

SAVED BY FAITH.

By IAN MACLAREN.

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"So you have agreed to accept seven-and-a-half pence in the pound from Hatchard?" Oxley said, in his slow, quiet manner...

his house. He was a double-color man. "Do ye mind the ten miles, lads?" and Macfarlane chuckled.

"What did old Tommy do for it?" and Freddie Beazley almost wept at the thought that the crack of Southbergh had played off it could be money; he was never foolish—as open-handed a chap as ever I saw.

"We were all in the same house, and Tommy likes us, and we could do that sort of thing when he wouldn't take it from others; and I say, it would be a jolly decent thing to do."

"How late you are, Tom—3 o'clock—and how tired you look, poor fellow!" I've been thinking about you all day. Was it very trying this morning, or were they nice?

"So you were thinking about me in all your troubles?" his wife put her arm around Hatchard's neck, and you were afraid I should be deserted because you were victimized by those speculators! Now confess."

"I would be sitting all alone today because we are poor. Do you know, Tom, I was just a tiny bit nervous, too, although I would not have told you this morning for worlds. And now I have splendid news to give you; our friends are as true as steel."

"Mrs. Oxley, and what do you think?" We are to have their house at Holyoke for August, so the chicks will have their holiday. Mr. Oxley has been quite cast down, she says about you, for he has such a respect for you."

"You've got your money on that, Mac," and Beazley went off again, "to pay up the balance of that composition and every private loan with interest, compound, too, simply A. T. H. has taken the cake. And didn't he train for the poor chap?"

"What is wrong? Has any one injured you? Was it Mr. Beazley?" Oxley asked. "Beazley said kinder things to my office to me, in difficult circumstances, too, than I ever got from any man; some day, Amy, I'll tell you what he said, but not now—I cannot—and he spent two hours canvassing for business to start me as a corn broker, and he got it."

"You've got here before me, Mac," cried Freddie Beazley, bustling about in Oxley's private room, "and I simply scooted around. O, I say, you've broken every bone in my hand, you've got Scotch ruffian; take the ruler out of his fist, Ox, for heaven's sake, or else he'll brain us."

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"Well, for ten years he's taken his midday meal standing, on milk and bread—not half bad all the same—at the Milk-Pan in Fenwick street, and he wouldn't allow himself a cup of tea. You saw how he lived at Heswall, Oxley?"

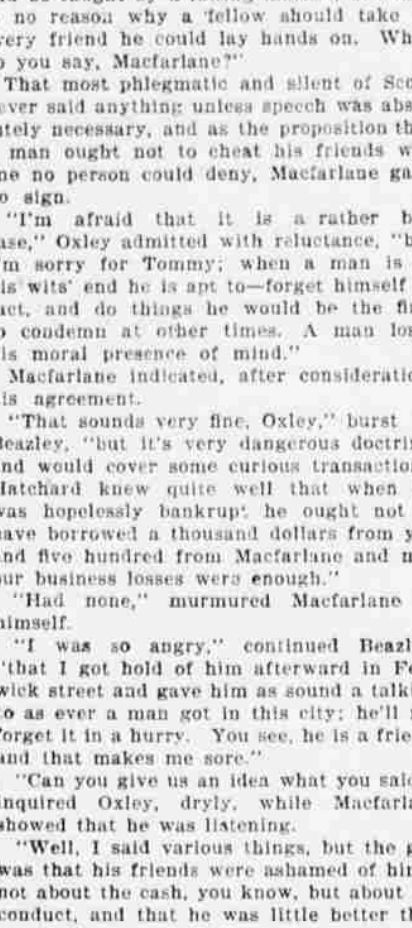
"I was thinking before you came in that a nice piece of silver for your dinner table—they will come up to town now—say a bowl with some little inscription on it."

"I have the honor to remain your obedient servant, Thomas Hatchard." "Isn't that great, young gentlemen?" and Beazley took a turn around the room: "It's the finest thing done in Liverpool in our time. Tommy has come in again an easy first on the ten miles—just skipped around Southbergh, there's nothing like the old school for rearing hardy fellows with plenty of puff in them for a big bill."

"I'm afraid that it is a rather bad case," Oxley admitted with reluctance, "but I'm sorry for Tommy; when a man is in at his wife's end he is apt to forget himself in fact, and do things he would be the first to condemn at other times. A man loses his moral presence of mind."

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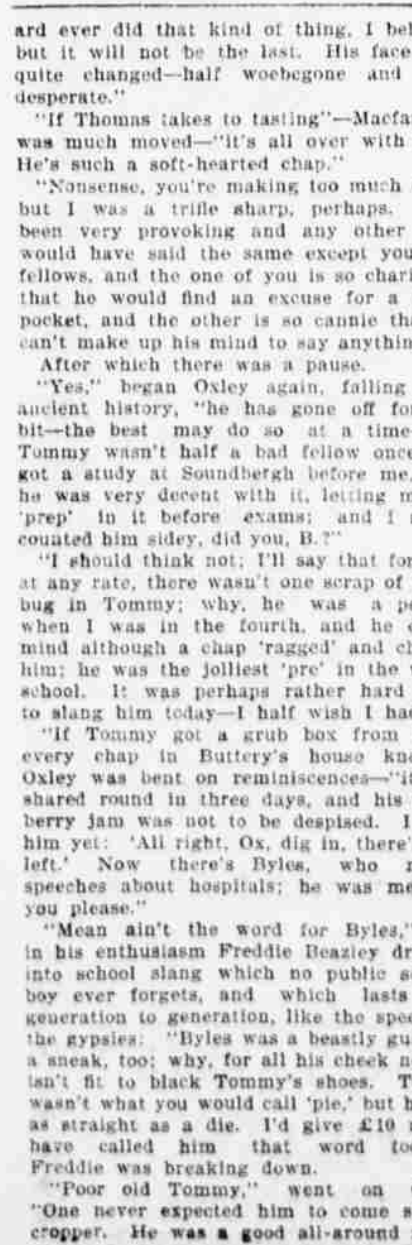
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