

Poetry.

ONE AT A TIME.

One step at a time, and that well placed,
We reach the grandest heights...

One grain at a time, and the sand of life
Will slowly all be run;

One minute, another, and the hours fly;
One day at a time, and our lives speed by...

One grain of wisdom, and that well stored,
Another and more on them;

Literature.

A LIFE FOURSQUARE.

CHAPTER XIX.

"I'll give you a description of Tom
Drake first, so you will not fail to know
him if you should ever see him," John
Loker said...

"He is a scamp, if there ever was one
abroad in the world, and it would be a
good thing for the public if he should get
to serve in the navy somewhere."

"Well, miss," the invalid continued,
"about that robbery; we'd planned to do
the thing—or, rather, he'd planned it all
and I was to help him in the purpose..."

"There were the silver spoons and gold
filled salt-cellars, and a lot of other stuff
in the china closet, and a great many
pieces of jewelry..."

"I didn't mind taking the things we
found below," Editha answered. "I can
tell you; but I knew that boxing game
better than he; it wasn't long before
I had him laid out as flat as a flounder."

"I did it just like a piece of good luck,"
Editha said. "I had a 'cop' having got
wind that something was up, came running
down the street; so I dropped a bracelet,
which Tom had made me a present of..."

"I coaxed, begged, and threatened,
but he kept putting me off with excuses;
and, of course, what I said was no more
in his dirty work than the wind in the
sea..."

"I was dying now; he can't harm
me, and the law can't touch me, and I've
outwitted him at last, by my measure;
that half that's made me want to show him
up, you'll do the world a favor, besides
pleasing that fellow who's cracked at me..."

"I've been a bad man," he continued,
with a sigh of regret, "and I suppose I'll
get my deserts where I'm going; but I
know I shall deserve it all, whatever it
may be..."

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clothes; whether she also was asleep or
not, Editha could not tell, but she earnestly
hoped she was, for she feared, she knew
that, if the man at the window should
become aware that his presence was
discovered...

"After the first excess of fright had
passed, the stagnated blood rushed through
her veins in a swift torrent, sending sharp
tingling pains throughout her whole body
until it seemed as if she was literally
swathed in needles..."

"She did not even dare to consider how
she was to get home in the fast gathering
darkness, and she was in a state of
possession; she did not dare to think
whether that dreadful creature outside
would allow her to leave that place and
carry with her the precious paper in her
possession..."

"He had seen and recognized her while
she was talking with Milly outside, and
then fearing what might follow, obtained
a sudden glimpse of the window..."

"Editha did not think she could fail to
know him after this description, and she
already felt a sort of creeping horror in
her veins, as her mind's eye saw this
dreadful man..."

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A heavy hand dropped upon her
shoulder like the stroke of a hammer,
and a fierce voice whispered in her
ear:
"Make no noise and I will do you
no harm; scream once, and I'll choke
you; but I must have the paper that
John Loker signed for you."

"No; but he wanted something which
he knew I had, and I wouldn't give it
to him."
"Woulnd't, eh?" repeated the policeman,
with a little chuckle at her spirit...

"Oh, yes," Editha answered, with a
shudder, feeling that it would be
impossible for her to forget that repulsive
face that had so startled her at the
window in John Loker's miserable home...

"The man readily went with her to the
next street, and waited to see her safely
seated in a car, and less than fifteen
minutes she was once more in her own
luxurious home, happily thankful for
her escape from a ruffian's power."

"Mr. Dalton expressed some surprise
at her being out so late—remarked, with
some indifference, that she looked pale,
and added that she was not well, and
then added that he had been waiting for
more than half an hour."

"She simply replied that she was well,
and regretted that she should have waited
dinner for her, but she had been unavoidably detained."

"Editha Dalton knew that she must
keep her own counsel regarding that
evening's adventures."

"The time had come when she could
not trust her dearest interests in the
hands of her father. She knew he would
have no sympathy with her regarding
the confession she had obtained, and
would oppose rather than aid her in
making it public to vindicate Earle."

"She had resolved to go to Mr.
Felton on the morrow, put the precious
evidence in his hands, and be guided by
his ever wise counsel."

"She retired to her own rooms as soon
as dinner was dispatched, and immediately
set herself to work to make a careful
copy of John Loker's confession to send
to Earle..."

"The cushion was securely glued to the
bottom of the box. What omen of
impending evil could have inspired
Editha with the idea that underneath this
would be a safe place to hide her
evidence..."

"The next morning Editha did not
make her appearance at the breakfast-table."

"I've got to have it, d'ye hear?"
he said, fiercely; "if not by fair
means, why, then, by foul. I've no
wish to harm you, and if you'll give
it up quietly I'll let you go; if you
won't, it'll be the worst for you;
that's all. Will you give up? No;
your head if your mean yes."

"Editha could scarcely breathe, his
hand was so heavily pressed over her
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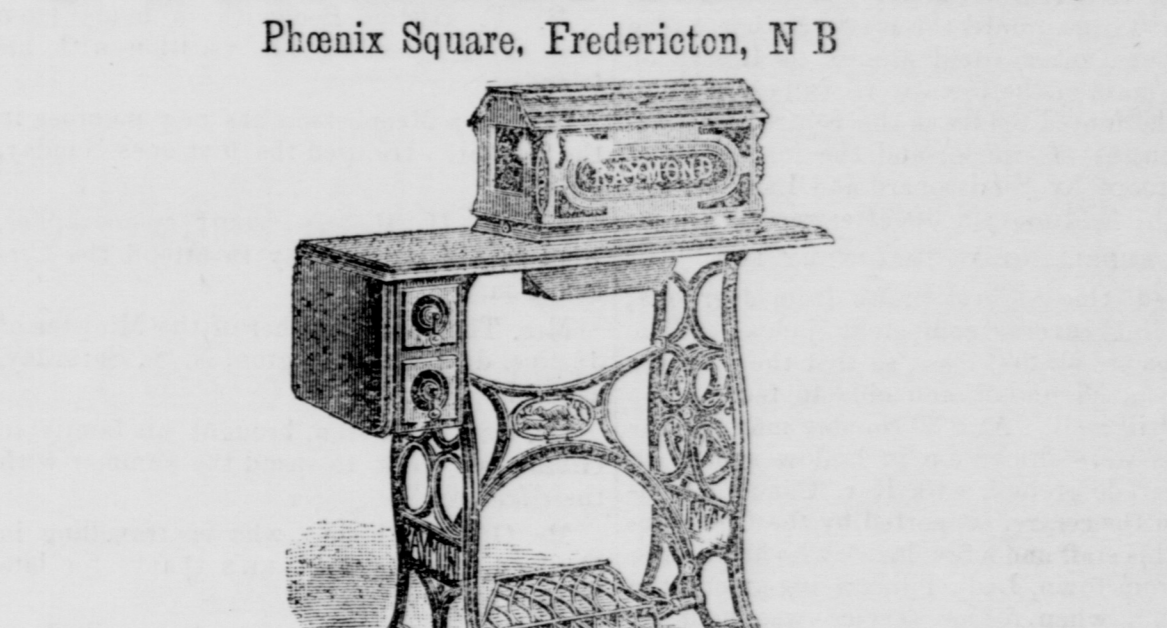
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