PITCHERY-BIDGERY.

The Turning of the Long, Long

BY MONSIEUR DEMOULIN.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE RUN ON THE BANK. Not long after the bank opened a number of people came in who asked for gold in refor some bank notes which they offered. This was an unusual circumstance. The peoalarmed at the thought which now presented

"How much gold have you?"

- " Very little."
 "How much?"
- " Thirty thousand." "Phew!" said Clark, "and nearly two hun dred thousand out in notes !"

Potts was silent. What'll you do if there is a run on the

bank? "Oh, there won't be,"

" Why not?"

" My credit is too good." "Your credit won't be worth a rush if

people know this.' gold. By about twelve o'clock the influx was constant.

and tried to bully some of the villagers. nim, nowever. Focus went back to his part locker to the twenty thindtes, and there was a lor discomforted, vowing vengance against great riot among the people on that account, those who had thus elighted him. The but they could not do any thing. The bank worst of these was the tailor, who brought was closed for the day, and they had to de in notes to the extent of a thousand pounds, and when Potts ordered him out and told for the return of John. He was expected be for the return of John. He was expected be

Well, old Potts, so am I." At this there was a general laugh among find him.

Ane pank clerks did not at all sympathize with the bank. They were too eager to pay out. Potts had to check them. He called them in his parlor, and ordered them the sympathize armed. them in his parlor, and ordered them to pay out more slowly. They all declared that they couldn't.

The day dragged on till at last three o'clock came. Fifteen thousand pounds had been paid out. Potts fell into deep despondency. Clark had remained throughout the whole morning.
"There's going to be a run on the bank?"

said he. "It's only begun."
Petts's sole answer was a curse

What are you going to do ?" he asked. help me," replied Potts "You'll have to

' You've got something. "I've got fifty thousand pounds in the Plymouth Bank."

You'll have to let me have it."

Clark hesitated.
"I don't know," said he.

"D-n it, man, I'll give you any security you wish. I've got more security than I know what to do with."

"Well," said Clark, "I don't know. There's a risk."

I'll pay up these devils well, and that d-d in a short time, perhaps in a few weeks, and tailor worst of all. I swear I'll send it all that it was madness to sell out now. He dedown to day, and have every bit of it gold.

" How much have you?" "I'll send it all down-though I'm devilish sorry," continued Potts. "How much? why, see here;" and he pencilled down the following figures on a piece of paper, which he had gone to see about some Russian loan or

California Company... £250.000 "What do you think of that, my boy?

said Potts, "Well," returned Clark, cautiously, "I

well, returner Clark, cautiously, don't like them American names."
"Why," said Potts, "the stock is at a premium. I've been getting from twenty to twenty five per cent dividends. "They'll sell for three hundred thousand nearly. I'll "What is it?"
"Wal!! "said loby." sell them all. I'll sell them all." he cried.

sort of thing forever.' " I thought you had some French and Russian bonds." said Clarke. "I gave those to that devil who had the-

the papers, you know. He consented to take 53 shares Mexican. 75 per cent disthem, and I was very glad, for they paid less 50 shares Guatemala. 80 per cent disthan the others." Clark was silent. " Why, man, what are you thinking about

Don't you know that I'm good for two millions, what with my estate and my stock?" But you owe an infernal lot. " And haven't I notes and other sccuritie

"Yes, from everybody; but how can you

get hold of them ?" The first people of the county!

" And as poor as rats."
" London merchants!"

"Who are they? How can you get back your money?'

" Smithers & Co. will let me have what I

' If Smithers & Co. knew the present state

"Pooh! What! Back down from a rest." man with my means! Nonsense! They know how rich I am, or they never would timider and timider. You ain't got any more have begun. Come, don't I'll take three days to get gold for my stock,

for three days I'll pay you well.
"How much will you give?"

thousand pounds, and I'll let you have the fifty thousand for three days."

"All right. You've got me where my hair have the Brandon estate. That's worth two is short; but I don't mind. When can I have millions."

"The day after to-morrow. I'll go to Plymouth now, get the money to morrow, and you can use it the next day."

"All right; I'll send down John to Lendon You owe Smithers & Co."

"The day after to-morrow. In go to 113into my hands."

"I'll be thrown away
You owe Smithers & Co."

with the stock, and he'll bring up the gold at

Clark started off immediately for Plymouth Clark started off immediately for Plymouth, and not long after John went away to London Potts remained to await the sterm which he till be all right. We'll have to put it

The next day came. The bank opened late on purposs. Potts put up a notice that tavasto be closed that day at twelve, on "You fe account of the absence of some of the direct

At about eleven the crowd of people began to make their appearance as before. Their demands were somewhat larger than on the previous day. Before twelve ten thousand pounds had been paid. At twelve the bank

was shut in the faces of the clamorous people, You needn't feel troubled about your money in accordance with the notice. Strangers were there from all parts of the The village inn was crowded, and

a large number of carriages were outside. with deep anxiety. Only five thousand it." pounds remained in the bank. One man had come with notes to the extent of five make out the papers; but whenever you fetch thousand, and had only been got rid of by one I'll de it.' the shutting of the bank. He left, vowing "I'l get on vengeance

appearance early on the following day. He money. Potts gave him his note for sixty thousand pounds, and the third

on had collected. When the doors were opened they poured in with a rush.

The demands on this third day were very

large. The man with the five thousand had fought his way to the counter first, and clamored to be paid. The noise and confusion were overpowering. Everybedy were cursing the bank or laughing at it. Each one felt doubtful about getting his pay Potts tried to be dignified for a time, ordered them to be quiet, and assured them that they would all be paid. His voice was drowned in the wild uproar. The clerks ple also were strangers. Potts wondered what it could mean. There was no help for it, however. The gold was paid out, and on three occessions called them all into the Potts and his friends began to feel somewhat parlor, and threatened to dismiss them unless they counted more slowly. His threats were itself for the first time that their very large disregarded. They went back, and paid out that he was determined to pay out his last circulation of notes might be returned as rapidly as before. The amounts required upon them. He communicated this fear to of pounds. At last, after paying out thousands sands, one man came up who had notes to the amount of ten thousand pounds. This was the largest demand that had yet been roade. It was doubtful whether there was so large an amount lett. Potts came out to see him. There was no help for it; he had

to parley with the enemy.

He told them that it was within a few minutes of three, and that it would take an hour at least to count out so much—would he not wait till the next day? There would be ample

time then.
The man had no objection. It was all the while they talked persons kept dropping in.

Takin in the work to him. He went out with his bundle while they talked persons kept dropping in. Most of the villagers and people of the neighborhood brought back their notes, demanding gence made the excitement still greater. There was a fierce rush to the counter. The clerks worked hard, and paid out what they Potts began to feel alarmed. He went out could in spite of the hints and even the threats of Potts, till at length the bank clock They did not seem to pay any attention to him, however. Potts went back to his par- forward twenty minutes, and there was a

Both Potts and Clark now waited eagerly him to wait, only laughed in his face.

"Haven't you got gold enough?" said the fore the next day. He ought to be in by tailor, with a sneer. "Are you afraid of the mideight. After waiting impatiently for hours they at length drove out to see if they could

"Yes," said John, "what there is of it."
"What do you mean by that?" "I'm too tired to explain. Wait till we get

It was four o'clock in the morning before they reached the bank. The gold was taken out and deposited in the vaults, and the three went up to the Hall. They brought out brandy and refreshed themselves, after which John remarked, in his usual laconic style.

'You've been and gone and done it." What ?" asked Potts, somewhat puzzled

"With your speculations in stocks. "What about them?"
"Nothing," said John," "only they hap
pen to be at a small discount."

"A discount?" "Slightly."

Potts was silent.

"How much?" asked Clark.
"I have a statement here," said John

"When I got to London, I saw the broker. He said that American stocks, particularly "I only want it for a few days. I'll send those which I held, had undergone a great down stock to my London broker and have it depreciation. He assured me that it was sold. It will give me hundreds of thousands only temporary, that the dividends which —twice as much as all the bank issue. Then there stocks paid were enough to raise them If there's going to be a run, I'll be ready for don Bank if it were known that we sold out at such a fearful sacrifice, and advised me to dreadful dangerous thing to have unlimited raise the money at a less cost. Well, I could only think of Smithers

Co. I went to their office. They were all the debts due the bank.'
away. I saw one of the clerks who said they
"Johnnie," said Potts, other, so there was nothing to do but to go back to the broker. He assured me again that it was an unheard of sacrifice; that these very stocks which I held had fallen terribly, he knew not how, and advised me to do anything rather than make such a sacrifice. But I could do nothing. Gold was what I wanted and since Smithers & Co. were away this was

the only way to get it." "Well!" cried Potts, eagerly. "Did you

"You saw that I got it. I sold out at a

"What is it?"
"Well," said John.

"I will give you the I'll have gold enough to put a step to this statement of the breker," and he drew from others. They looked at it eagerly.

It was as follows : 100 shares California at £1.000. 65 per

£35,000

50 shares Venezuela. 80 per cent dis-count 10.000 The faces of Potts and Clark grew

as night as they read this. A deep execra-tion burst from Potts. Clark leaned back in

"The bank's blown up !" said he.

" No it ain't," said Potts. " Why not ?" "There's gold enough to pay all that's likely to be offered.'

"How much more do you think will be offered?' " Not much ; it stands to reason."

" It stands to reason that every note which you've issued will be sent back to you. So of affairs I rather think that they'd back I'll trouble you to give me my sixty thousand; and I advise you as a friend to hold on to the et."
"Clark!" said Potts, "you're getting

be a fool formy stock.

or my stock.

utility a time when a man's got to be careful and if you don't help me the bank of his earnings," said Clark. "How much have may stop before I get it. If you'll help me you out in notes? You told me once you had out about £180,000, perhaps more Well, you've already had to "How much will you give "
"I'll give ten thousand pounds—there! I government."
"Done Give me your note for sixty housand pounds, and I'll let you have the "Well," said Potts. "The Brandon bank Well," said Potts. "The Brandon bank I'll will," said Potts. redeem about

may go-but what then? You forget that I

"You got it for two hundred thousand." "Because it was thrown away and dropped "It'll be thrown away again at this rate.

" Pooh that's all offset by securities which

through. "But what if it isn't all right?" asked Clark

You forget that I have Smithers & Co. to fall back on.

"If your bank breaks, there is an end of Smithers & Co."

Oh no. I've got this estate to fall back on, and they know it. I can easily explain to

them. If they had only been in town I shouldn't have had to make this sacrifice, I'll give you security on the estate to any amount. I'll give you security for seventy thousand," said Potts. Clark thought for a while.

"Well !" said he, "it's a risk, but I'll run "There isn't time to get a lawyer now to

"I'il get one to-day, and you'll sign the papers this evening. In my opinion by that time the bank'll shut up for good, and you're his anguish, his despair. Laughetti wished ngeance.
To Pott's immense relief Clark made his time the bank'll start up for good, and you're a fool for your pains. You're simply throw-

ing sway what gold you have." Potts went down not long after. It was day began.

By ten o'clock the doors were besieged by callers througed the place, but the amounts the largest crowd that had ever assembled in this quiet village. Another host of lookers. In two hours not more than this quiet village. Another host of lookers. In two hours not more than the slow action of the law, or to take fainting, sufficiently were held it.

He pulled out a vast quantity of notes.

" How much ?" asked the clerk, blandly,

"Thirty thousand pounds," said the man. Potts heard this and came out.

'Thirty thousand pounds ' " Do you want it in gold ?" " Of course." " Will you take a draft on Messrs. Smith-

ers & Co. ?'

"No, I want gold."
While Potts was talking to this man paid or else the bank would have to stop, and may Despard. his was a casualty which Potts could not soverign. On paying the thirty thousand pounds it

was found that there were only two bags left of two thousand pounds each.

The other man who had waited stood while the one who had been paid was making arrangements about conveying his money

awav.

"How much?" said the clerk, with the ame blandness. "Forty thousand pounds," answered the

stranger. "Sorry we can't accommodate you, Sir," turned the clerk.

Potts had heard this and came forward.

'Mon't you take a draft on London? "Can't," replied the man; "I was ordered

to get gold."
"A draft on Smithers & Co.?" "Couldn't take even Bank of England otes," sail the stranger; "I'm only an gent. If you can't accommodate mq I'm agent. orry, I'm sure."

Potts was silent. His face was ghastly.

As much agony as such a man could endure was felt by him at that moment. Half an hour afterward the shutters were this he set out. It was about the time when up; and outside the door stood a wild and the bank had closed. riotous crowd, the most neisy of whom was the tailor. The Brandon Bank had failed.

CHAPTER L.

THE BANK DIRECTORS The bank doors were closed, and the bank lirectors were left to their own reflections. Clark had been in through the day, and at the critical moment his feelings had overpowered him so much that he feit compelled to go over to the inn to get something to drink, wherewith he might refresh himself and keep up his spirits. Potts and John remained in the bank par-

or. The clerks had gone. Potts was in that state of dejection in which even liquor was not desirable. John showed his usual non-"Well, Johnnie," said Potts, after a long

silence, "we're used up!"
"The bank's bursted, that's a fact. You were a fool for fighting it out so long."
"I might as well. I was responsible,

any rate.' "You might have kept your gold." "Then my estate would have been good. Besides, I hoped to fight through this diffi-

culty. In fact, I hadn't anything else to do."
"Why not?" " Smithers & Co." "Ah! yes."

"They'll be down on me now. That's what I was afraid of all along."

"How much do you owe them?"

"Seven hundred and two "The devil! I thought it was only five hundred thousand."

"It's been growing every day. It's a eredit." " Well, you've got something as an offset. "Johnnie," said Potts, taking a long breath since Clark isn't here I don't mind teiling you that my candid opinion is them debts

isn't worth a rush. A great crowd of people came here for money. I didn't hardly ask a question. I shelled out loyally. I wanted to be known, so as to get into Parliament some I did what is called " going it blind." day "How much is owing you?" "The books say five hundred and thirteen thousand counds-but it's doubtful if I

can get any of it. And now Smithers & Co will be down on me at once "What do you intend to do?"

' Haven't you thought?

" No, I couldn't."
" Well, I have." " What ? "You'll have to try to compromise."

"What if they won't?"

John shrugged his shoulders, and nothing. "After all," resumed Potts hopefully, "it can't be so so bad. The estate is worth two

Pooh!" " Isn't it ? "

"Of course not. You know what you ought it for.' That's because it was thrown away." "Well, it Il have to be thrown away again."

don't care for money.' "Perhaps so. The fact is I don't under-stand Smithers & Co. at all. I tried to see through their little game, but can't begin to

"Oh, that's easy enough! They knew I was rich, and let me have what money I wanted.' John looked doubtful. At this moment a rap was heard at the

back door. "There comes Clark!" said he. Potts opened the door. Clark entered. His face was flushed, and his eyes bloodshot. See here," said he, mysteriously, as he

entered the room. "What ?" asked the others, anxiously. "There's two chaps at the inn. One is

the Italian-' the Italian—"
"Langhetti!"
"Ay," said Clark, gloomily; "and the other is his mate—that fellow that helped him to carry off the gal. They've done it he recollected the stranger; and in an instant he recollected the stranger; and the stranger is the stranger and the stranger is the stranger and the stranger. gain this time, and my opinion is that these ellows are at the battom of all our troubles.

You know whose son he is." Potts and John exchanged glances. " I went after that devil once, and I'm go ing to try it again. This time I'll take some one who isn't afraid of the devil. Johnnie, is

the dog at the Hall ?" "All right!" said Clark. "I'll be even with this follow yet, if he's in league with the devil.

With these words Clark went out, and left the two together. A glance of savage exul-tation passed over the face of Potts. comes back successful, all right, and if he doesn't, why then"-He paused.

"If he doesn't come back," said John, fin-

ishing the sentence for him, "why then—all

CHAPTER LI.

righter.'

A STRUGGLE, All the irresolution which for a time had characterized Despard had vanished before the shock of that great discovery which his father's manuscript had revealed to him. One purpose now lay clearly and vividly before him, one which to so loyal and devoted a nature as his was the holiest duty, and that was vengeance on his father's mur

to search after his Bice; Despard wished to not move. find those whom his dead father had denounced to him. In the intensity of his purpose ho was careless as to the means by which that vengeance should be accomplished. He not to be shaken off. Despard had fixed his over him in spite of himself. He said not a

At length a man came in with a carpet | the task into his own hands. His only wish

It was with this feeling in his heart that he don, where they arrived on the last day of the fastened his feet securely. In the

run on the bank. He did not know exactly what it would be best to do first. His one idea was to go to the hall, and confront the murderers in their own place. Langhetti, however, urged the need of place. Langheth, nowever, urgen the most of the hin, country to the hin, the shirt. A mark ap.

It was a bright, red scar.

He pulled down the shirt. A mark ap. another was waiting patiently beside him. they were deliberating about this that a letter of course this imperative claimant had to be was brought in addressed to the Rev. Courte-

yet face with calmness. Before it came to In some surprise how anyone should know marks : that he was here he opened the letter, and his surprise was still greater as he read the following: "Siz -- There are two men here whom you

seek—one Potts, the other Clark. You can see them both at any time.
"The young lady whom you and Signor Langhetti formerly rescued has escaped, and is now in safety in Denton, a village not more It was now two o'clock. The stranger said than twenty miles away. She lives in the quietly to the clerk opposite that he wanted last cottage on the left hand side of the road,

> in front." There was no signature. Despard handed it in silence to Langhetti who read it eagerly. Joy spread over his face. He started to he feet.
>
> "I must go at once," said he excitedly

close by the sea. There is an American elm

Will you ?" replied Despard. "You had better go, I must stay; my purpose is a different one."
"But do you not also wish to secure the

eafety of Bice?"
"Of course; but I shall not be needed. You will be enough."

Langhetti tried to persuade him, but Dess pard was immoveable. For himself he wat too impatient to wait. He determined to seout at once. He could not get a carriage

Just before his departure Despard saw a man come from the bank and enter the inn. He knew the face, for he had seen it when here before. It was Clark. At the sight of this face all his fiercest instincts awoke him deep thirst for vengeance arose. He sould not lose eight of this man. He determined to track him, and thus by active pursuit to do something toward the accomplish-

ment of his purpose. He watched him, therefore, as he entered the inn, and caught a hasty glance which Clark di racted at himself and Langhetti He did not understand the meaning of the scowl that nassed over the ruffian's face, nor did Clark understand the full meaning of that gloomy frown which lowered over Despard's brow as his eyes blaz.d wrathfully and menacingly upon him.

ack at Langhetti, who was just leaving. He then warched him till he went up to the In about half an hour Clark came back on

horseback followed by a dog. He talked for a while with the landlord, and then went off "What do you mean?" a while with the landlord, and then went off at a slow trot.

On questioning the landlord Despard cound that Clark had asked him about the been natural; that's all."

Potts and John exchanged glances, and at a slow trot. direction which Langhetti had taken. The idea at once dashed upon him that possibly Clark wished to pursue Langhedti, in order to find out about Beatrice. He determined on pursuit, both for Langhetti's sake and his own.

Potts and John exchanged glances, and nothing was said for some time.

"Perhaps this Smithers & Son have been at the bottom of all this," continued John. They are the only ones who could have been strong enough."

"Bet and John exchanged glances, and in a ccarce articulate voice. "So you thought when you locked him in, and set fire to the ship, and soutiled her; but you see you were mistaken, for here at been strong enough."

"Brits and John exchanged glances, and in a ccarce articulate voice.

"So you thought when you locked him in, and set fire to the ship, and soutiled her; but you see you were mistaken, for here at been strong enough."

"Brits and John exchanged glances, and in a ccarce articulate voice.

"So you thought when you locked him in, at the bottom of all this," continued John.

"They are the only ones who could have been strong enough."

then keeping at the same distance behind bim. He had not determined in his mind what it was best to do, but held himself preaction was up and you, I begin to have a general but very accurate idea of ruin. You are getting Awful expectation was manifest on the face of Potts.

"He told me of the mark on your arm.

gone on more rapidly. He now put his own borse at its fullest speed, with the intention announce him. of coming up with his enemy as soon as pos-He rode on at a tremendous pace for another half an-hour. At last the road tooks sudden turn; and, whirling around here at has overreached himself at last. He's come the utmost speed, he burst upon a scene here; perhaps it won't be so easy for him to

low, on each side of which hills arose which were covered with trees.

Within this glen was disclosed a frightful

tangled in the stirrup, and the horse was what it is to play with edged tools." uttered not a cry, but tried to fight off the dog with his hands as best he could.

that it was Langhetti. For an instant his brain reeled. The next moment he had was holding Beatrice in his arms. The recolreached the spot. Another horseman was lection of this threw a flood of light on Potta's standing close by, without pretending even to mind. He recalled it with a savage exulta-"Oh, Smithers & Co.'ll be easy. They interfere. Despard did not see him; be saw tion. Perhaps they were the same, as John nothing but Langhetti. He flung himself said-perhaps; no, most assuredly they from his horse, and drew a revotver from his must be the same. pocket. A loud report rang through the air, and in an instant the huge blood hound gave Potts to himself, "whoever he is." a leap upward, with a pierceing yell, and foll

dead in the road. dead in the road.

Despard flung himself on his knees beside uttered any salutation whatever. In his look make no promises. I spare you or destroy Laughetti. He saw his hands torn and bleed there was a certain terrific menace, an inde you as I choose." ing, and blood covered his face and breast. A finable glance of conscious power, combined low groan was all that escaped from the suf- with implacable base. The

"Leave me," he gaspod. "Save Bice." In his grief for Langhetti, thus lying before ered them seemed like thunder clouds. him in such agony, Despard forgot all else.

pard had supported for a moment, sank back, ing ; so at last, with an effort, he said : I'm in a hurry."

Despard started up. Now for the first time

I'm in a hurry."

"Yes," said the stranger, "I reached the

strong grasp. He turned.

It was the horseman—it was Clark—who had stealthily dismounted, and, in his desperate purpose, had tried to make sure of Des-But Despard, quick as thought, leaped upon pay."

To the struccle the "You won't?" about it, then," returned Potts; him and caught his hand. In the struggle the pistol fell to the ground. Despard Clark in his arms, and then the contest began,

tall, but his frame was well knit, his muscles and sinews were like iron, and he was inspired by a higher spirit and a deeper passion. In the first shock of that fierce embrace no word was spoken. For some time the struggle was maintained without result. Clark had caught Despard at a disadvantage, and this for a time prevented the latter from

putting forth his strength effectually. At last he wound one arm around Clark's neck in a strangling grasp, and forced his other arm under that of Clark. Then with one tremendous, one resistless impulse, he put forth all his strength His antagonist and let me tell you I don't care who you gave way before it. He reeled. Despard disengaged one arm and dealt him

of the other. At the stroke Clark, who had already staggered, gave way utterly and fell added. defers.

In this purpose he took refuge from his heavily backward with Despard upon him.

own grief; he cast aside his own longings,

The next instant Despard had seized his from those which were presented at the bank throat and held him down so that he could counter."

Despard then grose, and turning Clark set out with Langhetti, and the two went once more in company to the village of Bran-the horses, bound his hands behind him, and struggle Clark's coat and waistcoat had been torn away, and slipped down to some extent. His shirt collar had burst and slipped with them. As Despard turned him over and pro-ceeded to tie him, something struck his eye

peared, the full meaning of which he knew Despard did not recognize the handwriting.

There were brands—fiery red—and these were the

CHAPTER LII.

at about five o'clock, and went up to the Hall with John. He was morose, gloomy, and abstracted. before him was how to deal with Smithers & Co. Should hewrite to them, or go and see will frighten me. You've come to the wrong them, or what? How could he satisfy their shop." claims, which he knew would now be pre-sented? Involved in thoughts like these, he entered the Hall, and followed by John, went was his agitation. to the diningroom, where father and son sat down to refresh themselves over a bottle of

brandy. They had not been seated half an hour before the noise of carriage wheels was heard and on looking out they saw a dog cart drawn by two magnificent horses, which drove swift-ly up to the portico. A gentleman dismoun-

came up the steps.

The stranger was of medium size, with an aristocratic air, remarkably regular features, through the coarse, brutal nature of the lisof rure Grecian outline, and deen, black lustrious eyes. His brow was dark and stern, and clouded over by a gloomy frown.

to-day. ose with us. But, by Jove! do you see that fellow's eyes?"

But, by Jove! do you see that Vishnu in the Indian Sea. I learned from him his story—"

"No."
"Old Smithers." " Smithers!"

Yes; or else the devil," said John, harsbly I begin to have an idea," he continued I've been thinking about this for some " What is it?"

pon him.

Clark came out and went to the bank. On kept his eyes covered. Here comes this felquitting the bank Despard saw him looking low with the same eyes. I begin to trace a connection between them."
"Poch! Old Smithers is old enough to be this man grandfather." Did you ever happen to notice that old

"But why should they?"
John shook his head.

pared for any course of action.

After riding about an hour he put spurs to squeezed pretty close up to the wall, dad, and After riding about an hour he put spurs to his horse, and went on at a more rapid pace. Yet he did not overtake Clark, and therefore conjectured that Clark himself must have

"What name?" asked Potts. which was as startling as it was unexpected, get out. I'll have all the servants ready. and which roused to madness all the fervid you keep up your spirits. Don't get frightpassion of his nature,

The road here descended, and in its descent the time comes ring the bell, and I'll march

"Thug!" cried he; "do you know what

plunging and dragging him along, while the dog was pulling him back. The man himself ending the stairs, entered the drawing room. The stranger was standing looking out of In the horror of the moment Despard saw back to Potts's recollection the scene which

> "I've got him now, any way," murmured The stranger turned and looked at Potts

Before that awful look Potts felt himself

Well; is there anything you want of me?

too."
"Yes," said the stranger, mysteriously. " I suppose I may call it a draft. There's no use in troubling your head

" Not a penny." A charp, sudden smile of contempt flashed

"That depends upon the drawsr."
"I don't care who the drawer is. I won't pay it. I don't care even if it's Smithers & I'll settle all when I'm ready. I'm not going to be bullied any longer. I've borne enough. You needn't look so very grand," he continued, pettishly; "I see through you and you can't keep up this sort of thing much

longer

are. "That depends." rejoined the other calmly, a tromendous blow on the temple. At the same instant he twined his legs about those "So you see," continued Potte, "So you see," continued Potts, "you won't get anything out of me -not this j time,"

He spoke in a tone of deep solemnity, with The wretch gasped and groaned. He struggled to escape from that iron hold in viewain. The hand which had seized him was tim. Potts folt an indefinable fear stealing

the task into his own hands. His only wish was to be confronted with either of these men or both of them.

The struggles grew fainter, the arms relaxed, the face blackened, the limbs stiffened dominant and self assertive power—"my draft you'll be sorry for it."

At last all efforts ceased.

The servants stood motionless. The

Potts looked wonderingly and half fearfully at him. "My draft," said the other, , was drawn

by Colonel Lionel Despard." A chill went to the heart of Potts. violent effort he shook off his fear. With a "Pooh!" said ho, "you're at that old story, are you? That nonsense won't do

here "It was dated at sea," continued the stranger, in tones which still deepened in awful emphasis-" at sea, when the writer was all alone.

"It's a lie !" cried Potts, while his face grew white.
"At sea," continued the other, ringing the

changes on this one word, "at sea-on beard that ship to which you had brought him -- the Potts was like a man fascinated by some horrid spectacle. He looked fixedly at his interlocutor. His jaw felf.

"There he died," said the stranger. "Who caused his death? Will you answer?"
With a tremendous effort Potts again recovered command of himself.
"You—you've been reading up old papers," replied he, in a stammering voice. "You've got a let of stuff in your head which you think

But in spite of these words the pale face

"I myself was on board the Vishnu," said the other. "You!"

"You! Then you must have been precious

smail. The Vishnu went down twenty years ago."
"I was on board of the Vishnu, and I sav Colonel Despard."

"I saw Colonel Despard," continued the stranger.
"You lie!" cried Potts, roused by terror and horror to a fierce pitch of excitement.
"I saw Colonel Despard," repeated

He paused. 'Then," cried Potts, quickly, to whom there suddenly came an idea which brought courage with it; "then, if you saw him, what concern is it of mine? He was alive, hen, and the Despard murder never took

lace.' "It did take place." said the other. "You're talking nonsenge. How could it fou saw him? He must have been slive." "He was dead!" replied the stranger, "Old Smithers had these eyes. That last whose eyes had never withdrawn themselves rom those of Potts, and now seemed like two fiery orbs blazing wrathfully upon him. The tones penetrated to the very soul of the lis-tener. He shuddered in spite of himself. Like most vulgar natures, his was accessible to superstitious horror. He heard and trem

"He was dead," repeated the stranger, "and yet all that I told you is true. I learned from him his story."
"Dead men tell no tales," muttered Potts

and I was the listener."

And the mystic solemnity of the man's face seemed to mark him as one who might indeed have held commune with the dead.

"He told me," continued the stranger where he found you, and how."

His teeth chattered.
"He gave me this,!" cried the stranger, in a louder voice ; " and this is the draft which you will not reject." He strode forward three or four paces, and flung something toward Potts.

It was a cord, at the end of which was a metallic ball. The ball struck the table as it

Had the stranger been Olympian Jove, and had be flung forth from his right hand a thunderbolt, it could not have produced a more appalling effect than that which was wrought upon Potts by the sight of this cord. even then was rending him with its huge and if he turns out to be what I suspect, then He started back in horror, uttering a cry Big drops of perspiration started from

his brow. He trembled and shuddered from head to foot. His jaw fell. He stood speech "What do you want?" gasped Potts.
"The title deeds of the Brandon estates!"

faltering voice.
"Yes, the Brandon estates; nothing less." " And will you then keep silent?" " I will give you the cord. "Will you keep silent?"
"I am your master," said the other haugh tily, as his burning eves fixed themselves with a consuming gaze upon the abject wretch before him: "I am your master. I

with implacable hate. The frown which usually rested on his brow darkened and deepened till the gloomy shadows that cov-These words reduced Potts to despair. In The stranger stood with a scornful smile on

> come to the wrong shop. I'm not a child. Who you are I don't know and don't care. You are the cause of my ruin, and you'll re The stranger said nothing, but stood with the same fixed and scornful smile. A noise was heard outside, the tramp of a crowd of men. They ascended the stairs. At last John appeared at the door, of the room followed by thirty servants. Prominent among these was Asgeelo. Near him was Vijel. Potts gave a triumphant triumphant smile. The servants ranged themselves

smile. The survance around the room.
"Now," cried Petts, "you're in for it You're in a trap, I think. You'll find that have ideal. Give up that cord!" The stranger said nothing, but wound up the cord cooly, placed it in his pocket, and still regarded Potts with his scornful smile. " Here !" cried Potts, addressing the ser vants, "Catch that man, and tie his hands and feet." The servants had taken their station

around the room at John's order. As Potts

spoke they stood there looking at the stranger,

ont not one of them moved. Viial only

The stranger turned toward him and looked in his face, Vijal glanced around in surprise, waiting for the other servants. "You devils!" cried Potts, "do you hear Seize that man ! what I say?

'Is's my belief," said John, " that they're ll ratting "Vijal!" cried Potts, savagely, "tackle Vijal rushed forward. At that instant As-

geelo bounded forward also with one tremenlous leap, and saizing Vijal by the throat hurled him to the floor. The stranger waved his hand. " Let him go !" said he.

None of the servants moved.

"What the devil's the meaning of this? ried John, looking around in dismay. Potts also looked around. There stood the ser-

After about a quarter of an hour they returned, and Potts handed over to the stranger some papers. He looked at them carefully,

> Leave the hall?" gasped Potts. " Yes.'

For a more lord and Hallored Hallored at John. John nodded his head slowly.
"You've got to do it, dad," said he. Potts started back. His lips graw ashen. Potts turned savagely at the stranger. shook his clenched first at him. "D-n you!" he cried. "Are you satisfied

> "You don't know me, or you wouldn't say that?
> "I do. You're Smithers & Co." "True; and I'm several other people. I ve had the pleasure of an extended inter-

As he said this Potts and John exchanged glances of wonder.
"Tricked !" cried Potts—" deceived! humbugged ! and ruined! Who are you? What

who was surveying from a superior beight some feeble creature far beneath him. "Who am I?" he repeated. "Who? I am the one to whom all this belongs. I am one whom you have injured so deeply, that what I have done to you is nothing in com-

impatience. "It's a lie. I never injured you. I never saw you before till you came yourself to trouble me. Those whom I have njured are all dead, except that parson, the son of—of the officer."
"There are others."

"You know me now!" cried the stranger. I see it in your face.' "You're not him !" exclaimed Potts in a piercing voice. "I am Louis Brandon !" "I knew it! I knew it!" cried John, in a voice which was almost a shrick. " Cigole played false. I'll make him pay or this," gasped Potts.

Potts said nothing, but looked with some

-It didn't require much of a philosopher to discover that all rich widows are handsom

-An Australian wine grower has formed a ompany which promises to produce excellent -By reason of the Jewish exodus from Russia, house property in Kief has gone down ten per cent in value. In south and west -"Student" wants to know what kind of

a hird was the dodo?" From the fact that the species is entirely extinct, we suppose it was the fabled spring chicken, of which we still hear so often, and see so never. -According to Labouchere of Truth, the

court his fate. He was in constant dispute with his tenantary, and in carrying out his views of the relations which ought to exist between him and them, he, with more pluck on them himself. In addition to this, he insisted upon attending service in the Catholic church with a Winchester repeating rifle under his arm. Moreover, his mind was so warped that appears that the sub-commissioners are instructed to reduce rents, and it may be concluded that the Radicals, with their leader. 'words," adds his brother, "written in his

FACE TO FACE. On the same evening Potts left the bank The great question now

ted, and, throwing the reins to his servant.

"Who the devil is he?" cried Potts. "D n that porter! I told him to let no one in

such eves?

" Yes." 'Then this is young Smithers?'

with the followed, therefore, not far behind Clark, riding at first rapidly till be caught sight of him at the summit of a hill in front, and then keeping at the same distance behind then keeping at the same distance behind the summit of the same distance of th

Potts looked for a moment at his son with a glance of deep admiration.
"Johnnie, you've got more sense in spectacle. A man lay on the ground, torn little finger than I have in my whole body, from his horse by a huge blood-hound, which Yes; we've got this fellow, whoever he is; fangs! The dismounted rider's foot was en- we'll spring the trap on him, and he'll learn

for a few moments He neither bewed nor wretch before him :

him in such agony, Despard torgot all else. He seized his handkerchief and tried to cowering involuntarily; and he began to feel staunch the blood.

Defore that awill look looks less are lines and tried to cowering involuntarily; and he began to feel his face. Potts turned to him savagely:

"I'll teach you," he oried, "that you've taunch the blood.

"Leave me!" gasped Langbetti again.
Bics will be lost," His head, which Des. at the stranger had flung himself into

understood who he was, and why this had been done. Suddenly, as he started up, he felt his pistol snatched from his hand by a "Oh! I suppose you've got a draft on me,

Clark was of medium size, thick set, mus-cular, robust, and desperate. Despard was vor the stranger s face.
"Perhaps if you knew what the draft is, you would feel differently."
"I don't care what it is."

> "You appear to hint that you know who ! "Something of that sort," said Potts rudely;

" My draft," continued the stranger, in

the same sucering smile. 'You see," said he, at last, "that you don't know me, after all. You are in my power, Briggs-you can't get away, nor can your son."

Potts rushed, with an oath, to the door. Half a dozen servants were standing there.
As he came furiously toward them they held

out their clenched fists. He rushed upon them. They beat him back. He fell, foam-ing at the lips.

John stood cool and unmoved, looking around the room, and learning from the face

stranger remained in the same attitude, with

of each servant that they were all beyond his authority. He folded his arms and said nothing. " You appear to have been mistaken in your

said nothing.
"Shall I tell them to pull up your sleeve

and display the mark of Bowhani, sir? Shall I tell who and what you are? Shall I begin rom your birth and give them a full and complete history of your life.

Potts looked around like a wild beast in

he arena, seeking for some opening for escape, but finding nothing except hostile "Do what you like!" he cried, desperately, with an cath, and sank down into stolid de

"No ; you don't mean that," said the other. "For I have some London policemen at the inn, and I might like best to hand you over to them on charges which you can easily inagine. You don't wish me to do so, I think. You'd prefer being at large to being chained up in a cell, or sent to Botany bay, I suppose?

an interview between yourself and these gentlemen.' "What do you want?" arxiously asked Potts, who now thought that he might come to terms, and perhaps gain his escape from

said the stranger. " Never !" "Then off you go. They must be mine at go at once to jail.

papers. You don't want to go into quod, I Potts turned his pale face to his son.

"Do it!" exclaimed John.
"Well," he said, with a sigh, "since I've

got to, I've got, I suppose. You know best, Johnnie. I always said you had a long

head.' I must go and get them," he con-"I go with you ; or no-Cato shall go with

and put them in his pocket. He then gave Petts the cord. Potts took it in an abstracted way, and said nothing.
"You must leave this hall to-night," said

ied up his sleeve, in the other hand.

yet? I know you. I'll pay you up. What complaint have you against mo, I'd like to know? I never harmed you."

Besides, I'm your London broker, who attended to your speculations in stocks. Perhaps you think that you don't know me

And he gazed with intense curiosity upon the calm face of the stranger, who, in his turn, looked upon him with the air of one "The Brandon estates!" said Potts, in

earful discovery dawning upon him.

" Cigole did not play false. He killed me as well as he could— But away, both of you. I cannot breathe while you are hers. I will

champagne at a dollar per quart in botiles. Russia all building operations are at a stand still.

he wrote on the day before his death, are in the Parnell interest secretly

man," said the stranger, coolly. These aro not your servants; they're mine. Shall I tell them to seize you?" Potts glared at him with bloodshot eyes, but

spair. Still, if you prefer it, I will at once arrange

the clutches of his enemy.

"The title deeds of the Brandon estate,"

any rate. Nothing can prevent that. Either give them now and begone, or delay, and you "I won't give them," said Potts, desper-

'Stop !" cried John. At a sign Asgeelo, who had already taken two steps toward the door, paused,
"Here, dad," said John, "you've got to do it. You might as well hand over the

you, and I'll wait here."

The Hindu went with Potts holding his collar in his powerful grasp and taking care to let Potts see the hilt of a knife which he car-

the stranger sternly-" you and your son. I

American merchants. I'm also Bigelow, Higginson & Co., solicitors to Smithers &

have you against me? Who are you? What Who?"

parison." "Who are you?" cried Potts, with feverish

At the end of the hour Brandon of Brandon Hall was at last master in the house of his ancestors. TO BE CONTINUED.

late Under Secretary Bourke did much to

Asgeelo obeyed. ints-motionless, impassive.
"For the last time," roared Potts, with a

ately.
"Cato!" said the stranger, "go and fetch