

lay in the hands of the master-workmanwho fortunately was an honest man. Ephraim had used as a hiding-place a wooden panel under a window, where stood a heavy desk, in a room to which he was wont to retreat at times from the office and lock himself up. He had been too suddenly hurried into eternity to reveal his hoarding place to any one.

yers and public functionaries. Mr. John Barratt was communicated with at Valpariso, immediately. The return mail brought an answer, expressing great joy at the finding of the property, but regretting that the dangerous illness of Mrs. Barratt would prevent her immediate return to Philadelphia. As soon as her health permitted she would set out. Within a month came a second letter from Barrett announcing the death of his wife, a will made by her in his own favor, and his intention of being in Philadelphia almost as soon as this intelligence, with all legal documents to dispose of the matter.

heard of his arrival. I called at his hotel. sent up my card and received the answer

that Mr. Barrett was too ill to see any body. My pride started at this. Could it be the rich man cutting off his acquaint. ance? I contented myself with sending up a second card with my address, in order that if he wanted to see me he might be able to do so, and went my way From my friend in the law office I heard that John Barret had put in all his proofs and complied with all the legal forms, after which, having taken possession of the property, amounting in all to about three hundred thousand dollars, he had left the city, in what direction nobody knew. He never saw fit to call on me

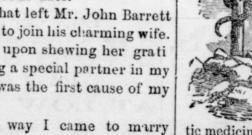
Twelve years now pass over, and I come to the seventh incident of my story, which years : in other words, five years ago I was poor, and of course in no position to fall in love or marry, and yet absurd as it is romantically in love, I was in love for the first time in my life, and the object of my pression was Katie Ernshaw, of whom I will say nothing except that she was as good as she was pretty. Kate was on my side, especially just the man picked out for m.n, Waring de Ville, claimed to be of He was tall, dark, bronzed by exposure to a tropical sun, wore a heavy mustache and dressed exquisitely, and was about forty years of age. He had been but a idiom and accent, showed more knowledge of the city than that time warranted. He was rich. (Earnshaw senior was not a man to be deceived on such a point) and Katie told me as coming from him that DeVille had large investments in New York, almost enough to constitute a attentions were repudiated by pa and ma, and as warmly encouraged by Katie, until I felt that we stood on the brink of an open rupture, and perhaps a runaway affair, providing Katie would consent to so summary a mode of settling the matter. Thus affairs stood, when one day, as I was walking slowly down Walnut street, ruminating on the situation, a lady came from a building used for lawyers' offices. and approached me. She was on the shady with a complexion that indicated that much of her life had been spent in Southinquiringly into my face, started slightly, colored, and stood still. There was something in her look which memory recalled, but only in a vague way.

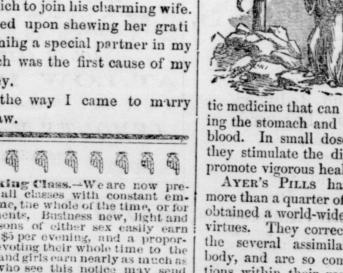
'My name, madame.' 'You d > not remember me ?'

'I am sorry to say I do not.' 'I am Lydia Pennypacker.'

seizing both her hands in mine. 'Why, I thought you were dead !'

they have tried hard to kill me. It is to prove myself alive that I have just been among these gentlemen of the law.'





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