BY WALTER BESANT.

[Continued From Sunday, October 18.]

"A prosecution," said the Hindoo, "will sot hurt him, but it might hurt you. For it would show how you lent him fifty pounds live years ago; how you made him give you a bill for a hundred; how you did not press him to pay that bill, but you continually offered to renew it for him, increasing the amount on each time of renewal; and at last you made him give you a bill of sale for three hundred and fifty. This is, I suppose, cue of the many ways in which Englishmen grow rich. There are also usures to built but they do not in my country. in India, but they do not, in my country, call themselves lawyers. A prosecution? My friend, it is for us to prosecute. Shall how that you have done the sams thing with many others? You are, by this time, known in the neighborhood, Mr. Chalker, and you are so much beloved that there are many who would be delighted to relate their experiences and dealings with so clever a man. Have you ever studied, one asks with wonder, the precepts of the great Sage who founded your religion?"
"Oh, come, don't let us have any religious nonsense!"

"I assure you they are worth studying. I am, myself, an lumble follower of Gau-tama, but I have read those precepts with profit. In the kingdom imagined by that reacher, there is no room for usurers, Mr. Chalker. Where, then, will be your kingdom? Every man must be somewhere. You must have a kingdom and a king."
"This is tomfoolery!" Mr. Chalker turned

red, and looked very uncomfortable. "Stick to business. Payment in full. Those are my terms."
"You think, then, that the precepts of

your sage are only intended for they sit in the church? Many Englishmen think so, I have observed."

"Payment in full, mister. That's what I He banged his fist on the table.

"No abatement! No mercy shown to an old man on the edge of the grave! Think, Mr. Chalker. You will soon be as old as Mr. Emblem, your hair as white, your reason as unsteady

"Payment in full, and no more words." "It is well. Then, Mr. Chalker, I have another proposal to make to you." "I thought we should come to something

more. Out with it."
"I believe you are a friend of Mr. Emblem's grandson?"

"You know him intimately?"
"Yes, I may say so."

"You know that he forged his grandfather's name; that he is a profligate and a spendthritt, and that he has taken or borwed from his grandfather whatever money he could get, and that-in short, he is a friend of your own?"

It was not until after his visitor had gone that Mr. Chalker understood, and began to resent this last observation. "Go on," he sail. "I know all about

Good. Then if you can tell me anything about him which may be of use to me I will do this. I will pay you double the valuation of Mr. Emblem's shop, in return for a receipt in full. If you cannot, you may proceed to sell everything by auction."

Mr. Chalker hesitated. A valuation would certainly give a higher figure than a forced sale, and then that valuation doubled!

Well," he said, "I don't know. It's a cruel, hard case to be done out of my money. How am I to find out whether anything I tell you would be of use to you or not? What kind of thing do you want? How do I know that if you get what you want you won't swear it is of no use to you!"

"You have the word of one who never broke his word."

Mr. Chalker laughed derisively. "Why," he said, "I wouldn't take the word of an English bishop-no, nor of an

archbishop-where money is concerned, What is it-what is the kind of thing you want to know!" Oh, well, if it is only a woman. I thought

it might be something about money. Joe, you see, like a good many other people, has got his own ideas about money, and perhaps he isn't so strict in his dealings as he might be-few men are-and I should not like to let out one or two things that only him and me know." In fact, Mr. Chalker saw, in me know," imagination, the burly form of Joe in his office, brandishing a stick and accusing him of friendship's trust betrayed. "But as it is only a woman—which of 'am is it?"
"This is a young woman, said to be hand-

some, tall, and finely-made; she has, I am told, light brown hair and large eyes. That is the description of her given to me. "I know the girl you mean. Splendid

figure, and goes well in tights ?"
"I have not been informed on that sub-Can you tell me any more about

"I suspect, mister," said Joe's friend. with cunning eyes, "that you've made the acquaintance of a certain widow that wasmarried woman that is. I remember now, I've seen Hindoos about her lodgings, down Shadwell way."
"Perhaps," said "Lala, "and perhaps

not." His face showed not the least sign which could be read. "You can tell me afterwards what you know of the woman at

"Well, then, Joe thinks I know nothing about it. Else I wouldn't tell you. Be-cause I don't want a fight with Joe. Is this any use to you? He is married to the girl ell as to the widow."

"He is married to the girl as well as to the widow. He has, then, two wives. It is against the English custom, and breaks the English aw. The young wife who is beautiful and the old wife who has the lodging house. Very good. What is the address of this woman?

Mr. Chalker looked puzzled. "Don't you know it then! What are you

What is the name and address of this Shadwell woman!"

Well, then"-he wrote an address and handed it over-"yes may be as close as you like. I don't care. It isn't my business. But you won't make me believe you don't know all about her. Look here, whatever

happens, don't say I told you."

"It shall be a secret," said Lala, taking out the bag of notes. "Let us complete the business at once, Mr. Chalker. Here is another the complete the complete the complete the business at once, Mr. Chalker. other offer. I will give you two hundred pounds in discharge of your whole claim, or you shall have a valuation made, if you prefer it, and I will double the amount."

Mr. Chalker chose the former promptly, and in a few moments handed over the cessary receipts, and sent his clerk to recall

in in possession. "What are you going to do with Joef" he asked. "No good turn, I'll swear. And a more unforgiving face then yours I never set eyes on. It isn't my business, but I'll give you one warning. If you make Joe desperate he'll turn on you; and Lord help your slander ribs if Joe once begins. Don't ke him desperate. And now I'll tell you make him desprease. And moment at Shad-mell is horribly jealous. She'il make a row. Next, the young one, who sings at a music ball, she's desperately in love with her hus-

as d-more than he is with her-and if a wiman's in love with a man, there's one hing she never forgives. You understand what that is! Between the pair Jos's likely to have a rough time."
"I do. I have had many wives my-

alt.

"Oh, Lord, he says he has had many wivest How many?" Lala Roy read the receipt, and put it in

his pocket. Then he rose and remarked, with a smile of supreme superiority;

"It is a pleasure to give money to you, and to such as you, Mr. Chalker." "Is it?" he replied, with a grin. "Give me

You are one of those who, the richer they become, the less harm they do Many Eug-lishmen are of this disposition. When they are poor they are jackals, hyenas, welves and man-eating tigers; when they are rich they are benevolent and charitable, and show mercy unto the wretched and the poor, So that, in their case, the words of the Wise Man are naught, when he says that the earth is barren of good things where she hoardeth treasure; and that whore gold is in her bowels no herb groweth. Fray, Mr. Chalker, prayearnestly for gold in order that you may become virtuous.

Mr. Chalker granual has hoped.

Mr. Chalker grinned, but looked uncomfortable.

"I will, mister," he said: "I will pray with

all my might."

Nevertheless, he remained for the space of the whole morning in unsasiness. The words of the Philosopher troubled him. I do not go so far as to say that his mind went back to the days when he was young and innocent seause he was still young, and he never had been innocent; nor do I say that a tear rose to his eyes and trickled down his cheek, because nothing brought tears into his eyes except a speck of dust; or that he resolved to confine himself for the future to legiti-mate lawyer's work, because he would then have starved. I only say that he felt un-comfortable and humiliated, and chiefly so cause an old man with white sair and a brown skin-hang it! a commea Niggerhad been able to bring discord into the sweet harmony of his thoughts.

Lala Roy then betook himself to Joe's for-

mer lodgings, and asked for that gentleman's present address.

The landlady professed to know nothing. "You do know, however," he persisted, reading knowledge in her eyes.

"Is it trouble you mean for him?" asked the woman, "and him such a fine, well setup young man, too! Is it trouble? Oh, dear, I always thought he got his money on the cross. Look here, I ain't going to round on him, though he has gone away and left a comfortable room. So there! And you may go."

Lala Roy opened his hand. There were at least five golden sovereigns glorifying his

dingy palm.
"Can gold," the moralist asked, "ever increase the virtue of man? Woman, how

"Is it troublef' she repeated, looking greedily at the money. "Will the young

an get copped!" Lala understood no London slang. But

he showed his hand again.

"How much? Whoso is covetous let him know that his heart is poor. How

" Poor young man! I'll take them all, What's he donef'

Where does he live?" "I know where he lives," she said, "because our Bill rode away with him at the back of his cab, and saw where he got out. He's married now, and his wife sings at the Music Hall, and he lives on her earnings. Quite the gentleman he is now, and smokes cigars all day long. There's his address, and thank you for the money. Oh," she said with a gasp. "To think that Oh," she said with a gasp. "To thir prople can earn five pounds so easy."

"May the gold procure you happiness—such happiness as you desire!" said Lala

"It will nearly pay the quarter's rent. And that's about happiness enough for one morning."

was sitting in his room alone, half asleep. I fact, he had a head upon him. He sprang to his feet, however, when he saw Lala Roy.
"Hallof" he cried. "You here, Nig!

How the devil did you find out my address!" There was not only astonishment, but 'Never mind. I want a little conversa-

tion with you, Mr. Joseph." Well, sit down and let us have it out. say, have you come to tell me that you did ak those papers, after all! What did you

get for them? "I have not come to tell you that. I dare say, lowever, we shall be able, some day, to tell you who did steal the papers—if any stolen, that is."

Quite so, my jolly mariner. If any w stolen. Ho, ho! you've got to prove that first, haven't you? How's the old man?" "He is ill; he is feeble with age; he is

weighed down with misfortune. I am come, Joseph, to ask your help for him." "My help for him? Why, can't he help

"Four or five years ago he incurred a debt for one who forged his name. He needed not to have paid that money, but he saved a

man from prison."
"Who was that? Who forged his name?" "I do not name that man, whose end will be confusion, unless he repent and make amends. This debt has grown until it is too large for him to pay it. Unless it is paid, whole property, his very means of living,

will be sold by the creditor.' "How can I pay him back? It is three hundred and fifty pounds now," said Jo-

"Man, thou hast named thyself."

Joseph stammered but blustered still.
"Weil—then—what the devil do you mean-you and your forgery ?

Forgery is one crime; you have sine committed, perhaps, others. Think. have been saved once from prison. anyone save you a second time! How have you shown your gratitude? Will you now do something for your benefactor!"

"What do you mean, I say! What do you mean with your forgery and prison? Hang ie, if I oughtn't to kick you out of the room. would, too, if you were ten years younger. Do you know, sir, that you are addressing an officer and a gentleman "

There is sometimes, even at the very end, a door opened for repentance. The door is open now. Young man, once more, consider, Your grandfather is old and destitute. Will you help him?"

Joseph hesitated. "I don't believe he is poor. He has saved ap all his money for the girl; let her help

You are wrong. He has saved nothing. His granddaughter maintains herself by teaching. He has not a penny. You have got from him and you have spent all the mey he had."

"He ought to have saved." "He could, at least, have lived by his call-ing but for you and for this debt which was incurred for you. He will you do for him!" He is ruined by it, What

"I am not going to do anything for him," said Joseph. "Is it likely? Did he ever have anything but a secwi for met" "He who injures another is always in tho vrong. You will, then, do nothing? Think. It is the open door. He is your grandfather; he has kept you from starvation when you were turned out of office for drink and dishonesty. I hear that you now have money.

I have been told that you have been seen to show a large sum of money. Will you give him some?"

As a matter of fact Jou had been the night before having a festive evening at the Music Hall, from which his wife was absent, owing to temporary indisposition. While there he took so much Scotch whisky and water that his tongos was loosened, and he became boastful, and that to so foolish an extent that he actually brandished in the eyes of the multitude a whole handful of bank notes. He now remembered this, and was greatly struck by the curious fact that Lala Roy should seem to know it.

"I haven't got any money. It was all brag last night. I couldn't help my grandfather if I wanted to." "You have what is left of three hundred

sunds," said Lula Roy.
"If I said that last night," replied Joe,



"If I said that last night," replied Joe, "I must have been drunker than I thought, You old fool! the flimsies were duffers. Where do you think I could raise three hundred pounds? No, no-I'm sorry for the old man, but I can't help him. I'm going to sea again in a day or two. We jolly sailors don't make much money, but it a pound or two, when I come home, will be of any use to him, be's only got to say the word. After all, I believe it's a kid got up between you. The old man must have saved something." "You will suffer him, then, even to be

taken to the workhouse!" "Why, I can't help it, and I suppose you'll have to go there too. Ho, ho! I say, Nig!" He began to laugh. "Ho, ho! They won't let you wear that old fez of yours at the workhouse. How beautiful you'll look in the workhouse uniform, won'tyou? I'll come home and bring you some baccy. Now you

can cheese it, old 'un."
"I will go, if that is what you mean. It is the last time that you will be asked to help your grandfather. The door is closed. You have had one more chance, and you have thrown it away."

So he departed, and Joe, who was of a self-reliant and sanguine disposition, thought nothing of the warning, which was there-

fore thrown away and wasted,
As for Lala he called a cab and drove to Shadwell. And if any man ever felt that he was an instrument set apart to carry out a scheme of vengeance that Hindoo philoso-pher felt like one. The Count of Monte Cristo himself was not more filled with the faith and conviction of his divine ob-

In the afternoon he returned to Chelsea, and perhaps one who knew him might have remarked upon his face something like a gleam of satisfaction. He had done his

It was now five days since the fatal discovery. Mr. Emblem still remained up stairs in his chair; but he was slowly recov-He clearly remembered that he oring. bed, and the principal sign of the shock was his firm conviction that by his own exercise of memory iris had been enabled to enter into possession of her

As regards the bill of sale, he had clean forgotten it. Now, in the morning, there happened a thing which surprised James very much. The man in possession was recalled. He went away. So that the money must have been paid. James was so asto

ished that he ran up stairs to tell Iris,
"Then," said the girl, "we shall not be
turned out after all. But who has paid the

It could have been no other than Arnold. Yet when, later in the day, he was taxed with having committed the good action Arnold stoutly denied it. He had not so much money in the world, he said; in fact te had no money at all.
"The good man," said the philosopher,

"has friends of whom he knoweth not. As the river returns its waters to the sea, so the heart rejoiceth in returning benefits re-

"Oh, Lala," said tris. "But on whom have we conferred benefits!"

"The moon shines upon all alike," said Lala, "and knows not what she illumines."
"Lala Roy," said Arnold, suddenly getting
a gleam of intelligence, "it is you who have paid this money.' You, Lala!

"No one else could have paid it," said Arnold.

"But I thought-I thought-" said Iris. "You thought I had no money at all, Children, I have some. One may live without money in Hindostan, but in England even the philosopher cannot meditate unless he can pay for food and shelter. I have money, Iris, and I have paid the usurer th to satisfy him. Let us say no more." b, Lain!" The tears came to tris' eyes. "Oh, Laia!"

"And now we shall go on living as before,"
"I think not," be replied. "In the generations of man the seasons continue side by side; but spring does not always continue with winter.

"I know, now," interrupted Mr. Emblem, suddenly waking into life and recollection; "I could not remember at first. Now I know very well, but I cannot tell how, that the man who stole my papers is my own grandson. James would not steal. James curious; he wants to read over my miders what I am writing. He would pry and find out. But he would not steal. doesn't matter much-does it?-since I was able to repair the loss-I always had most excellent memory-and Iris has now received her inheritance; but it s my grandson Joe who has stolen the papers. My daughter's son came home from Australia when—but this I learned after vards—he had already disgraced himself here. He ran into debt, and I paid his debts; he forged my name and I accepted the bill; he took all the money I could let him have, and still he asked for more. There s no one in the world who would rob me of

those papers except Joseph." Now, the door was open to the staircase, and the door of communication between the shop and the house-passage was also open. This seems a detail hardly worth noting; yet it proved of the greatest importance.

From such small trifle. ow great events. Observe that as yet no positive proof was in the hands of the two complicators which would actually connect Iris with Clausic Descret. The proofs were in the stelen papers, and though Clara had those papers, who was to

abow that these papers were actually those in the scaled packet! When Mr. Emblem finished speaking no one replied, because Arnold and Lala knew the facts already, but did not wish to spread them abroad: and next, because to Iris it was nothing new that her couch was a bad man, and because she thought, now that the man in possession was gone, they might just as well forget the papers and go on as if all

this fuss had not happened.

In the silence that followed this speech they heard the voice of James down stairs,

I am sorry to say, sir, that Mr. Emblem is ill up stairs, and you can't see him to-

"Ill, is he! I am very sorry. Take him 

crying: "Stop him! stop him! Go down stairs someone and stop him! I don't know where Stop him! Stop him!"

Arnold rushed down the stairs. He found in the shop an elderly gentleman, carrying a bundle of books. It was, in fact, Mr. Farrar come to negotiate the sale of another

work from his library.

'I beg your pardon, sir," said Arnold;
"Mr. Emblem is most auxious to see you.

Would you step up stairs?" "Quick, Mr. Farrar—quick." The old man held him tight by the hand. "Tell me before my memory runs away with me again -tell me. Listen, Iris. Yet it doesn't matter, because you have already -- Tell me — " He seemed about to wander again, but he pulled himself together with a great "You knew my son-in-law before

his marriage."
"Surely, Mr. Emblem; I knew your sonin-law, and his father, and all his people." "And his name was not Agien, at all!"

asked Arnold. "No; he to k the name of Aglen from a fancied feeling of pride when he quarrelied with his father about-well, it was about his marriage, as you know, Mr. Emblem; he came to London, and tried to make his way by writing, and thought to do it, and either to hide a failure or brighten a success by using a pseudonym. People were more jealous about their names in those days. He had better," added the unsuccessful veteran of letters, "he had far better have made his living as a—as a"—he looked about him for a fitting simile—"as a bookseller." Then, sir," said Arnold, "what was his

real name!" 'His name was Claude Descret, of

"Iris," said Arnold, taking her hand, "this is the last proof. We have known it for four or five days, but we wanted the final proof, and now we have it. My dear, you are the cousin of Clara Holland, and all her fortune, by her grandfather's will, is yours. This is the secret of the safe. This was what the stolen papers told you."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RAND OF PATE At the first stroke of noon next day Arnold arrived at his cousin's house in Chester Square. He was accompanied by Iris, by Laia Roy and by Mr. Frank Farrar.

"Pray, Arnold, what is meant by all this mystery?" asked Clara, receiving him and his party with considerable surprise. "I will explain all in a few minutes, my dear Clara. Meanwhile, have you done what

you promised!"
"Yes. I wrote to Dr. Washington. He wil

be here, I expect, in a few minutes."
"You wrote exactly in the form of words you promised me?" "Yes, exactly. I asked him to meet me here this morning at a quarter past twelve, in order to discuss a few points connected with Iris's future arrangements, before he

left for America, and I wrote on the enve-lope, 'Immediate and important.'" Very well. He will be sure to come, I think. Perhaps your cousin will insist upon another check for fifty pounds being given

to him." "Arnold, you are extremely suspicious and most ungenerous about Dr. Washington, on whose truth and disinterested honesty 1 thoroughly rely."

"We shall see. Meanwhile, Clara, I desire to present to you a young lady of whom we have already spoken. This is Miss Aglen, who is, I need hardly say, deeply anxious to win your good opinion. And this is Lals Roy, an Indian gentleman who knew her father, and has lived in the same house with her for twenty years. Our debt-I shall soon be able to say your debt-of gratitude to this gentleman for his long kindness to Miss Aglen is one which can never be re-

Clara gave the most frigid bow to both Iris and Lala Roy.
"Really, Arnold, you are talking it enigmas this morning. What am I to under-

stand! What has this gentleman to do with my appointment with Dr. Washington? "My dear cousin, I am so happy this morning that I wonder I do not talk in conundrums, or rondeaux, or terza rima. It

is a mere chance, I assure you. Perhaps may break out in rhymes presently. evening we will have fireworks in the square, roast a whole ox, invite the neighbors, and dance about a maypole. You shall lead of the dance, Clara."

"Pray go on, Arnold. All this is very in explicable."

This gentleman, however, is a very old friend of yours, Clara. Do you not recognize Mr. Frank Farrar, who used to stay at

the Hall in the old day's?"
"I remember Mr. Farrar very well, Clara gave him her hand. "But I should not have known him. Why have we never met in society during all these years, Mr. FarrarP

"I suppose because I have been out of so ciety, Miss Holland," said 'the scholar, "When a man marries, and has a large family, and a small income, and grows old and has to see the young fellows shoving him out at every point, he doesn't car much about society. I hope you are we

and happy." "I am very well, and I ought to be bappy because I have recovered Claude's lost heir ess, my cousin, Iris Descret, and she is the best and most delightful of girls, with the warmest heart and the sweetest instincts of a lady by descent and birth."

She looked severely at Arnold, who said othing, but smiled incredulously. Mr. Farrar looked from Iris to Miss Holland, bewildered, And why do you come to see me to-day

Mr. Farrar-and with Arnoldf "Because I have undertaken to answer one question presently, which Mr. Arbutanot is to ask me. That is why I am here. Not but wint it gives me the greatest pleas not is to ask me. ure to see you again, Miss Holland, after s.

many years." "Our poor Claude died in America, you know, Mr. Farrar." "So I have recently heard."

" And left one daughter." That also I have learned," He looked

She is with me, here in this house, and has been with me for a week. You may understand, Mr. Farrar, the happiness I fee in having with me Claude's only daughter. Mr. Farrar looked from har to Arno

with increasing amazement. But he said

"I have appointed this morning at Arsold's request," Clara went on, "to have an interview, purhaps the last, with the gentleman who brought my dear Iris from America. I say at Arzoid's request, because he saked me to do this, and I have always trusted him implicitly, and I hope he is not going to being trouble upon us now, although I do not, I c niess, understand the presence of his friends or their connection with my

"My dear Clera" mai Arneld again, "I lor a few moments. As for the papers, you have them all in your possession?"
"Yes; they are locked up in my strong

Do not, on any account, give them to anybody. However, after this morning you will not be asked. Have you taken as yet any steps at all for the transference of your

property to—to the rightful heir?"
"Not yet."
"Thank goodness! And now, Clara, I wift ask you, as soon as Dr. Weshington and—your cousin—are in the drawing-room, to ring the bell. You need not explain why. We will answer the summons, and we will give all the explanations that may be required."

"I will not have my cousin vexed, Arnold."

"You shall not. Your cousin shall never e vexed by me as long as I live."
"And Dr. Washington must not be in any way offended. Consider the feelings of an American gentleman, Arnold. He is my

guest. You may thoroughly rely upon my consideration for the feelings of an American gentleman. Go! there is a knock at the foor. Go to receive him, and, when both

are in the room, ring the bell." Joe was in excellent spirits that morning. His interview with Lala Roy convinced him that nothing whatever was known of the papers, therefore nothing could be suspected. What a fool, he thought, must be his grandfather, to have had these papers in his hands for eighteen years and never to have opened the packet, in obedience to the injunction of a dead man! Had it been his own case, he would have opened the papers without the least delay, mastered the contents and instantly claimed the property. He would have gone on to use it for his own purposes and private gain, and with an uninterrupted run of eighteen years, he would most certainly have made a very pretty thing out of

However, everything works well for him who greatly dares. His wife would manage for him better than he could do it for himself. Yet a few weeks and the great fortune would fall into his hands. He walked all the way to Chester Square, considering how he should spend the money. There are some forms of foolishness, such as, say, those connected with art, literature, charity and work for others, which attract some rich men, but which he was not at all tempted to commit. There were others, however, con-nected with horses, races, betting and gambling, which tempted him strongly. In fact, Joseph contemplated spending this money wholly on his own pleasures. Probably it would be a part of his pleasure to toss a few crumbs to his wife.

It is sad to record that Lotty, finding her-

self received with so much enthusiasm, already begun to fall off in her behavior. Even Clara, who thought she discovered every hour some new point of resemblance in the girl to her father, was fain to admit that the "Americanisms" were much too pronounced for general society.

Her laugh was louder and more frequent; her jests were rough and common; she used slang words freely; her gestures were extravagant, and she walked in the street as if she wished everyone to notice her. It is the walk of the music hall stage, and the trick of it consists chiefly in giving, so to speak, prominence to the shoulders and os-cillation to the skirts. In fact, she was one of those ladies who ardently desire that all' the world should notice them.

Further, in the conversation, she showed an acquaintance with certain phases of the English lower life which was astonishing in an American girl. But Clara had no sus-picton—none whatever.

One thing the girl did which pleased her

She was never tired of bearing about her father, and his way of looking, standing, walking, folding his hands, and holding And constantly more and mor Clara detected these little tricks in his daughter. Perhaps she learned them. "My dear," she said, "to think that I ever thought you unlike your dear father!"

that it made her extremely uncomfortable to detect a certain reserve in Arnold towards the girl, and then a dislike of Arnold in the girl herself. over, she was accustomed to act by Arnold's advice, and consented, when he saked her, to arrange so that Arnold might meet Dr Washington. As if anything that so much as looked like suspicion could be thought of

But the bell rang, and Arnold, followed by his party, led the way from the morningroom to the drawing-room. Dr. Joseph Washington was standing with his back the door. The girl was dressed as if she had just come from a walk, and was holding-Clara's hand.

"Yes, madam," he was saying softly, "I return to-morrow to America and my and my children. I leave our dear girl in the greatest confidence in your hands. I venture to advise that to avoid lawyer's expenses, you should simply instruct somebody—the right person—to transfer the property from your name to the name of Then you will be saved troubles and formalities of every kind. As for me, my

home is in America-"No, Joseph," said Lala Roy, gently; "It is in Shadwell."

"It is a lie!" he cried, starting; "It is an infernal lie!" "Iris," said Arnold, "lift your vell, dear. Mr. Farrar, wno is this young lady? Look upon this face, Clara."

"This is the daughter of Claude Descret," said Mr. Farrar, "if she is the daughter of the man who married Alice Emblem, and went by the name of Aglen.' Clara turned a terrifled face to Arnold.

"Arnold, help me!" "Whose face is this?" he repeated. "It is-good heavens!-it is the face of your portrait. It is Claude's face again. They are his very eyes—" She covered her face with her hands, "Oh, Arnold,

what is it? Who is this other?" "This other lady, Clara, is a music hall singer, who calls herself Carlotta Claridane, vife of this man, who is not an American at all, but the grandson of Mr. Emblem, the bookseller, and therefore cousin of Iris. It is he who robbed his grandfather of the papers which you have in your possession, Clara. And this is an audacious conspiracy, which we have been so fortunate as to unearth and detect, step by step."

"Oh, can such wickedness bef" said Clara; "and in my house, toof" "Joe," said Lotty, "the game is up. I knew it wouldn't last."

"Let them prove it," said Joe; "let them prove it. I defy you to prove it."
"Don't be a fool, Joe," said his wife,
"Remember," she whispered, "you've got

a pocketful of money. Let us go penceably."
"As for you, Nigger," said Joe, "Pil break every bone in your body,"



"As for you, nigger," said Joe. "Not here," said Arnold; "there will be ne reaking of bones in this house."

Lotty began to laugh.

"The gentle blood always shows itself, locsn't it?" she said. "I've got the real intiacts of a lady, haven't I! Oh, it was seautiful while it lasted. And every day nore and more like my father."
"Arnold," cried poor Clara, crushed,

'help me!" "Come," said Arnold, "you had better go

"I won't laugh at you," said Lotty. "It's shame, and you're a good old thing. But it did me good, it really did, to hear all about the gentle blood. Come, Jee. Let us go away quietly."

She took her husband's arm. Joe was standing sullen and desperate. Mr. Chalker was right. It wanted very little more to make him fall upon the whole party, and go off with a fight. "Young woman," said Lala Roy, "you had

better not go outside the house with the man It will be well for you to wait until he has "Why? He is my husband, whatever we

have done, and Pm not ashamed of him."
"Is he your husband? Ask him what I meant when I said his home was at Shadwell. "Come, Lotty," said Joz, with a curious change of manner. "Let us go at

"Wait," Lala repeated, "Wait, young woman, let him go first. Pray-pray let him go first."
"Why should I wait? I go with my hus-

band. "I thought to save you from shame. But if you will go with him, ask him again why his home is at Shadwell, and why he left his wife."

Lotty sprang upon her husband, and caught his wrists with both hands. "Joe, what does he mean? Tell me he is a liar." 'That would be useless," said Lala Roy. "Because a very few minutes will prove the contrary. Better, however, that he should

go to prison for marrying two wives than for robbing bis grandfather's safe." "It's a lie!" Joe repeated, looking as dan-gerous as a wild boar brought to bay.
"There was a Joseph Gallop, formerly assistant purser in the service of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Compa-

ny," continued the man of fate, "who marriel, nine months ago, a certains widow at Shadwell. He was turned out of the service, and he married her because she had a prosperous lodging house," "Oh-h!" cried Lotty. "You villain! You thought to live upon my earnings, did you? You put me up to pretend to be somebody else. Miss Holland"—she fell upon her knees, literally and simply, and without any theatrical pretence at all-"forgive me! am properly punished. Oh, he is made of

and as for you"—she sprang to her feet and turned upon her husband—'I know it is true -I know it is true-I can see it within your guilty eyes,' "If you have any doubt," said Lala, "here is a copy of the marriage certificate."

She took it, read it, and put it in her pecket. Then she went out of the room

lies! He told me that the real Iris was dead

and buried, and he was the rightful heir

without another word, but with rage and revenge in her eyes.

Joseph followed her, saying no more. He had lost more than he thought to lose. there was still time to escape, and he had

most of the money in his pocket. But another surprise awaited him. The lady from Shadwell, in fact, was waiting for him outside the door. With her were a few Shadwell friends of the seafaring profession, come to see fair play. It was a disgraceful episode in the history of Chorter Square. After five minutes or so, during which no welsher on a race-course was ever more hardly used, two policemen interfered to rescue the man of two wives. and there was a procession all the way to where, after several the police-court, charges of assault had been preferred and proved against half a doz n soph was himself charged with bigamy,

both wives giving evidence, and committed for trial. His old friend, Mr. David Chalker, one is sorry to add, refused to give ball, so that he remained in custody, and will now endure

somewhat lengthened hardness for a "Clara," said Arnold, "Iris will stay with you, if you ask her. We shall not marry. my dear, without your permission. I have promised that already, have I not?

[THE END.] A Parson's Conscience.

[Harper's Magazine.] Elder Phillips, who was a jovial soul, settled many years ago near the headwaters of the Susquehanna. He was, in fact, a Presbyterian dominie. He was full of humor, and ready with his repartee on all occasions, Jack Ricklit, a quasi-parishioner, who was more punctual at the river than at church, presented the elder one Monday morning with a fine stving of pickerel. Elder Phillip thanked him graciously for the gift. "But, Elder," suggested Jack, still retaining the fish, "those were caught yesterday" (Sunday). "Perhaps yer conscience won't let ye eat 'em." Jack," replied the elder, stretching out his hand toward the string, "there's one thing I know; the pickerel was not to blame,

> The Philosophical Side. [Dr. Pintt in Rochester Chronicle.]

Lower animals, as the horse, the dog, the elephant, the beaver, and such insects as the e, have intelligence and memory, but we have no knowledge that they are conscious, Those who affirm their consciousness must prove it. If the horse is conscious we are not conscious of it, nor can the horse assert Nature has not yet been so unmerciful to the horse as to make him conscious of his lot. The difference between these two kinds of mind force is this; the man thinks, and he thinks about his thoughts-he knows that he knows-he is conscious of his own consciousness. The hor e thinks, but he does not think about his thoughts. He may know, sciousness. but he does not know that he knows.

[New Orleans Picayune.]

A young lawyer has made himself round shouldered carrying a bundle of law books to the courts and bringing them back regularly to his deak in another lawyer's office. He has no cases in court, but if he appears to be busy he will some day get the m ment of a damage suit on shares, and the bar will ring with his eloquence.