

TWO ONES, ONE TWO AND A FIVE

It was a pleasant afternoon in May when a certain young man was seen walking along one of the busy streets in the picturesque City of Toronto.

Turning north on that particular street—the lower end of which is generally called "Jarvis St." by the busy throng that crowd it—he walked leisurely along up past where it becomes known as "Jarvis St." and finally paused in front of a gateway opening into a beautiful lawn, which surrounded a lovely, but modest, villa, situated in the section, where most of the residents call it "Jarvis St."

Those familiar with the locality will not be surprised to know that the residence spoken of was owned and occupied by no less a person than Mr. Justice Durant; and, knowing this, they will not need to be told that he was a man of means and social standing. He was a man of mature age, with a military, manly bearing. His thin locks were plentifully streaked with the silver of life's afternoon; his face was clean shaven, save for a prominent gray mustache. His eyes were dark, keen and piercing; the whole countenance dignified and stern, well becoming a man of his position. He was the very soul of honesty and justice, stern and exacting in such matters, though still possessed of a warm heart and kindly disposition; and perhaps the capacity of judge, which he had filled for some years, well and faithfully, gave more cause for his apparent austerity, than any natural inclination. Still, one need only be in his home a few moments to note that he was the head of that house and family, and accustomed to being obeyed therein.

If any person in this wide world had any influence over the stern, determined judge, it was his daughter, Mildred, the darling of his heart and the apple of his eye.

Just a few days before the time of which we are writing, she had rejoiced in the possession of a twenty-first birthday, and at the present moment was playfully telling her beloved father, in reply to some parental advice, that she was going to be her own mistress now, and that he need not expect her to accept his dictates any longer.

"Very well, Miss," replied the judge, with a dignified smile. "You will also please remember that, as you are now of age, you are, of course amenable to the laws of the land, if not to mine, and if you commit any irregularities, Miss, I will certainly have you brought before me in court, for your misconduct, so I shall still be master of the situation."

"No, indeed, you will not; for I will elect to be tried by a jury, and by that time we will doubtless have female juries; and then where will you be?"

"That, my dear would be the worst thing that could possibly happen you; for you may rest assured that a jury of women would hang every woman who happened to be younger and prettier than themselves, and would not let a judge as well as I, to be the last word."

A merry laugh was all that reached the ears of the stern old man, behind him and she said to herself.

"There it is again; he does my lips with so graceful a compliment that I must bear in silence the slander on my sex."

With an air of expectancy she hummed a little tune as she glanced from the window; and a pretty picture she formed, as she stood there in a neat light walking dress. Pretty indeed it seemed to the young man who was now walking across the lawn towards the house, and as he did so caught a glimpse of the fair, girlish figure in the window, pinning a delicate bouquet beneath her throat. A smile from each announced the mutual recognition, and she stepped quickly to the hall door to answer his ring.

"You see," she said, with a smile, "I have honored you by opening the door for you myself instead of allowing you to trouble the servant," and she extended her hand.

"Never are young people seen to better advantage than in the present circumstances, in which they are seen as they stand for a moment looking into each other's faces."

Mildred Durant was a very attractive young woman of medium height, with a little graceful figure and a queenly bearing; dark hair and dark eyes relieved by the clear, fresh complexion of a lady with the tint of the wild rose just warning her cheeks.

"That tint which is the fairest bloom on earth to the eyes of a man, when he sees it, at the bidding of his glance, warm the cheek of the woman he loves. No other sight this side of Heaven holds so much beauty and loveliness as that. And so thought Frank Markwell as he gently pressed the hand extended to welcome him.

He was tall, broad-shouldered, and muscular, an athlete in every appearance with light brown hair, dark blue eyes, deep and earnest, a clear complexion and strong features, with a rather prominent chin, relieved by a light moustache. He was only twenty-two though in appearance at least twenty-five. Altogether a boy more manly than handsome.

These two had been playmates in their childhood and had spent most of their school days together in the old town where they used to live. There, J. Durant was then a judge some five years ago, and moved to his present residence in the city.

Frank Markwell's father at the same time was a prosperous builder and contractor in that town and these two young people had grown up always the greatest friends. Perhaps they might not yet have realized that there was an abeyance of regard besides friendship had they not been almost entirely separated for nearly four years during which time the Durant had been in the city where Mildred was studying art and music; and Frank, part of the time at home part in a hundred other places, preparing himself for a civil engineer.

Scarcely two years ago his father had

His malign countenance swelled with wrath. The thing was not his moment not fair to look upon. It was dark, cunning, cruel and grasping; the face of a man who ever placed self in the place of others, if possible to do so, in the matter of this world's goods. A man with one prevailing sentiment and that one a sentiment for power and money.

The value and importance of everything in the conception of man was compared with but one standard of perfection, and that standard was the dollar.

He was a man of middle age, thin, angular, stoop-shouldered, hook-nosed and slightly low-legged, and he walked with the dignity of a man who has no equal.

Thus knowing the man you will not be surprised to learn that it was just one thing in connection with the circumstances regarding Mildred Durant and Frank Markwell just at present, that caused Joe Fraston to give vent to the expressions just mentioned, and to swear the good God would help him to find her over there! Oh! Oh!—I'm so cold, Bob, Oh, so cold so cold!" and his frame trembled as with the ague, and the words died in his quivering lips.

"It's no use, Jack, I can't see you suffer like this. It's murder to sit here near the stable door, almost as warm as a dog's nose, and to shiver in the shed and wagons crouched the shivering, half-famished, perishing form of the lonely, suffering outcast and his companion, as near as possible to the tramp of footstep, now mingled with the sound of voices. The poor fellows crouched in terror, and scarcely dared to breathe as the steps turned into the yard where the stables were, and then a flood of light filled the stable as the electric button was turned, while its beams shot out across the muddy floor, and the narrow, low-ceilinged place into darkness that seemed almost tangible. The two men who stood with the stable in the stables, and the light, plainly visible to the two crouching figures themselves hidden by the thick darkness without, were no other than the two men, Joe Fraston and Bronnell, whom he had arranged to meet at some certain place on this particular evening; and this was the place appointed. It is Fraston's stable. He has a splendid horse here, but he usually keeps one or two.

"I wanted to show you my new nag," he said; "and also I thought this was a quiet place to have a little talk over. I wish to explain the business I wanted to tell you of this evening."

After looking over the new horse and discussing him a little, Fraston turned to his companion and said:

"And now as to this other little business!"

As he spoke the tone of his voice and every word was distinctly heard by the watchers without, who were listening intently in the hope of reading the changes in the sick man's face. The face of the sick man had become white and livid as he beheld the form of Joe Fraston standing in the light within the stable, which pale face was now replaced by a flush of excitement as he watched and listened in breathless suspense.

"You know young Markwell, don't you?"

"I am not at all acquainted with him, though I think I know him by sight. He's a young engineer, is he not?"

"He is. You know him well enough to be sure when you see him?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Well, he's the better than further acquaintance just now. Now, I will tell you just what I want, all in a nut-shell. As I told you before, I have made up my mind to annex the daughter, and debts of Mr. Justice Durant."

"Again the face of the sick listener in the shed grew sadder, his eyes flashed, his form quivered and trembles, his breath comes in quick, short gasps, and his hands clutch convulsively as the speaker continues:

"Well, this confounded young upstart of a Markwell happens to be posing in the light of a rival just now, and a duce favored one on the girl's part, as before her sister's eyes. I must remove him from the path."

"In the name of high heavens, what do you mean, Joe? Not that you want me to help you to do it?"

"No, no, foolish! What do you take me for, a blundering butcher? I hope I have more brains than that. No, I found in the purse, and also that much the same road, and I'll give you. You see, after I have arranged so that she will get all the old man's money, it's a shame if I can't manage so that I get the girl, and get her money, and out of her father's books, and now I must get the lover safely out of her's. Now, my plans. The sooner the better, the better before her notions get any deeper into her head; I'll be chosen to-morrow. I happen to be acquainted with this Markwell, slightly, at least, to be quite in order for me to observe her, and to have a chance meeting of this kind. He is going to attend a baseball game to-morrow afternoon; thus have I chosen there as my time, to be in his own pocket and I'll explain all in a moment."

Fraston took the purse as Bronnell handed it to him, and to one's surprise he contents into his hand, returning it to that part of his owner; then, with an indelible pencil he printed Bronnell's name on the bill, and the purse, and taking some bills from his own pocket he counted out three or four, which, together with a few pieces of silver, he placed in the purse. Then he remarked:

"Now, you see this! There are two ones, one two, and a five in bills and some change in silver. Can you swear to the contents of this purse to-morrow?"

"Two ones, one two, and a five," interrogated Bronnell.

"Yes, two ones, one two, and a five, a Western Bank, five, and some small change in silver. What would quite naturally be left in changing a ten-dollar bill, you see. Two ones, one two, and a five."

"Yes, I can remember that most certainly. What of it?"

"Very well, I'll tell you the plan. You see this? As he spoke he held from his pocket three new, crisp, ten-dollar bills. His companion nodded. "Those are counterfeit," and they will be found in his pocket, too, as well as your purse. You see then, the two charges against him, each helping to substantiate the other, it will be impossible for him to escape. The plan is as follows:—You will fall in with him at the ball grounds, and we will walk around together for a few minutes; you must be there, and must not let me out of your sight. As soon as you see us together work your way up to us, and in passing, manage to get crowded against him a little. In half a minute after that raise a disturbance, declare your loss, and demand his arrest. I will see that I then in his pocket. He will be ar-

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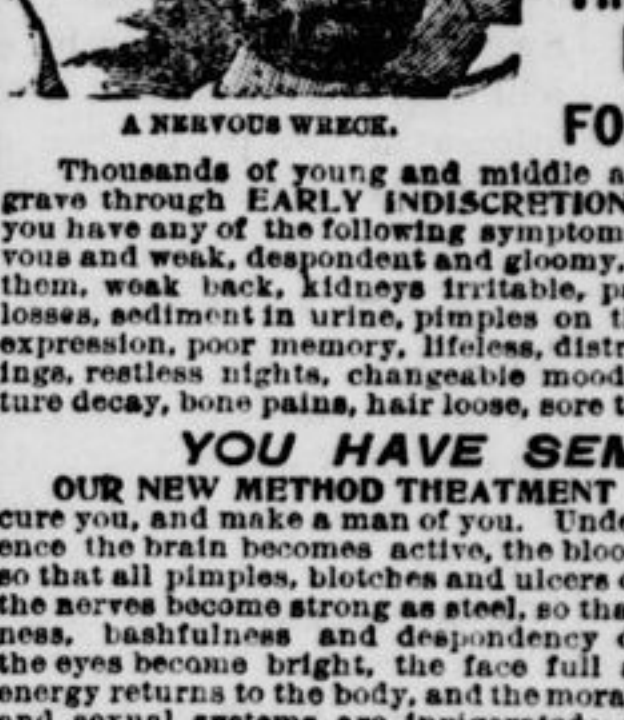
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rested, amid my earnest expostulations, and assurances to you that you must be mistaken in the man. When he searched the purse will be found, and I, very reluctantly, will have to admit you are the man known by the name of a far superior man. He had given you change for a ten-dollar bill just before entering the grounds. It was two ones, one two, and a five, I gave you, and one dollar in silver. A Western Bank five, by the way, I'll be awfully sorry, and all that. He will be marched off to await trial, and by that time the counterfeit bills will be brought to light, and he will be in for the double charge. He can't escape, and by the time his sentence is served out there'll be small chance of the young lady wanting to wed a jailbird, and still less chance of her papa allowing it; and with that much time at my disposal, with her outraged feelings to help to a decision, I fancy I shall be able to secure the prize. What do you think?"

"It seems rather hard on the other fellow, can't you?"

"Oh, yes! you are awfully sympathetic all at once, aren't you? Did I talk that way when you wanted some help in the matter? Now you want to get out of returning the compliment to me?"

"No, no! I'll see you through it; only—"

"There's no 'only' about it; except that it's the only way I must crush Markwell or I can't win; and win I am determined to, so don't bother moralizing; it makes me weary. Be sure you remember the bills; two ones, one two, and a five. Is there anything further?"

"No, I think not."

"Then let us get home, and out of this beastly night."

Fraston turned off the light, and the two had left in a moody silence, little dreaming that the whole discussion of their scheme had been overheard, word by word, by the two crouching, shivering, awe-stricken wanderers hidden in the shadows of the shed and the wagon not ten feet from the plotters of this villainy. In breathless silence they listened till the two had left the yard. Listen to Fraston swear because the stableman had left the yard gate open, and saw him try to shut it but fail, and the same reason that the men had failed, simply because the linges had been torn off.

"God help me, Bob, what are we going to do? Did you hear what we are planning?" whispered Jack, as the sound of the footsteps grew fainter.

"Every word of it," answered Bob.

"Heaven help me!" said Jack. "Give me but life till tomorrow, that I may warn you in his pocket, too, as well as your purse. You see then, the two charges against him, each helping to substantiate the other, it will be impossible for him to escape. The plan is as follows:—You will fall in with him at the ball grounds, and we will walk around together for a few minutes; you must be there, and must not let me out of your sight. As soon as you see us together work your way up to us, and in passing, manage to get crowded against him a little. In half a minute after that raise a disturbance, declare your loss, and demand his arrest. I will see that I then in his pocket. He will be ar-

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