

(Continued from last week.)

"Your daughter." Jack nods for an answer, and looking own on her face with pride and tenmess he put back with the stem of



He lifts it to his lips and kisses it. his pipe a little curl that had straved over her eyes. She was not amiss for looks, with her long eyelashes lying like a fringe upon her cheeks, her lips open, howing her good white teeth, and the glow of the firelight upon her face, but her attitude and the innocent, happy expression of her features made up a picture which seemed to me mighty pretty.
"Where is her mother?" asks Don

Sanchez presently, and Dawson, without taking his eyes from Moll's face, lifts his pipe upward, while his big thick lips fell a-trembling. Maybe he was thinking of his poor wife as he looked at the child's face.

"Has she no other relatives?" asks the don in the same quiet tone, and Jack shakes his head, still looking down, and answers slowly:

"Only me."

Then after another pause the don asks: "What will become of her?"

And that thought also must have been in Jack Dawson's mind, for without seeming surprised by the question, which seemed a strange one to me, he answers reverently, but with a shake in his hoarse voice, "Almighty God

This awed us all for the moment, and then Don Sanchez, seeing that these reflections threw a gloom upon us, turned awson had lifted had lived in brotherhood. "And," says the favor of Providence to live so, sharing good and ill fortune alike to the end, so much we do love one another."

To this Jack Dawson nods assent. "And your other fellow-what of

him?" asked Don Sanchez.

I replied that Red Herring was but a fair weather friend, who had joined and escape the plague, and how having robbed us we were like never to see his face again.

"And well for him if we do not." cries Dawson, rousing up, "for, by the Lord, if I clap eyes on him, though he be a Dick Turpin, he shan't escape the most horrid beating ever man outlived."

The don nodded his satisfaction at this, and then Moll, awakening with the sudden outburst of her father's voice, gives first a gape, then a shiver, and looking about her with an air of wonder smiles as her eye falls on the don, whereon, still as solemn as any judge, he pulls the bell, and, the maid coming to the room with a rushlight, he bids her take the poor weary child to bed, and the best there is in the house, which I think did delight Dawson not less than his child to hear.

Then Moll gives her father a kiss, and me another according to her wont, and drops a civil courtesy to Don San-

"Give me thy hand, child," says he, and, having it, he lifts it to his lips and kisses it as if she had been the finest lady in the land.

She being gone, the don calls for another bowl of spiced wine, and we, mightily pleased at the prospect of another half hour of comfort, stretch our legs out afresh before the fire. Then Don Sanchez, lighting another cigar and setting his chair toward us, says as he takes his knee up betwixt his long, thin

fingers:
"Now let us come to the heart of this business and understand one another olearly."

CHAPTER III.

We pulled our pipes from our mouths, Dawson and I, and stretched our ears, very eager to know what this business

was the don had to propound, and he, after drawing two or three mouthfuls of smoke, which he expelled through his nostrils in a most surprising unnatural manner, says in excellent good English, but speaking mighty slow and giving every letter its worth:

"What do you go to do tomorrow?" "The Lord only knows," answers Jack, and Don Sanchez, lifting his eyebrows as if he considers this no answer at all, continues: "We cannot go hence without our stage things, and if we play, now that our villain is gone, with could I see not how we are to act our call all that we have for the few shil-

lings they will fetch to get us out of this hobble."

"With our landlord's permission," remarks Don Sanchez dryly.

"Permission!" cries Dawson in a passion. "I ask no man's permission to do what I please with my own."

"Suppose he claims these things in payment of the money you owe him. What then?" asks the don.

"We never thought of that, Kit," says Dawson, turning to me in alarm. 'But 'tis well enough he has, for I observed he was careless enough whether we found our thief or not. That's it, sure enough. We have naught to hope.
All's lost!"

With that he drops his elbows on his mees and stares into the fire with a most desponding countenance, being in that stage of liquor when a man must

either laugh or weep.
"Come, Jack," says I. "You are not used to yield like this. Let us make the best of a bad lot and face the worst like men. Though we trudge hence with nothing but the rags on our backs, we shall be no worse off tomorrow than we were this morning."

"Why, that's true enough!" cries he, plucking up his courage. "Let the thieving rascal take our poor nag and our things for his payment, and much good may it do him. We will wipe this out of our memory the moment we leave his cursed inn behind us."

It seemed to me that this would not greatly advance us, and maybe Don Sanchez thought the same, for he presently asks:

"And what then?"
"Why, senor," replies Dawson, "we will face each new buffet as it comes and make a good fight of it till we're beat. A man may but die once." "You think only of yourselves," says

the don very quietly.

"And pray, saving your senor's presence, who else should we think of?"

"The child above," answers the don a little more sternly than he had yet spoken. "Is a young creature like that to bear the buffets you are so bold to meet? Can you offer her no shelter from the wind and rain but such as chance offers-make no provision for the time when she is left alone to protect her against the evils that lie in the path of friendless maids?"

"God forgive me," says Jack humto me, sitting next him, and asked if I bly. And then we could say nothing would give him some account of my his- for thinking what might befall Moll if tory, whereupon I briefly told him how we should be parted, but sat there under the keen eye of Don Sanchez look me out of the mire, how since then we ing helplessly into the fire. And there was no sound until Jack's pipe, slipping I in conclusion, "we will continue with from his hand, fell and broke in pieces upon the hearth. Then, rousing himself and turning to Don Sanchez, he says:

"The Lord help her, senor, if we find no good friend to lend us a few shillings for our present wants."

"Good friends are few," says the don, "and they who lend need some better security for repayment than chance. fortunes with us to get out of London For my own part I would as soon fling straws to a drowning man as attempt to save you and that child from ruin by setting you on your feet today only to fall again tomorrow."

"If that be so, senor," says I, "you had some larger view in mind than that of giving temporary relief to our misery when you gave us a supper and Moll a bed for the night."

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Don Sanchez assented with a grave | tuously, "that for all your brotherly inclination of his head, and, going to the door, opened it sharply, listened awhile, and then, closing it softly, returned and stood before us with folded arms. Then, in a low voice, not to be heard beyond the room, he questioned ns very particularly as to our relations with other men, the length of time we had been wandering about the country, and especially about the tractability of Moll. And, being satisfied with our re-plies—above all, with Jack's saying that Moll would jump out of window at his bidding, without a thought to the consequences—he says:

"There's a comedy we might play to some advantage if you were minded to take the parts I give you and act them as I direct.

"With all my heart," cried Dawson. 'I'll play any part you choose, and as to the directing, you're welcome to that, for I've had my fill of it. If you can make terms with our landlord, those things in the yard shall be yours, and for our payment I'm willing to trust to your honor's generosity."

"As regards payment," says the don,
"I can speak precisely. We shall gain

£50,000 by our performance."
"Fifty thousand pounds," says Jack,

as if in doubt whether he had heard aright. Don Sanchez bent his head without stirring a line in his face.

Dawson took up his tankard slowly and looked in it to make sure that he was none the worse for drink. Then, after emptying it to steady his wits, he says again:

"Fifty thousand pounds."

"Fifty thousand pounds, if not more, and that there be no jealousies among us it shall be divided fairly among us as much for your friend as for you, for the child as for me."

"Pray God this part be no more than I can compass," says Jack devoutly. "You may learn it in a few hours-

at least your first act." "And mine?" says I, entering for the first time into the dialogue.

The don hunched his shoulders, lifting his eyebrows and sending two streams of smoke from his nose.

"I scarce know what part to give you yet," says he. "To be honest, you are not wanted at all in the play."

"Nay, but you must write him a part," says Dawson stoutly, "if it be but to bring in a letter. That I am determined on. Kit stood by us in ill fortune, and he shall share better, or I'll have none of it, nor Moll either. I'll answer for her."

"There must be no discontent among us," says the don, meaning thereby, as I think, that he had included me in his stratagem for fear I might mar it from "The girl's part is that which gives me most concern, and had I not faith in my own judgment''-"Set your mind at ease on that score,

cried Jack. "I warrant our Moll shall learn her part in a couple of days or so. " "If she learn it in a twelvemonth,



She shows us a white napkin stuffed with

"A twelvemonth," said Jack, going to his tankard again for understanding. "Well, all's as one, so that we can get something in advance of our payment to keep us through such a prodigious

"I will charge myself with your expenses," says Don Sanchez, and then, turning to me, he asks if I have any objection to urge.

"I take it, senor, that you speak in metaphor," says I, "and that this 'comedy' is naught but a stratagem for getting hold of a fortune that doesn't belong to us."

Don Sanchez calmly assented, as if this had been the most innocent design in the world. "Hang me," cries Dawson, "if I

thought it was anything but a whimsey of your honor's."
"I should like to know if we may

carry out this stratagem honestly,' says I. "Ave," cries Jack. "I'll not for cutting of throats or breaking of bones, for

any money." "I can tell you no more than this," says the don. "The fortune we may take is now in the hands of a man who has no more right to it than we have."

"If that's so," says Jack, "I'm with you, senor. For I'd as lief bustle a thief out of his gains as say my prayers any day, and liefer."

"Still," says I, "the money must of right belong to some one." 'We will say that the money belongs

to a child of the same age as Moll." "Then it comes to this, senor," says I bluntly. "We are to rob that child of £50,000."

"When you speak of robbing," says the don, drawing himself up with much dignity, "you forget that I am to play a part in this stratagem—I, Don Sanchez del Castello de Castelana."

"Fie, Kit, han't you any manners?" cries Jack. "What's all this talk of a child? Hasn't the senor told us we are but to bustle a cheat?"

"But I would know what is to become of this child if we take her fortune, though it be withheld from her by another," says I, being obstinate and persistent in my liquor.

"I shall prove to your conviction," says the don, "that the child will be no worse off if we take this money than if we leave it in the hands of this rascally steward. But I see," adds he contemp-

love 'tis no such matter to you whether poor little Molly comes to her ruin, as every maid must who goes to the stage or is set beyond the reach of temptation

and the goading of want."
"Aye, and be hanged to you, Kit!"

cries Dawson. "Tell me, Mr. Poet," continues Don Sanchez, "do you consider that steward who defrauds that child of a fortune is more unfeeling than you, who for a sickly qualm of conscience would let slip this chance of making Molly an honest woman?"

"Aye, answer that, Kit," adds Jack, triking his mug on the table.

"I'll answer you tomorrow morning, senor," says I. "And whether I fall in with the scheme or not is all as one, since my help is not needed, for if it be to Moll's good I'll bid you farewell, and you shall see me never again."

"Spoken like a man," says Don San-chez, "and a wise one to boot. An enterprise of this nature is not to be undertaken without reflection, like the smoking of a pipe. If you put your foot forward, it must be with the understanding that you cannot go back. I must have that assurance, for I must be hundreds of pounds out of pocket ere I can get any return for it."

"Have no fear of me or of Moll turning tail at a scarecrow. We are no po-

"Reflect upon it. Argue it out with our friend here, whose scruples do not dislike me, and let me know your determination when the last word is said. Business carries me to London tomorrow, but you shall meet me at night, and we will close the business-aye or nay-ere supper."

With that he opens the door and gives us our conge, the most noble in the world; but, not offering to give us a bed, we are forced to go out of doors and grope our way through the snow to the cart shed, and seek a shelter there from the wind, which was all the keener and more bitter for our leaving a good fire. And I believe the shrewd Spaniard had put us to this pinch as a foretaste of the misery we must endure

if we rejected his design, and so to shape

our inclinations to his. Happily the landlord, coming out with a lantern, and finding us by the chattering of our teeth, was moved by the consideration shown us by Don Sanchez to relax his severity, and so, unlocking the stable door, he bade us get up into the loft, which we did, blessing him as if he had been the best Christian in the world. And then, having buried ourselves in hay, Jack Dawson and I fell to arguing the matter in question, I sticking to my scruples (partly from vanity), and he stoutly holding t'other side, and I, being warmed by my own eloquence, and he not less heated by liquor (having taken the best part of the last bowl to his share), we han it pretty high, so that at one point Jack was for lighting a candle end he had in his pocket and fighting it out like men.

But little by little we cooled down, and toward morning, each giving way something, we came to the conclusion that we would have Don Sanchez show us the steward that we might know the truth of his story (which I misdoubted, seeing that it was but a roguish kind of game at best that he would have us take part in), and that if we found all things as he represented them then we would accept his offer. And also we resolved to be down betimes and let him know our determination before he set out for London, to the end that we might not be left fasting all the day. But herein we miscalculated the potency of liquor and a comfortable bed of hay, for 'twas 9 o'clock before either of us winked an eye, and when we got down we learned that Don Sanchez had been gone a full hour, and so no prospect of breaking our fast till nightfall.

Presently comes Moll, all fresh and pink, from the house, and falls to exclaiming upon the joy of sleeping betwixt clean sheets in a feather bed and could speak of nothing else, saying she would give all the world to sleep so well every day of her life.

"Eh," whispers her father in my ear, 'you see how luxuries so tempt the poor child and what kind of a bed she is like to be in if our hopes miscarry." On which, still holding to my scruples, I says to Moll:

"'Tis easy to say you would give the world, Moll, but I know full well you would give nothing for all the comfort possible that was not your own."

"Nay,' says she, crossing her hands on her breast and casting up her eyes with the look of a saint; "what are all the fruits of the earth to her who cannot take them with an easy conscience? Honesty is dearer to me than the bread

Then, as Jack and I are looking at each other ruefully in the face at this dash to our knavish project, she bursts into a merry peal of laughter, like a set of Christmas bells chiming, whereupon, we turning about to find the cause of her merriment, she pulls another demure face, and, slowly lifting her skirt, shows as a white napkin tied about her waist, stuffed with a dozen delicacies she had filched from Don Sanchez's table in coming down from her room.

(To be Continued.)

He Will Not Drown Himself. Scott's

(From the Troy, N. Y., Times.)

R. W. Edwards, of Lansingburgh, was prostrated by sunstroke during the war and it has entailed on him peculiar and serious consequences. At present Mr. E. is a prominent officer of Post Lyon, G. A. R., Cohoes and a past aid-de-camp on on the staff of the commander-in-chief of Albany Co. In the interview with a reporter, he said:

porter, he said:
"I was wounded and sent to the hospital at Winchester. They sent me together with others to Washington—a ride of about 100 miles. Having no room in the box cars we were placed face up on the bottom of flat cars. The sun beat down upon our unprotected heads. When I reached Washington I was insensible and was unconscious for ten days while I was in the hospital. Au abscess gathered in my ear and broke; it has been gathering and breaking ever since. The result of this 100 mile ride and sunstroke, was, heart disease, nervous prostration, insomnia and rheuma-A completely shattered system which gave me no rest night or day. As a last resort I took some Pink Pills and they helped me to a wonderful degree. My rheumatism is gone, my heart failure, dyspepsia, and constipation are about gone and the abscess in my ear has stopped discharging and my head feels as clear as a bell when before it felt as though it would burst, and my once shattered nervous system is now nearly sound. "Look at those fingers," Mr. Edwards said, "do they look as if there was any rheumatism there?" He moved his fingers rapidly and freely and strode about the room like a young boy. "A year ago those fingers were gnarled at the joints and so stiff that I could not hold a pen. My knees would swell up and I could not straighten my leg out. My joints would squeak when I moved them. That is the living truth. "When I came to think that I was

going to be crippled with rheumatism, together with the rest of my ailments, I tell you life seemed not worth living. tell you life seemed not worth living. I suffered from despondency. I cannot begin to tell you," said Mr. Edwards, as he drew a long breath, "what my feeling is at present. I think if you lifted ten years right off my life and left me prime and vigorous at forty-seven I could feel no better. I was an old man and could deer myself paintilly about the only drag myself painfully about the house. Now I can walk off without any trouble. That in Itself," continued Mr. Edwards, "would be sufficient to give me cause for rejoicing, but when you come to consider that I am no longer what you might call nervous and that my heart is apparently nearly healthy and that I can sleep nights you may realize why I may appear to speak in extrava-gant praise of Pink Pills. These pills quiet my nerves, take that awful pressure from my head and at the same time en-rich my blood. There seemed to be no circulation in my lower limbs a year ago, my legs being cold and clammy at times. Now the circulation there is as full and as brisk as at any other part of my body. I used to be so light-headed and dizzy from my nervous disorder that I frequently fell while crossing the floor of my house. Spring is coming and I never felt better in my life, and I am looking forward to a busy season of work.'

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