CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT.

MR. DAWBARN

BY T. W. ROBERTSON, AUTHOR OF "SOCIETY." "SCHOOL," STC.

CHAPTER L

"Would you have the kindnesss to step this way, sir, into Mr. Dawbarn's room?" These words were addressed by a banker's

elerk to a young man whose dress and manners were a vulgar compound of groom, betting man, and pugilist. The sporting gentleman swaggered by the desks and the lerks, looking infinite disparagement at the whole concern, and was ushered through the double doors into presence of Mr. Dawbarn, Mr. Dawbarn was the principal banker in

Bramlingdon, and Bramlingdon was the county town of the little county of architecture, which the young clerk, who was as pale as Mr. splendid specimen of architecture, which contrasted strongly with the Town Hall, Dawbarn, faitered out, "No, sir," with so the Corn Exchange, and the Market Place, which were modern buildings, and unpleasant to look at.

"Mr. Studden," said Mr. Dawbarn to the young gentleman of sporting appearance, "I have to talk to you, sir, very seriously; sit down, if you please."

Mr. Studden sat in a chair as if it were a middle, shut one eye knowingly, and ex-"Mr. Studden," continued the banker colemnly, "I have been informed that you

have overdrawn your account to the amount

"Yes; I know all about that, governor," broke in Mr. Studden. "I've been to.d so twice. "I therefore gave directions that the next

time you presented a check, you should be shown in here to me," said the banker. "That is-a check of my own drawing."

"Quite so. Well, now I am here," said Mr. Studden,

goading the side of his imaginary horse with his left heel; "respectful comps, and should like to know your little game. What's to be done?"

"Mr. Studden, I have known you from a boy." "Well, 1 know that."

"And I now see you a ruined man"-

"Hold hard, Matilda," interrupted Stud-den; "not ruined-pushed for the momenton my knees, but not staked. I've been unlucky on the races this last year-unlucky at play. Why, last night I lost a pot at loo, yond, and then that girl behaved to me in"_____ "My

Mr. Studden," said the banker, closing his eyes, "I cannot listen to a catalogue of your cri-cri-imprudences. I am the father of a family, and

"Cut that, governor!" broke in the amiable Mr. Studden. "What I want is money, and not preaching—uo preaches and flogges too. This is the state of the olds. Fve overdrawn my account, good; will you let me have some more? tiu, I mean. If you will, I am sure to retrieve myself. I've some splendid things on, but must have the ready-ti-iddity-rhino.

"Mr. Studden," said Mr. Dawbarn, "I do not understand your jargon, nor is such language the sort of thing I am accustomed to You have lost the fortune left you by your father in gambling, horse racing, and For the last seven years I -and the like. have seen going to irretrievable ruin. As you had a long minority, and no friends to advise you, I have tried to help you, but I regret to say, your complete ruin is inevita--inevitable

"Bet you fifteen to one it isn't!" said Mr. Studde

adden. "What you owe me," continued the banker not noticing the interruption-"what you owe me I shall never trouble you for."

"Bless you!" said the irreverent Studden. Mr. Dawbarn's face reddened. "Mr. Studden." he choked out, "I am not accustomed to be treated with rudeness, and I don't mean to begin now. I would have given you some

querade in Verona, and afterwards prowled about the garden of his mistress' father's house, the Signori Capulet and Montague would have been informed of the occurrences early on the following morning by several competent and credible eye witnesses-all of the gentler sex, and the majority on the other

side of five-and-thirty years of age. It was Christmas day, cold, clear and frosty. Mr. Dawbarn was dressed in his brightest black, and his cravat was as a monument to the most irreproachable of laundresses. But Mr. Dawbarn was pale and agitated, his bend shook and his hands trembled, till the papers he held in them rattled and crumpled.

When a servant opened the dining room door and announced "Mr. Munro," Mr. Dawbarn turned paler, and when the young clerk whom Mr. Robert Studden had so playfully rallied a fortnight before in the street entered, the banker trembled more violently.

"Mr. Munro," said the banker, when the

transparent an effort that the banker saw that the young man perfectly understood the reason of the interview. "Your conduct, sir, has been such that I-

I-I do not know how to address you," starsmered Mr. Dawbarn. "That you, sir, my servant, my paid and salaried servant, should have so abused my confidence; should have so dared to try to so injure me is-iswhat I did not expect from you. I know all, sir, all. You are discharged from the bank

this moment." A pang shot over the young man's face. "You will not be allowed to enter there again. This quarter's salary is there, sir." The banker put upon the table a small paper packet. "As I shall not suffer you to take your place at your desk again, there is a half year's salary." The banker placed another small packet on the table, and the cierk made a deprecatory motion with one hand. "I insist on it, sir, and shall take no denial. also insist on your leaving Bramlingdon tonight, or to-morrow morning, at the latest. Should you have any debts here, leave a list of them, and today being Christmas day, I will see that one of the cleris pays them the day after to-morrow. There can be no excuse for your remaining, and your absence. sir, is a matter of much more importance to me than a few pal ry pounds; so I will

hear of no objection." Mr. Dawbarn paused and drew breath, and the young clerk looked at him and then at the window, as if out into a far distance be-

'My accounts, sir"- he began, when the banker interrupted him.

"Will be found quite right, I dare say. Had you only robbed me of money, sir, I should have been better pleased. I have treated you only too well, and in return see what you have done." Mr. Dawbarn struck his clenched hand upon the table. "But no matter. Do I understand that you will leave Bramlingdon to-night?" Munro took his eyes from the window, and,

looking full in the banker's face, said:

Mr. Dawbarn's face turned scarlet, and he again struck the table. "Don't mention my daughter's name to me, sir, if you please, 1 won't hear it! How dare you! There, sir, are the rubbishing letters you have sent to her, and if you have any sense of decency or honesty left, you will return those you have of Lors-of-of my daughter'a." Munro took up the letters his former mas-

ter had tossed to him. "Did you hear me, sir?" asked the banker.

"I beg your pardon." "I say, will you give me back her latters,

"I say, will you give me back her lotters, and will you leave Bramlingtion to-night?" There was a nume, and the bells of the church rang out for morning service. "I can make no promise, sir," replied the young clerk, very clearly. "I have a duty

to your daughter as well as a duty to you. If she desires that I should"-

"You set me at defiance, do you, sir ?" burst in the banker. "Very good, very good; but a stay here forever

pleasures and fashion and distraction, and at the end of six months had returned very thin and pale.

She had been home but a few weeks when the news came that young Munro had sailed from Liverpool for New York. It reached Lucy's cars through a sympathetic servant maid. The next morning she sent word that she would like to have a cup of tea sent to her up stairs in her own room, as she had a hendache and begged to be excused from the breakfast table. Mrs. Dawbarn knew that she had heard of Munro's departure for America, but she did not dare to mention even the name of the objectionable clerk to her husband, who was entirely ignorant of the young man's movements. Two or three days the doctor was sent for. The medical man hummed and hawed and said that his patient was low. Lucy grew worse and worse A consultation was held. The young lady's disorder was pronounced to be nervous fever, and one white headed old gentleman from London suggested to Mr. and Mrs. Dawbarn that if the young lady were engaged he should not advise the postponement of the ceremony.

You see, my dear Mr. Dawharn " said the old gentleman. "your dear daughter's malady is partly mental. She has here no employ-ment, that is, no fresh employment for her mind. If you could substitute new duties, fresh impressions, she would recover quickly. Her energy is wearing her to pieces; she to speak, to begin her life over wants, so again. If-if her partner has not yet been chown"-bere the eyes of the father and mother met-"lot her travel, let her choose an occupation, give her something to do. I know a young lady-much the same kind of ense-who took to painting, and found considerable benefit from the study and the practice. Italy, now, might create a desire to cultivate some art-say music, ch/ Your dear daughter is not strong; her mind is too much for her body."

Lucy was taken to Harrogate, to Cheltenham, to Leamington and Scarborough, then to the south of France and Italy. When she returned to Braml ngdon she had to be lifted from the carriage. Her father, who had not seen her for two months, was struck with the visible alteration in her face and figure. He himself carried her to her room and was hardly conscious of his burden. She said she was tired with her journey and would go to bed. Mr. Dawbarn descended to dine with his wife, and meeting on the stairs with the sympathetic housemaid who had informed Lucy of Munro's departure for America, and asking the girl why she was crying, and receiving for answer that it was for Mirs Lucy, he discharged her on the spot. It was a dismal dinner. Husband and wife

spoke but little, and when one caught the the other's eye there was a great show of ap-petite. Mr. Dawbarn drank a considerable quantity of sherry. When the cloth was removed the conversation flagged. Neither dared begin the consultation they felt was inevitable. Before they went into Lucy's room to look at her as she lay sleeping, Mr. Dawburn put his arm around his wife's waist and kissed her on the forehead, a proceeding which made the good old lady tremble very much and her mouth and nostrils quiver.

Side by side in the dark the couple lay awake in their luxurious chamber, starting at the reflection of the window frame upon the blinds. The father began. "Jemima."

"Philip," said the mother

"What do you think of Luev" The mother heaved a deep sigh.

"Good God!" said the banker, "when I took her up in my syms 1 could hardly feel her weight. She was like a feather-like a feather. Jemima. you're crying, my love. Tell me, honestly, now, honestly, candidly, as you think. Tell me, tell me."

The wife threw her arm around her hus-hand's neck and sobbed: "I fear that we shall lose her." It was spoken, and death was recognized

as a presence in the house. "D'ye think there's no hope?"

"Only one, and that a very poor one." Mr. Dawbarn felt a mental qualm, for he rend hunger.

"I'm sure you do; but you men don't understand some things." "But Tophum's a man," remarked the

oursied banker. 'But then he's a doctor," was the realy. Mr. Dawbarn groaned inwardly, as a possible coronet presented itself to his mind's

eye-and then faded away. "I suppose you must have it your own way," he said. "May I, Philip?" asked his wife, putting her arm around his neck a second time

"Yes, I believe you're in the right. won't the shock-the surprise burt her " "Fil answer for that. May I tell her to

"Yes," sighed the vanquished father, "Bless you, Philip!" said the good mother;

and she kissed her partner, and both wife and husband slept the sleep of the just.

CHAPTER IV.

"Lucy, my dear," said Mrs. Dawbarn the next morning as she entered the invalid's chamber, "I and papa have been talking about you." "Yes, mamma," said Lucy, with an evi-

dent want of interest in the subject. "And what do you think he says?" "Don't know, mamma."

"He's going to make some alterations in the bank.

"Oh, indeed!" Miss Lucy had not the smallest solicitude

about the bank. "And what else do you think !"

"Oh, mamma, 1 am so tired," said Lucy peevishly.

"What else do you think he means to dof" continued Mrs. Dawbarn, bending her matronly head over her daughter's face, and pouring into her car words that made the girl flush scarlet and her eves flash.

"Oh, mamma, it can't be true!" "My love, could I deceive you?"

"No, dear mamma, no; but oh, is it true? Kiss me, mamma dear. I am so happy and so thankful, and-and in a little time, when I've thought over how happy I am, papa may come in, and I'll kiss him and thank him, and tell him how grateful I am too,

and"---But poor Lney could get no further, and sobbed and wept with delight.

"My darling, kiss me now," said ber father, advancing from the door, behind which he had watched the effect of the news. "Fill do anything to make you happy—anything." "O papat my own papal

"My darling, you'll love me now again as rou used to do, won't you? and-and-there's Mr. Bob Studden's knock. Til send that fel-low off to New York-1 mean to Liverpool, this very night.

Mr. Bob Studden was waiting in the dining room. He was so changed in face, dress, appearance and manuer that when Mr. Daw barn saw him he started and said: "Are you Mr. Robert Studden?"

"Yes, Mr. Dawbarn, it's me," said the fa-

miliar voice. "I dare say you find me changed. 1 do myself." He was indeed altered. In place of the

spick, span, new, outty, dressy, shiny, oily, varnished Bob, the delight of barmaids and the envy of grooms, stood a shabby, corduroy trousered, waistcoatless vagabond, smellng of straw and porter. Mr. Dawbarn hesitated before he asked him to sit down.

"I got your letter, sir," said Bob, whose ter was as deferential as his clothes were shabby, "and came on immediately. Sorry I couldn't present myself more decently; but

such is fate. "What are you doing now, Mr. Studden !" asked the banker.

"At present, sir, replied Bob, "I am stableman at the Cock and Bottle."

"Good gracious!" "It's not what I reald wish, sir, but it's

better than nothing. I'm sorry to say I'm only employed there two days a week-Mondays and market days; but still, what with

odd jobs, I manage to grab on." Mr. Dawbarn looked at the ex-betting man's wan face and wistful eyes, and asked

him if he would take a glass of wine. Bob shot a quiei, glance, and said that he would; and in the keen look Mr. Dawbarn

of met I'll be faithful and true, sir, and Ooi | and lond trouvers and cravat. He addressed

Mr. Dawbarn was compelled to use his cam-brie handkerchief as Mr. Studien used his cont sleeve. Bob was furnished with letters; among them was one from Mr. Dawbarn addressed to Munro, which inclosed a note from Lucy, which contained only words, written in a large, trembling hand: "Come back to me-oh! come back to me, my dear; and soon, if you would see again upon this earth your own LUCY." A few hours after Bob was seated on the roof of the night coach, and as it rattled past the banker's house he saw a light in Lucy's chamber. Although the night was cold the window was thrown up, and a thin hand waved a handkerehief.

CHAPTER V.

Mr Dawbarn as "colonel," and assumed a manner that savored equally of the quarter-

deck and the counter-half pirate, half beg

As I advertised you, colonel," be en-

plained, "in the various letters from the various diggings where I fixed my temporary

location when I set foot in New York, I

could find small trace of G. Munro, but I fol-

lowed up that trace, and dogged eternally

wherever he had made tracks. At last I lost him, and was near thinkin' I was done holler

-yes, sir-and do you know why I thought I

was done holler! He changed his name, and

what his last occupation was I could not dis

cover. However, I traveled and traveled

on; and how d'ye think, and whar d'ye think,

Lucy was soon seen out again in the invalid

Christmas day with the bride and bride

groom. And though our tale ends happily

with marriage and dowry, as novels and

plays should end, it is not for that reason a

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS.

Events of a Day Which Made Mr. Serig-

gles Tired.

It was Christmas day; anybody could tell

ft; sleigh bells rang out more crisp and clear

than usual; the sun was brighter, the air

was sharper, men stepped more briskly along

the streets, the chimes sounded sweeter; the sleigh bells tinkled more merrily, and if that

wasn't enough to convince the most skepti-

cal, he could look at the heading of the

"Haf" cried Mr. Scriggles as he limped

out of bed; "beautiful day! beautiful; and,

Indeed, Christmas; Mrs. Scriggles isn't awake

yet either; I'll got ahead of her this time.

"Scriggles, has the servant got that fire

"I don't know, dear; I was just going

"Scriggles, I would like to have \$5 to give

to the church. Have you got any money left

"Cortainly, I kept \$25 exclusively for

Christman. I'll leave the five on the dreming

He skipped gayly down stairs just in time to meet the new up stairs girl. "Good mornin", Misther Scriggles, Merry

"Certainly, Bridget, here's a couple of dol-

The cook was just emerging from the

kitchen when he arrived at the door.

"Christmus gif", Massa Soriggles."

"Certainly, Arabella; here's \$3 for you.

Christmas and Christmas gift."

down to see about it. Merry Christ-"

morning newspaper.

Merry Christ-"

from last night "

case for you."

lars for you."

started yet?'

colonel, I found him out at last ?"

"I don't know."

man.

"It was quite by accident-it was. I thought I'd heard of him in Detroit, but I Two years clapsed and there was no news of the missing Mr. Munro, Letters arrived couldn't find ham in Detroit; and I was goin' away by the cars on the following sun up, frequently from different parts of America Not knowing what to do with myself till roosting time, I strolled into the museumfrom Mr. Bob Studden, who evidently found his task to be more difficult than he had supthat is-that was a theatro then. The first posed. America was a large continent, and man I see upon the stage was G. Munro, it was not so easy to find one particular man upon it. Poor Lacy amused herself by readdressed like a citizen, in coat, vest and pants, or perhaps I should not have known him. I ing books and perusing maps. She liked to hailed him, and we started off that very night. We traveled quicker than post, or I wonder if George were there-or there, and what sort of place it was. She arranged all should have written. I should have diag-nosed him before, but the track was cold, be-Mr. Bob Studden's letters of intelligence in chronological order and compared them with cause he had changed his name, and gone the books and the maps, and so traced his upon the stage-a fact which I have not meaprogress. She always knew when an Ameritioned to any one but you, nor do I intend to can letter arrived by an instinct for which du-the stage not being considered by the she was at a loss to account herself; but for general as business like." all these sources of consolation, for all her mother's and father's solicitude, she grow chair, but her father no longer walked by her side. He was replaced by Mr. Munro, who usually propelled it himself. Within eighteen weater and weaker. She took no air but in an invalid chair. Her father walked by her side grave and dejected. Stealthy shad-ows took possession of the banker's house. They flitted on the windows, lingered on the months the young couple were married, and some time after George was made a staircases and hung about the passages, and the good folks of Bramlingdon looked and as partner in the bank, Mr. Robert Studde by the assistance of his patron, emigrated to Australia, where he drives a thriving busi-ness in horses. Before he sailed he spent the they passed the banker's, over which, as over those it contained, there hung the sanctity of a great sorrow.

Two long, long years and two long, long months Lucy waited and hoped, each day her pale clock growing paler, and her light fiction, but a true story of true love. form lighter, and toward Christmas she was unable to be lifted from her bed. Dr. Topham said that he had exhausted the resources of his science; and when the poor girl turned feverishly, and, with a slight access of delirium, asked for the fiftieth time if there were no news, the doctor beckoned the banker and his wife from the sick room and said:

"I've an idea! This cannot last long-she must be quicted somehow. She keeps asking for news; now news from America ould quiet her and she might sleep." "We have no news," said the single minded

banker. "No," replied the doctor, "but we can make some."

"Make soma!"

"Fabricate it-inventit. Don't you seef "O doctor!" remarked the tearful mother. "to deceive a poor creature on the threshold of death !" "To snatch her from death," said Dr. Top-

ham, "It must be done. It is the last chance. We must write a letter from Studden this very night.'

"But-but-but-it is forgery !" stammered the banker. "Besides," said Mrs. Dawbarn, "Lucy

knows Mr. Studden's hand and always examines the envelopes."

"Then," said the doctor, "we must do it by telegraph " "Telegraph" "Yes. In a few minutes you will receive

a telegram from Mr. Bob Studden, saying that he has just arrived at Liverpool with-

with a companion." "Who'll sead iff"

"I will," said the doctor.

"But when when she finds that Studden is not in England what then?" "We must think of something else," said the undamited Topham. "The case is de-

perate, and something desperate must be tried. Go and talk to her, Mrs. Dawbarn, and I'll send the telegram."

advite, sir " "Don't want it, thank you."

"Good advice, parental advice; but it will

be of no use, 1 can see."

Not a bit.

"I shall leave you therefore to the pursuit of your career of profligacy, and may it-may it"-Mr. Dawbarn stammered, for he felt that he was proposing a toast at a public meeting-"may it prove to you that-that-

"Out with it, governor," said the insolent young sporting man.

No, sir, I will not out with it," said the banker, majestically. "I will not say what I was going to say.

"Are you quite clear what you were going to savr inquired the young man, who respected neither ago nor wealth.

Mr. Dawbarn covered his defeat grandly. "I will not detain you any longer, Mr. Stud-den." He rang the bell. "I wish you good den." He rang the bell. day, sir: my servant will show you out." "Very good, governor," said Mr. Studden,

dismounting from his chair, or saddle. "You throw me over-very good; and just at the moment when I could make a colossal for-If I had your capital, or you had my talent and speculated-ka foczilum!-what might not be made with the tips I have! I know the way out, Chawles"-this Mr. Studden addressed to the servant-"you needn't show me. Mr. Dawbarn, I have the honor to be, sir, yours truly, ever to command, et cetera-cetera-cetera.

Mr. Studden departed with a flourish, leaving the banker in a state of the most wrathful indignation. Mr. Dawbarn was a great man in Bramlingdon and accustomed he treated with respect and deference and servility, and though so excellent a person, Mr. Dawbarn was something of a humbug, and the young man's manuers had convinced him that he knew it, and it is very annoying to men of 50 years of age to be found out by their juniors. Mr. Robert Studden, or, as b was called, Mr. Bob Studden, or Mr. Rip Studden, swaggored past the cashier and clerks with the case of a jockey and the grace of a groom. A dozen steps from the door of the bank he met a clerk whom he stopped. "Halloaf' he cried, with graceful badinage,

"Munro, how goes it?" "How do you do, Mr. Studden?" inquired

the clerk. "Don's bo in such a herry. Well, how is

ebc, chl? lir. Sted-I"-

"Don't he afraid, my boy. I'm not the man to real sport. Way not bols with her! Bolt: I'd had you my issultyer to help you. I may you the other morning. Retal-de-re.

11r. Studden closed cas eye, thrus his tropus into his choir and availed down the ana hore, stronging street of Brandingdon, the plan of sporting soil consolous velouity.

CHAPTER IL

Is a small country town is is impossible that anything can be kept secret, except tourder, and then rumor points to so many probable criminals that justice and datactive policemen become lost in surmise, and embarrane the incocent that the guilty may go free. Slow to detect murder, the provincial intellect is swift at the discovery of lova. Ead Romeo met Juliet at a fancy Sell in Peddlingham, instead of at a may

that you will see my daughter, or be enabled to write to her. If you stop in Bramlingdon, she goes. Next week she travels with her mother to London, abroad, anywhere, away from her father's presumptuous clerk, who, because his master asked him a few times to his house, to sit at his table, and treated him as an equal, so far forgot himself as to lift his eyes up to his daughter, his only child." It had been a terrible Christmas morning in the banker's house. Mr. and Mrs. Daw barn had been informed that their only daughter, Lucy, rose every morning early and had an interview with the young clerk, Munro, in the kitchen garden, the door of which opened into a lane, and of which door either Lucy or the young clerk, or both, possessed a key. Lucy had been forced into confession, and had gone on her knees to her papa, and wept and implored him not to hurt her George. She had given up all his letters, which she was in the habit of placing under her pillow every night, and which etters Munro had written stealthily in banking hours and placed in a certain portion of the wall, near the tool house in the kitchen garden. Mr. Dawbarn went on wildly and frightened Mrs. Dawbarn, a good, motherly woman, into a fit. When Mrs. Dawbarn recovered, Miss Lucy went off into a swoon, and her father and mother had to recover her, and Mr. Dawbarn was in agony lest the servants of his household should be cognizant of the disturbance, which was an entirely unnecessary excitement on his part, as they, the servants, had known all about it for the last eight months. Poor Lucy was told that Munro was to be immediately sent away, but that she and her mamma were to go church that day, as their absence might be remarked by a devont but curious congrega-

tion, and that she was to bathe her eyes look unconcerned, easy, comfortable and composed As Lucy and her mamma passed the door of the dining room, Lucy heard the young clerk's voice. She knew that she should

never see him again, and she could not resist her impulse. She run to the door, seized the handle, and would have opened it, but her mamma pulled her away, and on the other side Mr Dawbarn rushed to the door and put his back against it. Munro strode to the window, that he might take a last look of his mistrens as she left the house.

"Good-by, George der, good-by" cried por Lucy in the pression. "We shall never poor Lncy in the presign. "We shall never see each other again; but good-by and goodby and good-by again."

CHAPCER III.

A year had elapsed since Lucy Dawbarn had bidden furewell to her father's clerk through the dining room door. He had left Bramlingdon and gone no one know whither Reither letter nor monoge came to Lucy; she was too strictly watched. Else often waiked In the garden and looked at that portion of the wall where they had concealed their letthe wall where they had concerned their 165-ters. The good old brick that they used to take out and put back again was a thing of the past. In its place there was a bran new red brick comented by bran new white mortar that you could see a mile off. Lucy had been to London, and had been visiting not only her father's and mother's relatives but the magnates of the county, and had seen all sorts of

"What's that !" he asked.

"You'll be angry with me, Philip, if I tell

you." "Angry, my dear? no, no, not a bit," said the father.

"You know what I mean."

The banker signed.

"Do you mean"- be began. "Yes, I do," replied the mother. "If Lucy

could see or hear of that young man, I believe she would recover. I'm sure it would do her good ! There was a long pause. Mr. Dawbarn

grouned in spirit, but he felt that his wife was right.

"I had such better views for her," groaned the banker. "Yes, my dear, I know you had," said the

wife, pressing his hand.

"Lord Landringa was most particular in his attentions, and Sir Theophilus Hawdon olutely spoke to me about her."

"I know he did," said the acquiescent wife. "Think of Lucy being Lady Landringa or Lady Hawdon! county reople-and then of

her being Mrs. --- oh!" "It's a sad thing, dear, but what can do now that she's so ill-poor thing! And if we could save her life"-

Mr. Dawbarn turned in the bed. "[7]] ask Topham about it to-morrow," (Topham was the doctor.) "I'll hear his opinion."

"I have asked him," said the mother, "and he agrees with me." "But how can it be done?" asked the

banker, turning again restlessly. "I can't ask the fellow to marry my daughter."

"No, but you can offer him a situation in

the bank. "Suppose he refuses."

44Hes won't refuse.

"But how can I find him! Where is he!"

'In America," answered Mrs. Dawbarn. "America!" repeated the banker, sitting up in bed. "Then how the deuce is he to be

got at ?" 'Advertise for him. If he will apply to So-and-So, he will hear of something to his

advantage. I askeri Dr. Topham's advice about all that." "Advertising is not respectable," said the

banker; to which his wife made no reply but the word 'Lucy.'" "Besides," continued Mrs. Dawbarn, after

a short pause, "if you don't like advertising, send somebody after him to find out where "Send somebody! Send who?

"Ob. that Mr. Studden; no's doing nothing and I dore say will be glad of the job. "I suppose that Topham advised that too!"

Yes, hu did as "I thought I recognized Topham's interest

in that young varabond. I suppose you and he have talked this metter over new some

"I and Mr. Studienp"

"No, you and Toplann."

"Yes "And you've arranged it all between you."

HY and ? "Why didn't you tell mo this before,

Jemims/

"I was afraid."

"Afraid! Afraid of what?"

"Of you." "Of me, Jemimal Don't you think I love my child as much as you?" inter la construction

"The sherry," said the banker to a servant, and bring lunch-some cold roast beefand-you know; and when we've innoted Mr. Studden, we'll talk business."

Mr. Studden's performance upon the beef was so extraordinary that the banker feared that he would commit involuntary suicide. It was with a feeling of intense relief that he naw him attack the choose; but the attack was so prolonged that Mr. Dawbarn feared lest the suffocation the boef had left unac-complished should be effected by the Stilton.

Not any more, sir, thank you," answered Bob to his host's complimentary question. "I never tasted such a choose-and as for the beef, it's beautiful. I haven't tasted animal food for these ten days. For red herring is not animal food any more than a lump of enit is, and I'm sick of red herrings. Soak em in as much hot water as you like, they

always taste of lucifers; perhaps because they lie next to'em in the shop. I may thank you, Mr. Dawbarn, for a real meal such as I haven't had for-for"-The wine Mr. Studden had drunk seemed

to have got into his head, and from his head into his eyes. Men are strange creatur and even betting men are men-and whether it was the memory of bygone days, or the vine, or the bread, or the butter, or the beef, or the cheese that affected him, cannot be ascertained, but one of these causes, or some of them, or all, caused Bob Studden to lay

his head upon his arms, and to cry copuously He then began accusing himself, and say-ing that he was a luci lot; that he was miserable and repented; that his life

an hourly curse to kim; that he knew he had brought it all upon himself; that all his friends serted him, particularly those who had shured his hospitality, and even his money, when be was prosperous; that the man who owed his rise in life to him, and whom he had assisted at a crisis, had behaved to him with an ingratitude that stung him to the soul; that he

as half starved and had no bed but in the stable; that he was ruined-ruined-and had

When the poor, broken down gamester had exhausted himself, the bunker began. H told him that he the banker; had been advised to offer him (Studden) employment cause he knew him to be interligent, and hoped that his past sufferings had been a warning to him for the future; that the busiess he wished to employ him on was difficult and delicate, being no less than to go to York and from there to wherever else it might be necessary to trevel, in search f Mr. Munro; that money would be prohe was required to start for Liverpool that

no hope.

very night; that it was housd he would not lightly give up a chance that offered him retion for the just and a fins prospect for the future

"Fill do it! Fil do it!" said Bob, rising and grasping the innier's hand; "and God bless you, Mr. Dawbarn, for giving a poor outcast devil like me the chance. I'll not deceiva 300. sir, if I do"----

"Hush, hush, Mr. Studden." "You'll make a man of me, sir-a EAN!

I'll be true as steel. I'll not bet-not on the best horse that was ever fouled. To-night, siz-I'll start this minute, barefoot, if you wished it. I've got a decent suit of clothes in pawn, sir, quite good enough for the likes

feeling of cor With lous guilt Mr. and Mrs. Dawbarn put into their daughhand a telegram containing these words:

From Robert Studden, Adelphi Hotel, Liv erpool, to Carles Dawbara, Bramlingdon, I have just arrived in Liverpool. I have news of Mr. M. I hope to be in Bramling don by Thursday."

Lucy read the telegram and sat up in her

"Ho's come, mamma?" she said, and her eyes flashed and her cheeks flushed, landed in England this morning-I felt he did-about 9 o'clock. He will be here soon, George will-very soon-very soon. Mamma please tell Eliza to put out my lilac frock. He liked lilac-and to come and do my hair and-and-and-tell Eliza to come to me and 1 can tell her what I want myself.

The father and mother exchanged glances that said: "Here is the consequence of our deception. What can be done next# thought had hardly been interchanged be-fore a smart rap was heard at the street door, and a servant came in with another te graphic dispatch, which ran thus From R. Studden, Adelphi Hotel, Liver-

pool, to C. Dawbarn, Bramlingdon, "Just arrived here with Mr. Munro, Shall start by night train, leaving here at 1:30. M. and self will be at Bramlingdon to-mor-

Telegraph back "How abaud of Topham to send two tele grams !" said Mr. Dawbarn, when he and his

wife were alone, "as if one would not bring mischief enough. He must be mad." Dr. Topham entered the house, and in quired how his plan had succeeded.

"Oh, Lucy is very much delighted and agi-tated," answered Lucy's father. "What we shall do with her when she finds the news not true, 1 do not know. But, Topham, why the dence did you send two telegrams?" "Two?" echoed Topham. "I only sent one."

"Yes, you did." "No. I didn't.

"Yes, you did. Here it is."

The doctor looked at the second telegram.

and said, "I didn't send this."

"No! Who then?" "By Jore! He did! Studden, I mean Dawbarn, he's comet he's comet I only an-ticipated the truth. It was a medical inspiration-and my patient will recover."

A Christmas Group. The shining holly hangs upon the wall. Its scariet clusters gleaming in the light Of ruddy fire glow, and the welcome sound Of silver laughter: rippies through the room, From youthful voices, whilst the mistikets. Its white, transparent beadlets temptingly Hangs o'er their sumy heads. Mr. Dawbarn lost no time in telegraphin back to Liverpool. At Lucy's express desire Mr. Studden was instructed to telegraph at every station, that she might know much nearer and nearer her George was to her. The telegraph boys were up the whole night, and Looy kept the telegrams and read

them until she fell fast asleep. When she awake she found herself unable to rine, so recoived to receive her fature has band in state; and when she had looked in the mirror sho begged her mamma in a whisper to let her have some rouge-"not to make me loor better, but for fear my pak white, white cheeks should frighten George. my pale The heavy hours flow by. George arrived, nd was shown upstairs to his faithful, constant mistress; and the servants in the kitchen held great jubiles, and there was sweethearting below stairs as well as above. Mr. Dawbarn found Mr. Bob Studden ite an American-according to the notion of Americans imbibed by Englishmen a for months resident in the New World. He wors a "gustee" beard, square toed boots,

Breakfast was eaten and Scriggles presented his wife with a bonnet which she said was horrid, and she gave him a case to add to his collection, which numbered something over a dozen.

He then took the street car down town "Mornin', Massa Scriggles," said his boob black, "Chrismus gif."

"Yes, Sam; here's a dollar for you." "Christmas gift, Mr. Soriggles," said the elevator bay,

"Yes, of course; here's a dollar for you. "Christmas gift, Mr. Scriggles," said his office boy in a cheery, holiday tons, which was good for #9.

"Ah, good day, madame," said he to the lady whom he found seated in his chair. "Merry Christmas to you, I'm sure."

"I am glad to see that you have the true Christian spirit," she said. "I augurs favorably for my errand."

"What can I do for you, ma'am?"

"I am working in the cause of charity," she replied. "I am soliciting subscription gonia. I hope I may put you down for the Mr. Scriggles said certainly, and handed her the money.

The janitor and two scrub ladies also me successful calls. He had to compromise with the latter on 50 cents apiece. At about 3 o'clock Mr. Seriggles conch

to start for home. As he reached the side-walk he felt in his vest pockets, then in his trousers pocket. A slight look of annoyance

"Merry Christmas," said a cheery voice.

"Oh, how are you, Brown; yes, to be sure. Do you happen to have a car ticket in your

When Scriggles reached home it was about alf past 6. He dragged himself wearily

"Did you have a pleasant Christmas!"

through the door and hung himself on th

"Christmas be-blessed !" was the on

reply as he fored over on his side, with hi

A Christmas Group.

Are grouped in circle round the cheery hearth, Each tolling his experience of the year, For some there be that only meet at Yule.

The gray haired grandshire angely nods his t What time the pratice of the four-year old--The goiden trensed yaungling of the fock--la poured into his ear; and on his knees, Eager to prate, doth she, wee fairy, sit, The household during of a score of hearts. In youder song armochair sits grandmannes, While ten-year Tommy steals beside her knee, Enowing full well, the bright cyck, samy rogu The hidden out spot in the old dams's beart; Acd with a lowing, half severiful man.

And with a loving, half regretful game. Look on the children's paronts, carried back To the "lang syns" when they themselves

In childhood's happy, glad unconscious

Of fils to come: and so, forgetting Time, They in their treasured blossums bloss

things.

The gray haired grandshire sagely nods his bead

Now kith and kin

AHB

crossed his face.

pocket?" "No, I haven't."

"Any change!

half past 6,

asked his wife.

face to the wall.

lounge

"No, not a red."