

than hitherto for his past conduct, and a still greater determination to investigate the matter, as he quickened his steps toward the office of Mr. Sykes. From him, however, he could gain little encouragement. The superintendent assured Mr. Bennet only of the high character of the boys previous to their arrest, but he was not now disposed to give credence to any supposition of their innocence.

The remainder of the day was spent by Mr. Bennet in prosecuting his inquiries in the village, but without success. He returned to the hotel at night, despondent but not yet discouraged. The next morning he decided to visit Moultonborough and there find out what information he could.

Upon inquiring of the landlord for a conveyance, he was informed that a young man of Moultonborough was about to return home that morning, and that he could go with him in his wagon as well as not. Mr. Bennet accordingly reached his destination in this manner.

His companion on the journey was about eighteen years of age, ill-featured and taciturn. He claimed to be in the employ of a Mr. Rogers for whom he frequently made journeys to Meredith. He also said that he would return in the evening, and that Mr. Bennet could go with him if he wished. To this the latter assented.

It was not, however, until the old man had succeeded in engaging him in conversation regarding Richard and Stephen that his reserved demeanor relaxed. He seemed to be perfectly familiar with the trial and its history, but the tenor of his narrative was all along intended to impress upon the mind of his hearer a belief in their guilt. He was particularly communicative in regard to the robberies in Moultonborough. While he was speaking of them, a thought suddenly occurred to Mr. Bennet, and he at once acted upon it.

"Who and what is this young man, in

the employ of Mr. Garnett?" he inquired

"His name is Daniel Johnson," replied his now garrulous companion. "He came to Moultonborough from near Boston—Cambridge, I think,—about four months ago. He came with recommendations from parties there, and after doing odd jobs for about a week, Mr. Garnett hired him. He is a very likely young fellow, honest, industrious and quiet, and Mr. Garnett—well, indeed, all around here like him very well."

"It has been whispered about that he wasn't just what he ought to be; that he was a wild, worthless fellow, and all that sort of a thing. They say, though, that he reformed a while before he left there, but not meeting with much encouragement from his old friends, he thought he'd leave, and go where he wasn't known, and live honestly. X. Y. Z.

(to be continued.)

Worse than War, Worse than Pestilence.

BY ———

CHAPTER IV, (concluded.)

"It is probably some one desiring the advice or influence of Mr. Sherwin," said Mrs. Sherwin. "But I wish they would not call at this time of night. As to that, I wish they would not call at all. Many seem to think that preachers, outside of their Sunday labors, have nothing else to do but attend to the worldly wants of the people. Last week, Mr. Sherwin locked himself up in his study and ordered Betsy to tell all strangers who called that he was not able to receive them. The plan, I believe, was a good one. Do you not think, Mr. Brattleton, that his sermons last Sunday were an improvement on some of his previous ones?"

"They were most excellent," replied Mr. B., though he had just severely criticised them at the supper table.

"It always does my heart good to aid the unfortunate on the weary road of life," said Mr. Sherwin, with a sly and reprimanding glance at Mrs. Sherwin. "Faith, hope and charity are the glories of Chris-