have a spent and not not not never. The you what makes me so the prosperity, and his being in the swell spent and not not never. The you what makes me so the prosperity, and his being in the swell spent and not not never. The you what makes he so the prosperity, and his being in the swell swell shad a finite prosperity, and his being in the swell shad and to the swell shad and to the swell shad a finite prosperity, and his being in the swell shad and to the swell shad and to the swell shad not sentence and not sentence and not stand not some swell shad and the sould have a spent and not not shad and the sould have a spent and not sentence and not the place.'

Joe had his reasons for the disguise of emosaw it all. Joe Bushell and his sister would his own part. ne contemporaries, and it was quite likely that young Joe had been in love with her. His uncle George had probably suvented the fiction of the marriage to prevent young Joe from making a bad match. It was not easy for him to think that a man so forgiving and generous could have told the ie in order to secure a hold of young Joe's ortune. It came easy to him to think ill of people as a rule, but he could not think any

great evil of his benefactor.

And as for Joe himself, he had charished his own heart so long the memory of acle George's ancient kindness that it was almost impussible to begin a new estimate of he man at this time of day. When he was rieudless and alone, his uncle had sou ht um out and had given him a hundred pounds -a generous gift -a sum not lightly to b given away by anybody to a mere runaway young rascal of a nephew. Why should he lave written to tell him that Dinah Banks

"She was a very pretty girl," said Joe. dearing his throat with difficulty. 'I should have thought she'd have had heaps of

"Ye-es," returned George rising and strolling to a window. "I think I've heard "o But she's a middle aged woman, you know, and rather out of my line. I'm told Sid sed rather to rave about her."

Faithful to him! Faithful to him after through all these heavy years! ould have gone ill with errant Joe indeed there had been no heart ache in th

ncught. It is worth noticing, as a fact in the conitution of hum inity at large, that whe her do my duty well or ill, or howsnever you do est the outer world to do its duty, to be ithful in the performance of its promises and long suffering in respect to injury, and enerally to act up to a standard which we icknowledge to be beyond our reach. And u like fashion, Joe had felt keenly at the ime that Dinah might have waited a little onger. He acknowledged his own unworthi ess with constant and deep abasement, he might have been worthier. Out of that mood he had grown into excuses for her, and xplauations, and he had found a self torcenting pleasure in thinking of her as a narried woman with her family growing up mout her, and himself a mere dim remen

It had not all gone smoothly with the cal ow whiskered, blue eyed foolish lad who left nome in so undignified and unmanly fashion

o many years ago.
Nobody ever told a story completelynot even a Chinese dramatist. For on every maracter in any story the influences of a whole world are pouring every tay, and the most painstaking of or granted. I cannot do more than indicate nas worked on any young fellow you may nave known five and twenty years ago. A alon in the wai-t-grown portly, a smooth ace lined and bearded, an open brow corruated, locks crisp and curled and golden turned to a darker shade and streaked with to," returned George. grey, and maybe a little thinned at top.
Young Jos, whose folly was the fount and origin of this history, has lost his claim to

more. I have never sought to conceal from myself my opinion of his conduct. He asted badly, criminally, like a fool. I know it. I admit it. But there are men whose failings we condone, whose follies we forgive, whose ins we pity. Let young Joe be of them. He was sinned against as well as sinning women who read this story wil probably te deserted. "Do you think we can manage to Judge, I think it is about time to adjourn. and upon him in their judgments—and will go bick together?"

"In how long?" asked George.

Judge—But I beg to remind the prisoner hard upon him in their judgments - and will be right, beyond a doubt. But many years of poverty and remorse are in thems lives hard uugment on a man; and he had suffered, as you and I do when we misbelieve ourselves ; and had grown wiser and better, as you and

sometimes fail to do. The long errant Joe has sinned and suffer

amended. Let us take him back to friendship. The story of a wild, disjointed life suc't as had lived most of these would hardly pay for telling here. hundred things for a living, and throve a none of them, until he got a berth aboard over steamer, and after two or three years become a river pilot. Then, having in the course of two or three years more saved a ittle mouey, he went westward to Fisco and there started a store in partnership with another Englishman, who was lond at morn ing, noon, and night wit i denunciations of American dishonesty. When they had made nice little pile together, this true born Briton took advantage of a fever from which his partner suff red, and, realising the wholestate, he fled, taking a ship for Hong-Kong, and leaving Joe behind him, friendless, deli rious with fever, and without one cent to chink against another. At this terrible junc cure turned up a bearded ruffin, by name MacKane, who, by way of giving his own infe-history the lie, nursed the stranger through his fever and saw him back to health again. Mackane had money, and thought well to invest it. He outiness, and MacKane providing the stock own hands. The two turove amazingly in their busi-

ness, and went in for qual success. Then MacKane, who was a noble fellow but a confirmed rowdy, fell by revolver bullet and died, b queathing every thing to his partner. And so from small things to big, and from big to bigger pro by all who knew him - first for his dollars (dollars provide the shortest cut to judgment) and next for his sterling and blameles private character.

He had quite made up his mind to end his

days in the country of his adoption, and was resigned to see England no more. But this most strange news of Dinah put all his reso lutions out of joint. He could see now that he was in reality a thousand times as criminal as he had thought himself, self condemning old maid."

"What?" cried Joe. Then moderating as his thoughts had always been. Not happy not forgetful, not married and comforted b the love of children, but living to a cold and aken."

long since widowed middle age. Ah! that
"'Iwasn't true, if he did," said George,
made a difference. He tried to picture her as she would be after so long a space; bu could do nothing but recall her as she said "No, Joe, no; you couldn't have the heart to eave me!" And then again: "Go, and God bless you, my own dear, dear, ever dearest Joe!" And then again: "Will you let me keep my marriage ines?" His last failure towards her! And selves, and a good dinner and a good talk. it to mind," said George, recovering from his then the waving hand, the tear-soiled forthe pretty figure in white muslin, and the demurely-coquettish straw hat! He heard and saw again, though it was all so old and fir away.

Meantime, as Joe sat unconsciously smok ing, with the voice of his youth's wife in his ears and her form in his eyes, his visitor stood at the window congratulating himself, in spite of a faint conscientious qualm, on the success of his assumption of his charac-It was an odd chance which had thrown him into the company of a relative of his nate employer's; but the association was not akely to last long, and might be turned to some advantage while it lasted. For Joe bough five and twenty years since a runaway

tired, and that he and Miss Banks—what's of that lost quarter of a million, unless he ber name—Dinah—had gone away and left himself had been well provided for. When a This thing was tried time and ag

in up in this reverie.

prairies, or perhans of seeing what sport the

Dominion has to show." "What do you say to a run across to San to the old country after going home to set things straight Will you come across You'll get a good view of the convith me? tinent, and we can make a stay here and there if you like. and I'm so pleased at meeting a man from the old place that I shall really take it as favor if you'll come.'

"Why, thank you," said the impostor; "you are very kind. I should like the journey amazicgly." The magnitude of the vill had begun to frighten him. At stances the letters spell nothing the rate at which he was going, his resources would not isst long.

So the thing was settled, and, whilst Joe New York, the two saw a good deal of each other. The prosperous trader was free with this money, and whatever they did together as far as can be discovered, but it is a curiosfor -an arrangement which men he paid George's views to a hair, though he made a conventional proprietry struggle in pretense of a desire to disturb it now and then. When Joe had known old Sr Sydney and his son the family had not been wealthy, and liked the young fellow none the less that he did not seem quite recklers in his expenditure. A man who took a liking for people readily, Joe soon bred a fancy for his com panion, and was never weary of talking with him about the old place and the people be had known. He gave the young man an insight into his own experiences, and told him candidly of his first hard struggles in the land of his adoption; and he played, in short the part of guide, philosopher, and friend to

him. They had known each other for a fortnight thereabouts, when Joe turned upon the youngster and said: "Look here. Cheston. I can ask a favorlof.

going to do it " "Certainly," said young George, not quite in com ort. Was Bushell not so well to do

as he had thought him.

"I've told you already that I have an idea of running over to England. As you say for; but I want to have a look at the old pace, and I don't want to be talked about. You needn't tell anybody that you met me here, when you go back again. chroniclers must let some things be taked Syd, if you like"—he had fallen into George's speaking of his old friend -- " and I oung Joe's history here. If you want to think it's more than likely I shall call upon upon him, think of the alterations time long as I have, there's a sort of shamefacedness about going back again have known five and twenty years ago. A and I'd rather that nobody knew ittle figure grown set, a figure but an eagle's anything about it. I dare say it's a bit sentim nial, but you won't say anything about

me, will you ?" "Decidedly not, since you wish me not

"I'm not in a-in a downright hurry," Joe continued, "and I have a good many things to see before I can start." He was curiously reluciant to go back, and yet he felt that he could not help himself. To re turn to Dinah and offer her the fag end of his life reemed base and cruel. She thought him dead. Let her think him so. It would first hypothetical question, what is your be brutal to disturb her peace again at this late hour. And, even if he went at all, he longed for some companionship however slight, some living tie with the home he had

"Well, when you like, in reason," Jee answered. "Say I shall be able to start three months time; would that suit you?"
Yes, I think so," said George. It would said George. It would be easy to dodge the fellow at the fluish, and three months was a lift, certainly. If he up a fresh man, he's too ancient.

gested.

"Yes, of course," repnece inside vacuum at the fancy."

Matters being thus arranged, and Joe's business being therety afterwards prospersions should be a still say, prisoner?

Prisoner—Oh, well, make it 11.

Judge—Eleven o'c.ock to-morrow morning. "Yes, of course," replied George with an and there, and made it last them three weeks from start to finish. From the hour of eaving New York, Joe took upon nimeelf the part of host, and insisted upon paying for George could scarcely verything. the shock to his feelings which the bill at the great hotel afforded; and Joe, observing his iscomfiture at that moment, was resolute in not permitting him to spend another dollar anywhere upon their joint expenses. was comfortable; but, like other conditions Joe made him keep a diary of his journey for Sir Sydney's peru-al, and was always budger

gressed Joe Bushell, and he was now here in New York to arrange the sale of a considera dinner, said George.

'I notice." said Joe seriously, "that ble property in a western town on the great you're a dilatory fellow, Cheston. Now I wents of the terrestrial bodies. When Pacific line; a man firmly established on a broad business bottom, and highly respected that's bad. Prograstination is one of the that's bad. Prograstination is one of the dilatory to the principal saloon had a dome which turning day and night imitated the movements of the terrestrial bodies. When this place was finished he exclaimed:

"At last I am lodged like a man." His worst habits a young fellow can form Come,

seating himself, "tell a fellow what to say." He feigned a little touch of sulkiness to hide

his embarrassment. [10 BE CONTINUED.]

A BACK-HANDED SPELLER.

Mexican Compositor. Santa Fe has a young man with a mind which has a faculty that is rately to be found, if, indeed, it can ever be discovered ness for a good living, and as a consequence has never said anything about his spelling capacity, which is the subject of this item McKwvitt is a left-hanged speller, and defice any one to put at him a word which he can spell backward as rapidly as the best

The other day the reporter fell in with him when he was in a mood more communicative than usual, and had occasion to try Affairs are sometimes Met with in Parlors and Ball Rooms, but more generally in the Society Ball Rooms, but more generally in the Society Rooms and Newspapers. A Recherche ackwards so fast that his hearers were un ble to tell whether he was right or wrong "You see," said a fellow printer, "he can tell the number of letters in any word with Denver Tribune Primer. rom home, had now a look of solid and set out a moment's hesitation, as well as he can

man is able to say of so vast a sum, "I am no word or series of words could be hit upon glad somebody else has it," because somebody which were not rendered as indicated above. tion too. George, in his cunning, thought be else is a good fellow, it argues prosperity on Of course there are words in the English language which McKevits has never heard of Joe, emerging from his reflections, broke just as is the case with almost every other m in, but he is what would be called a fine in up in this reverie.

"When do you think of going back to Eugland, Mr. Cheston?"

"Well, I am not at all decided."
said George, turning round upon him can spell astonishing rapids.

"The atward with astonishing rapids." Is desire, turning round upon 11m ty. The been thinking of getting on for the ty. The strangest part about the whole prairies or perhaus of seeing what sport the or studied spelling backward a day life. He says he does not know how he ac-Francisco?" asked Joe. "I'm settled quired the ability to do it, but that as soon there, and I'm thinking of taking a rr over as he hears or sees a word, even if he has never thought of it before, which, of course, is the case with a large majority of words, he snows immediately how many letters there are in it and how to spell it backwards or in the regular way. It is so, too, with sentences He knows at once how many words and letters in any sentence that may be suggested. and staies the numbers promptly as soon as the words are uttered. McK-vitt can also distribute type backward as fast as forward. In the left handed spelling there is no theory of sound to aid him, as in very many incannot be pronounced, so that there is no accounting for his ability to spell in that way xcept to conclude that it is the result of waited for the arrangement of his business in wift - a peculiar faculty of a remarkbly quick

ity and a rare one, and if anybody thinks it an't hard to do, let him try to acquire it .-Santa Fe Mexican.

IN 1900.

How the Murder Trials of the Future Will be Conducted. The nine hundred and ninety-ninth witness in the great spin it out-as-long as-we-can case took the stand, and the lawyers

proceeded to torture him with the assistance Lawyer-I believe you are from Southern Witness—Yes sir, and I wish to get back

as soon as possible.

Prisoner—What's the matter with you, you — goggle-eyed, cadaverous reptile? Haven't you been paid ten thousand dollars traveling expenses. Shut up, Mr. Lawyer, m running this case and I mean to put this long eared ass where he belongs at the your brother's brother, I know, and I am start. If you don't like our style, you -big boned son of the East, you can take your soap and toddle home just as qoick as you

---please.
Judge--If the prisoner will allow the Court o— Prisoner—Shut up, Judge, I know what n about. Who is running this case, you

Judga-Well, if the prisoner please, I should like to—
Prisoner—Now, Judge, how many times during this trial have I got to remind you that we can get along without your ad

Lawyer - If the prisoner is through we will now proceed with the examination of the wit

Prisoner - Yes, for the present. I will de iver my daily oration leter. Lawyer-I am about to put the first hypothetical question to the witness. I hose wishing to remain throughout the delivery of he question will find excellent board and lodging at the hotel opposite. The question od many will be delivered insections, and I think I can the was manage to get through with it in the course

of the month. Eighteen days after. Witness still on the stand : Lawyer -- And now, having heard this

opinion? Prisoner - Ob, never mind his opinion. He is nothing but a — pimple-headed liar, and he might as well go home and soak his feet.

that it is only two o'clock, and——
Prise ner—On, what's the diff? I've had enough of this racket for to-day, and I don't want to see that --- blasted as on the wit ness stand to-morrow, either. We must have

could only rely upon a part of it it would be something. "That will suit me very don, I must remind him that the witness has yet to answer our question. Prisoner - It deem t make a hit of differ ence. He's an old fool, and I'm tired of him.

WHAT NERO DID. A Few of the Wonderful Stories Told by

History. It was to Nero that Pacitus applied the expression, incredilium cupitor. What he not only desired but achieved in the way of cinel-ty and vice w. uld be declared incredible if Roman history had not already shown that revolting atrocities may be concieved by a with Mr. Joseph Bushell had its drawbacks. sponsible power After the burning of the city, he gratified his taste, in entire disregard of the proprietors, in rebuilding it. He at ing George to write to him, and giving him once appropriated a number of the sites, and trusted Joe at sight, after the curious manner of his kind, and the two started a store on old Syd to secrecy. And at last, on reaching new palace. The porticos, with their ranks the old lines - Joe finding knowledge of the San Francisco, Joe took the matter into his of columns, were a mile long. The vestibule was large enough to contain the colousal "I say, Cheston, about that letter you're statue of him in silver and gold, 120 feet always promising to write to Syd. Do it high, from which the colossenm got its now, there's a good fellow. Come now, here's name. The interior was gilded throughout pen, ink and paper. We'll arrange what to and adorned with ivory and mother of pearl. say about our meeting and about my going The ceilings of the dining rooms were formed of movable tables of ivory, which shed "Leave a fellow alone a little while after flowers and perfumes on the company; the diadem was valued at half a million. His

dresses, which he never wore twice, were stiff He stood with a pen in one hand inviting with embroidery and gold. He fished with George to come forward, and after a mo- purple lines and hooks of gold. He never travelled with less than a thousand carriages. ment a pause secured obedience.

"Here," said George, taking the pen and The mules were shod with silver, muleteers clothed with the finest wool, and the attendants were bracelets and necklaces of gold. Five hundred she asses followed his wife Popræs in her progress, to supply milk for her bath. He was fond of figuring in the circus as a charioteer and in the theater as a singer and actor. He prided himself on being an artist, and when his possible depo-The Curious Faculty of a Young New siticn was hinted to him be said that arrists would never be in want. There was not a vice to which he was not given, nor a crime which he did not commit. Yet the world, exclaims Seutonious, endured this monster elsewhere. The gentleman in question is the Hugh McKevitt, a printer, working over at multitude, who were dazzled by his magnifi-Military Headquarters. He is a rapid type setter and a thoroughly good workman, so the chair part dependent or the product of the settleman and the settleman and the settleman are considered this monster to the monster to the settleman in question is the settleman and the settleman and the settleman are considered this monster to the settleman in question is the settleman and the settleman and the settleman in question is the settleman and the settleman in question is the settleman and the settleman are settleman and the settleman are settleman and the settleman are settleman as the settleman are settleman a that he is not dependant on any side busi during many years, they crowded to cover his tomb with flowers. - Quarterly Review.

-An aged negro was one day showing the scars of the wounds inflicted by the lash when he was a slave. "What a picture l' exand quickest speller could hive it in the claim d a sympathizing looker on. usual way.

The other day the reporter fell in with obone ob de old masters."

for him. As so n as the word was pronounced, Mesaid "Fifteen letters," and went at in Affair is an Affair where the Society Editor is invited to the R-freshment Table. Society Editor is told his Room is Betterithan us Company, the Affair is not Recherche. --

WALL HOLDER