WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN.

BY MRS. M. E. HOLMES.

CHAPTER L

Alice! Alice! Alice! he shrill tones resounded through the ears of a girl reading, curled up in a corner of a deserted old barn.

book with a sigh, and rising slewly, purpose revenge for which I have made her way the step-ladder that led waited so long has come at last. Ah, from the barn to the yard. A woman stood there - a coarse, stout

woman with arms akimbe. Where 'ave you been, dle vagrant | the pale lips.

that you are?" she cried loudly, as the crept down the ladder.

'In the barn," Alice answered. In the barn, indeed, indeed! I'd else I'll know the reason why. Do you think I've got nothing to do but keep you in food and drink to let you idle your days through as you like? If lous light on his face. you do, you're mistaken finely. I can

Africe stood silent as the angry woman scolded on; her small hands were clasped tight together, a mute look this is delirium; it may pass when be s on her face. wakes to his senses. I must impress What, do you want me for?" she this belief on his brain by stronger evi-

asked at last. The woman ceased. Never before

in her remembrance had Alice taken her scolding so quietly. Get on your hat, and carry me this sound might have reached the cars of basket up to Mrs. Grey at the castle; it the two silent forms, but they were ought to have been there this hour dim.

Martha!

"What, are you frightened?" said Mrs. Martha Brown with an angry What are you fit for Alice. Your head's just stuffed with all the nonsense you can get out of books. Off with you! Here's the basket.

'It is so dark." murmured the girl letting her great eyes wander from thvard to the deserted country and then there's 'Madman's Drift' to

"Well, what of it?" asked the other fastening down the basket-lid vigor ously. "A place where a madman pur an end to his life. Dead men do no harm, you poor fool

shuddered, but there was to sign of mercy in her aunt's face.
"Give me the basket." she said, sud

denly. "Any message?" "No unless you ask Mrs. Grey who she wants the next lot of egg. Now don't stay long: there's the boy's sup-per to get, and I'm worked to death Alice turned away without a word She pulled her thin cotton jacket closround her supple young figure, for the autumn night struck chilly, and stepped

Her thoughts were a tangled mass as she hurried along; anger and wearie ness of spirit, as her mind turned to her aunt, under whose care she had lived ever since she could remember disappointment at leaving the beautiful story in her book, and fright of the dark lonely path which grew greater

at every step she took.
"Oh, if Sam were only here!" she said to herself as she hurried on, not daring to glance to the right or the left for fear of seeing phantom forms her vivid imagination supplied.

Sam was one of the farm helps Under any other circumstance Alice would have shunned him, but

now she would have welcomed him She left the lane and approached an open waste of land.

It was the dreaded Madman's Drift. A sudden break in the road at one side showed a steep incline and chasm. down which the unfortunate man who gave his name to the spot had sought Alice crept towards the dreaded

place, quivering with tear. Although grown out of her child-hood, she still lived in a world of fairies, evil spirits, and phantoms.

her pale face peeping from beneath the mass of golden curls, her small hand clutching the basket as if for support she looked almost a fairy herself a strange frail flower to belong to so coarse and common a woman as the farmer wife she called aunt.

All the village girls regarded this frail, slender creature with contempt. She was so white and poor-looking be buxom charms-fit nothing but books.

Alice heeded not their contempt. She would have been happy with he beloved books, but she had a hard life nothing but scoldings from Martha Brown, jeers from the boys and maids about the farm for her strange, quiet ways, and neavy work for her young which brought tears often to her beautiful eyes and a sob from her lonely

When work was over and she was alone in bed, she turned once more to her beloved books, and her mind wacrammed with weird stories of knights

She crept past the Madman's Drift with closed eyes, and gave a sigh of gladness when she was once more safe

Her arms ached, her limbs trembled with her excitement and exertion, and her steps grew slower as she entered the wood which led to the back of the

more settled, it gave one leap into her mouth: she clutched her basket. staggered to a tree, and then waited and

The rapid thump, thump, of her t; then came more terrible ones affied groups and confused noises, en just before her she saw two men, e uttering faint cries, while the oing him till he sank to the ground

leaning against a tree, saw After teaming against the like a literal stress of the literal stre on who was stooping over the to start, utter a loud curse, then

towards her.
had only time to catch a fleeting be of a dark face, with cruel has with anger, a torn collar, and a blood on his cheek, to hear trusted words. "A girl, by all proceedie!" and she lost all re-

drooped, and she fell into his arms in a

"Good," muttered the man, as he the chill evening air. They reached placed her gently on the ground; "she will know nothing; as tool," moving back to the prostrate At the angry tones, she closed her form of the man, "you have served my

> YOU HAVE. He bent over the man and listened to the muttered words from between

Enstace give me your hand: I do not believe it. You will not take my hand! What-she is false "In the barn indeed, indeed! I'll say you villain you black-hearted have that door locked that I will, or scoundrel take that! Good God! he dead' Enstace speak to me speak he is dead I - have murdered him?"

The listener rose; there was a cur-"What," he whispered to himself: a shadow of remembrance; "it was a "he thinks it was his hand. Could dark cruel face, with eyes that looked anything be better." He does not even like a beast s and blood on his cheek. I remember me. Stay, let me think

dence. The girl does not move. Good n one moment more. He glanced round, and stole through the hedge. In a few seconds a curious sound might have reached the ears of | swear me to death!

The man emerged again he was To the castle, faltered Alice, dragging something with difficulty; it whispered, shrinking back: "te-night? Oh. Aunt was a body, the misty light of the moon shone on a dead face on a limp, in-

> Now," muttered the worker. all is complete. Enstace Rivers is dead dead by the hand of his friend. Hoy There is evidence enough to amn an angel, and he will die for it. I must be gone; he moves again, nd the girl will awaken. So, Bruce ardyne your revenge is complete. He stole gently away, and gradually be form of the man he had called Roy barrell moved from the ground. With combling hands he raised his weak ody to a kneeling position, then let is eyes, dazed with faintness and hor-

or, wander round. They rested on the figure of Alice with wonder and scarce comprehension; hen they moved slowly on till they ested on the dead man, and with a udder of horror he covered his face with his hands and grouned aloud.

'It is no dream: it is the horrible ruth! Oh. Eustace, my friend, my alnost brother, dead, and by my hand." His hoarse whisper fell on Alice's

She was recovering. She helped nerself to rise by the aid the tree, then leaned against it, faint nd weak, to try and think

Her basket lay unheeded at her feet, he seemed yet to be living in a ideous nightmare, till, looking round. her eyes fell on the kneeling man and She uttered afaint shrick, and in an-

other moment Roy Darrell was standng before her, glaring into her face. Who are you?" he asked hoursely. 'Where do you come from?

"I am Alice Dornton," gasped rather than spoke the girl. "Oh. do not hurt Her for my aunt, when, wheace faltered He grasped her hand. "What?" he demanded huskily.

He would know the truth.

For a moment a tlash of joy went through his mind. have seen the fatai blow struck, the hand that took the life of his friend Eustace. She might have seen that phantom third form that haunted his

"I saw you struggling with that Alice said, speaking almost with lifficulty: "your arms were around him: you threw him to the ground. Then on came to me, you said something to ne, and I don't remember what else. must have fainted

The man released her arm with a He moved with slow steps to the dead body.

he said in tones of acute *Hustace. agony, "my friend forgive me. God have mercy. I was mad-mad with your words. You tried me so bitterly but I would give all that I hold dear to listen to them from your lips again. for then you would live; now dowly, still gazing at the dead man. Now, you will never speak again he drew back and leaned against a tree, then started suddenly wand they -be hanged as a common murderer. A Darrell on the scaffold! Oh, mother, forgive your son! Alice stood in silence.

It was night-time now: the moon had isen, and was shining down in silver rays on the strange scene

The girl forgot everything in the flood of pity that came over her as she watched the remove of the man.

The lateness of the hour, the fallen asket, her mission, her aunt's angerall were swept away as she let her eyes rest on him standing with hands iasped together, and white haggard

His lips moved, and she could hear

him marmur from time to time: "Murder! A Darreil hanged for murder! Oh, that I could have died before I brought this shame on head, mother. For my life henceforth will be death, for there is blood on my hands, but for you mother, it is differ nt, and there is no escape."

He gianced around in the agony of

his minu, and a sudden thought seemed to come to him: he moved to her so rapidly that Alice shrank back. "Do not shrink from me." he mut-tered passionately: "but speak to me. Let me know the worst at once Were

nim, or were there others with you?

"I swear it." Alice said, meeting his eyes bravely. "few people would come this way by night." she, added softly, touched by the misery in his face. "They lear the path too much." I was sent on a message to

housekeeper at the Castle."
"Ah! Do they know you are com Alice shook her head. "I think not."
Roy Darrell stood immovable, his
face blanched with the burden of his
sorrow. Cold perspiration trickled

down his hagged checks. Watching A FLOWER WITHOUT PERFUME. ham thus, the memory of that other face that had been before her just as she fainted came to Alice. You are not dark " she said, almost

He turned What do you mean?" he gasped

hurriedly.
A ray of moonlight touched him, glinting his warm brown hair and gol-

den mustache.
"You looked so dark before," the girl said, slowly: "and-yes, I am sure o' it, there was blood on your cheek: you have none now.

Roy grasped ber hand. "God bless you." he murmured faintly: "whoever you are, you have done me the greatest blessing a human creature can do for another-you have taken a load from my heart, a weight of deadly pain from my head. I was right, there was another, but how did he come? me again," he eried, turning to her swiftly, "it was not my face you saw;

was growing faint and ill with the ror of the scene, but she forced her-'It was not you," she answered, with

can see him plainly now. Roy released her hand, and covered

I must impress his face with his own. What can I do? He is gone, and I must bear the penalty of this crime. They know we left the Castle together; they will find his body; thy will bring his murder home to me, and she will

Alice started, and pressed her small cold fingers on her heart.

What will they do to me?" she To you, child? Nothing: but your word will go against me. nothing to save me. I shall die a disgraced, dishonored man!"

Die!" cried the girl. "Oh. no. no. You must not. They will not do this, I will not smeak They will make you. Your friends

know of your walk through the wood. You must speak. But, murmured Alice, white with

horror-poor child! her strength seemed fast going-"but that other: I 'It will be useless. Where is he'

No: he." pointing to the still, dead form, and sinking his voice to a whisper-"he and I were friends. had quarreled. Everyone knew there was a coldness between us. "You saw a struggle. He lies murdered. I shall be convicted.

Alice sank back against a tree. She had no thought, no remem-brance of aught but the horror of the moment. The faint sound of a clock

striking roused ber.
"It is getting late," she said, glanc ing at him, standing with sunken head. "If I do not go, they will send to look for me. Oh, what can I do? Do not let them make me speak. I cannot bear to think of it: it is so terrible!" Roy Darrell looked at her thin pale out of which her great eyes shone like stars.

"Poor child! you can do nothing-nothing!" he said slowly, then, as if a ray of light had come to him, he checked himself, and drew a deep "Yes, there is one way breath. said, thickly "one way you can me not for myself, but for my mother I am innocent of this crime. I feel it. O. for one instant's clear ne, sir. I was on my way to the castle memory. But all is dense and misty. I must have been stunned, for I can recollect nothing, save that I knew that the death blow did not come from But all is dark against me. I shall convicted. My mother will sink beneath the horror and the disgrace. You are the only witness. You can

He grasped her slender hand. You are free," he murmured. a great thing, but

"Whatever it is, I will do it." Alice said in a dream, "I am in your hands." her husband. Will you become my

Affee staggered back a blush gathered for an instant on her cheek, then her eyes fell on his haggard anxious face, on the still dead body, and terror banished all other feelings I will," she answerd swiftly,

Darrell bent and kissed the girl's hand; she had spoken the words that gave him hope and life.

Let me think, he said hurriedly we we were going to Nestiey: must push on there now. Can you join me early? We will be married at office, before before this secret may be discovered; it is a hard thing to ask of you, but life or death hangs in the balance. Will you be

I will be there," repeated the girl,

Now we will part for a time," he said slowly. "and God bless you for your promise." Alice turned away; something urged

her to look back as she left the wood with faltering steps.
Roy Darrell was kneeling by the

body of his dead friend, and the girl who had promised to become his wife pushed bravely on on to face the long dreary road with all its dark night terrors; on to face the wrath of her aunt on to sit and watch until morning came, bringing work for her slender hand and gentle heart in its golden

Yale's Great Growth.

In point of numbers Yale will attain her highest mark and cross the 2,000 line this fall. Last year 1,969 students registered, and with the assured increased numbers of the freshmen classes of the academic and scientific department over 2,000 will be enrolled, irrespective of the anticinated increase in the law, medical and theological schools. An estimate by a leading professor of the University gives the probable numbers this fall as follows: Academic, 1, 235, against 966 last year; scientific. 650, against 529 last year: theological, 135, against 100 last year; law school, 225, against 171 last year; medical school, 100, against 76 last year; graduate courses, 160, against 125 last year; art school, 35, against 31 last year, and musical department, 10, against 7 last year. Total, 2,545,

WE have seen lots of school teach

THE RESERVE OF THE PROPERTY OF

I thought of all the parden of girls you were the I deemed you like a bud that furls ity heart in Yard every glame and word and tone seemed And from your eyes a be may shows that glori-fied your face.

And so I dullied through the hours and dreamed

as byees dream, the turning days and budding flowers made this old earth a geam, as I from 10 ex to turning drank, with full extant uses of the control of t

But go den days and summer flowers will soon he part recall.
And all those sapturous love ill hours are buried and toppers past ; say d to wear, ow between the coqueste bank and selfishnes

A JOVIAL PASSENGER.

It was a lovely afternoon toward the close of September when we weighed anchor and sailed out of the river Mersey. bound for Melbourne. We had a good ship-Janet's Prideloaded with miscellaneous articles. on board were fourteen passengers, and take them all in all, a pleasanter lot I never steered across the stormy seas.

There were three old gentlemen who were going out to share their fortunes, come what might and which, poor old souls, they seemed to think fashioned in the blightest colors iong before the English coast was o t

Then there was a so itary old gentleman, who, judging from the general tone of his conversation, was seeking the new world for the ostens ble purpose of finding fault with

There were young married couples, all full of hope and activity, bent goon making a new home far away

from their native land. There were also a very jolly elderly brother and siste, neit er of whom had ever entered into the bonds of matrimony but, instead, had stuck

by each other through life. There were three old Australian settlers who had been over to have a peep at the old country and who were now returning to the land which, to them, through long communion, had become the dearest to them of all

others-'home, sweet home.' Last, though not least, was a solitary passenger who soon became the pet of ail on board. He was a man of 25, with a clear completion, a long beard and a silky mu tache. His name was Reginald May. His ie: on for taking the sea voyage was the

delicate state of his health There was not the least doubt that the poor fellow's chest was considerably a ected, for his voice, though charmingis sweet, was one of the weakest I ever heard; besides, its hollowness suggested consumption. He always were a muller round his

throat In all my wide experience I never knew any one with so meny friends and such undivided esteem, in so short a t me, as Reginald May. I believe there was not a sailor on board who did not entertain the warm st possible liking for him. As for the passengers, they never seemed so happy as w en listening to his amusing possess an inexhaustible stor . And this delicate young Englishman had made his conquest over all our hearts before we had teen three wieks at

He was, too, very clever with his can go hands. He could shape you anything out of a piece of wood, from an ovster to an elephant, and at making models of ships I n vermet his equal. He was besides most kind and considerate toward his f llow passengers. When the three elderly gentlemen who imagined their fortu es made wer afflicted with sea-sickness, he was the first to offer to help them about while they slowly recovered He would insist on their taking his arm, weak as he was him-elf, and he would lead them about on deck with a firmness that spoke well for his sea

I do not remember any voyage passing so quickly as the one on board. I could here make a long pause to dwell on the pleasant memories I still en-

tertain of that young man. We were within a week's sail of Melbourne. May had all but completed his model of the Janet's Bride, which he purposed pres nting to me on the night before we landed. worked at the model on deck, choosing for his table an empty water cask under the shelter of the bulother passengers turned out of their st rn-

snug berths. peared at the dinner table with a solemn face and silent tongue. I in his wonted cheerful manner. At I pressed him until I won from him an explanation.

Terhaps, after all, it is only fair been stolen."

"Stolen!" we all cried. "Indoubtedly. But I pray you, captain." he said, turning to me, "not to say one word about it. The only thing that renders the loss of it of was once my mother's. On that ac- bodily off. count I would not have lost it for any amount of money. However, it is useless to cry over spilled mik, as the

"If the watch is in this ship we ought to find it," I said. "My dear captain, if you will leave the matter entirely in my hands I think I may recover it. This request

am sure you will oblige me by grant-Why, certainly, my dear sir,"

investigate the case to the utmost of lieve the man at the wheel your lower, I know, my dear cantain. But I can trust you to keep justant he seemed determined to reyour promise and lea e the thing entirely in my hands, cannot Is"

How could I refuse him? sternation this e ent gave rise to dealy changing his mind, he went among the othe passengers. The down the stairs that led from the th ee old gentlemen at once began to deek to the sleeping cabins explain that they, owned jewel y to Scarcely had May disappeared when the value of \$400 which they usually another figure stealthily crossing the kept locked up in a t own leathe writing case; but unfortunately, at It was the boatswain. I saw him the present time the lock was out of

Mr. May suggested a safe deposit then made cirectly for the cark. for their valuables.

The young married couples announced the fact of their having at pleasant voyager. least £200 worth of jewelry, and they, too, consulted Mr. May as to the safest plan for secreting it.

The kind-hearted brother and sister had, it appeared, more valuables ropes to keep his footing, and prein the way of jewelry than any one cisely at the -ame moment May apon board, since £1,500 had never purchased what they po sessed.

one turned in that night in an uneasy state of mind, and it was with astonishment that they found themselves in the morning in full possession of their worldly goods. This improved condition of a airs seemed to reassure our passengers, who at once again began to look cheerful

and at case. Reg pald May's face wore its wonted smi e, and, as heretofore, he factured the top of the water cak charmed and enlivened us with his was an ingenious piece of carpentry. vivacity and an edotes. All the day in the interior of the sides of the long he worked on the model of the cask he had driven several nails ship, still using the top of the empty

water cask for a work table. That night we retired to rest with minds far more at ease than on the previous one. Alas! What a scene of anger and distress came with the morn ngl Every passenger on board owning jewelry had been robbed dur-

ing the night. The three old gentlemen. young marrie | couples and the kindhearted brother and sister found themselves minus every article they posse-sed. Even the grumbling old gentleman had lost his gold snuff-

quiet this time. The thief must be him traced and brought to justice. What with hard labor. was the wisest method of procedure? What would Mr. May suggest? "I would suggest, though most reluctantly, that every sallor and every

sailor's luggage be carefully scarched, he said. "I agree to see to that." I remarked. "This," be continued, "must be most humiliating to the feelings of your crew, captain, and therefore, in common fairness to them as our fel-

low men, let me suggest that every passenger and passenger's luggage be also thoroughly searched." A little hesitation on the part of one or two of the passengers was shown before acceding to the last

on board who is not above suspicion." he said: 'yet, in justice to the feelings of the crew. It is the least we

This delicate feeling and thoughtfulness on the part of Mr. May rendered him more pleasing in our eyes

than ever Many of the crew objected strongly to being searched, but all were com-pelled to submic. The old boatswain was wild with anger, and vowed that if it cost him his life he would trace the thief who had caused him to be searched like a common pi kpocket. Even the pleasant passenger utterly failed to soothe his deep sense of in-

Well, a thorough search was made by myself and the kind-hearted old gentleman and his sister one's trans were ransacked from top to bottom without success. Further search was useless. What was to be done?

That night, all having | een made snug and every one having turned in. I went on deck, it being what call at sea "the Captain's watch. About 4 o'clock in the morning 1 turned in, the second officer then com ng on duty. My cabin was situated amid-hips on deck, and from warks. He was always at work in my windows I could see to larboard the morning long before any of the and starboard and from stem to

Somehow I could not rest, so dress-As I have stated, we we e but a ing myself I determined to s tup and week's sail from Melbourne. For the smoke. I drew aside my curtains flist time the jovial passenger ap- and looked out. It was the gray light of the early morning and there was a stiffsh breeze blowing. asked him the reason for the change my great surprise I beheld Reginald May on deck. I was about to open last he tried to evade my queries, but my cabin door and invite him to join me n my unrest when the peculiar nature of his proceedings riveted my attention. He looked timidly that I should explain a little," he around as if afraid of attracting obanswered. 'The fact of the matter servation. Then suddenly, as if asis, my friends, that my watch has sired that the coast was clear, he walked rapidly toward the empty water cask, on which he was accustomed to manufacture his model of the ship. Once more glancing cautiously about him, he then appl ed his hands to the cask, and with a consequence to me is the fact that it rapid movement lifted half the top

My astonishment and excitement were intense. Another hasty glayce around, and he put his hand down into the cask, then quickly withdrew it, holding in his grasp a small bag which he rap dly concealed in the breast of his coat. He again took a tacle for hidden goods when he sud-denly withdrew, having quickly replaced the lid on the cask. In an-other moment the cause of his slarm

"Exactly," he interruted, with his was made apparent, as a couple of pleasant smile. "You would like to sailors passed nam on their way to re-

When all was again quiet, for an turn at once to the old cask and no doubt withdraw something more that the interruption had prevented his You may readily imagine what con- taking in the first place But sud-

deck met my anxious obse vation glance toward the stairs down which May had taken his departure. He wis now obvious to me that the old boatswain had been watching the

Just as the oll sailor reached the water cask a heavy green sea struck the ship to windward, necessitating the boatswain's holding on by the peared at the top of the cabin stairs.

The instant the ship stead ed he The whole evening was occupied in self the old boatswain commenced speculating as to the probable perpe- his examination of the water cask. trator of the theft, and in condoling For a moment only May stood garing with Mr. May on his loss. Every at h m with as evil a glance as ever I saw. With one bound he was upon the sailor before he could protect himself. I waited no longer, but flung open my cabin door and sprang to the rescue. In a few minutes we

had our pleasant friend in irons. So you see he was the thief, after all, hiding his knavery under the pleasantest exterior I ever met with The manner in which he had manuabout two fe t from the top on which he had suspended, in washleather bags, the lewelry be

stolen You may easily imagine the surprise evinced by the people on board on discovering that the thief was the man for whom each and every one of

them entertained such regard. At the expiration of three days from the date of May's detection we landed in Melbourne and of course I handed him over to the pol ce, but as no one cared to remain in the town for the purpose of prosecuting him he was summa ily dealt with There was no keeping matters to six months' imprisonment

History of a Bank Note,

Bank notes have curious histories attached to them in the way of human comedy, tragedy, and melodrama, says the New York Home Journal. A collector at Paris of such curiosities got hold, some years ago. of a £5 Bank of England note which had somewhat of a tragic interest connected with it some sixty odd years ago the cashier of a Liverpool mer hant had received in tender for a business payment a Bank of England note which he held up to the scrutiny of the light, so as to make sure of its genuineness. He observed soon contrived to by ng those who or words transfer red marks or words traced out on the front of the note beside the lettering and on the margin Curiosity tempted himto try to decipher the words so hescribed. With great difficulty, so faintly written were they and so much obliterated, the words were found to form the following sentence: "If this note should fall into the hands of John Dean of Longhill, near Carlisle, he will learn thereby that his brother is languishing a prisoner at Algiers. Mr. Dean, on being shown the note, lost no time in asking the government of the Dey to make intercessions for his brother's freedom. It appeared that for eleven long years the latter had been a slave to the Dey of Algiers, and that his family and relatives believed him to be dead. With a piece of wood be had traced in his own blood on the bank note the message which was to procure his release. The government aided the efforts of his brother to set him free, this being accomplished on payment of a ransom to the Dey. Unfortunately the captive did not long enjoy his liberty, his bodily sufferings while working as a slave in Algiers having undermined his con

Teach Children to Gargle.

A physician in a paper on diphtheria urges upon parents the importance of teaching children to gargle at an early age, and mentions the fact that during an epidemic of the disease in his city, he taught his baby girl, only a little more than 2 years old, to gargle as well as her #sear old brother, and kept up the practice regularly three time a day throughout the prevalence of the disease. This is one of the small points in keeping with the tendency of the age, which is towards preparation and prevention rather than relief. None, perhaps, except physicians and nurses, realize the obstacles which obstinate and spoiled children make of themselves in cases of illness, and the helpless mother who stands by with her despairing "he won't take it, and I can't make him," adds to the hopelessness of the situation. child who is old enough to under stand what is said to him is not too young to learn that he must do his share in the light for recovery when sickness assails him.

The same paper states that it is a noticeable fact that much larger number of girls have diphtheria than boys, ascribing as a probable cause that girls spend more time in door than boys, which should be snother note of warning to mothers, and cause them oftener to turn the out of doors after school bours than is done. These hints are very timely and should be put in practice by all

mothers EVERY honest man is, trusted