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find him in Norfolk street, after all," said I. "He was there but he had business in Ireland—"

"So he told Graves. You see how much better informed you are about his lodging and his movements than even his detectives supposed. But what would he say if he could be found?"

"On second thoughts, I'm thinking he'd say nothing," said I, beginning to feel I'd got myself into a real mess at last, but not able to see my way out of it without harming Grace anyhow.

"Then he must be kept out of the way, and you must plead guilty—if you can't get bail. Can you get bail?"

"Would you be one yourself?" asked I. "That would not do at all. It is essential that no name in the remotest way connected with the family should appear. Oregan, rascal as he is, might do."

"Heaven forbid!" thought I, for he'd identify me; and so, for that matter, would anybody. So I said, "No; I can't get bail—and I won't, either."

"Then we must contrive an alias for you, and you must plead guilty," said he. "After all, it will be the best way—there won't be a bit of scandal, and you'll get a ticket-of-leave in no time, and then you'll have a safe three hundred a year for the rest of your days. May I take it as a settled thing?"

Well, it did seem hard, that just because I'd put on a dress coat to go to the opera, I should have to plead guilty to a theft, and may be get sent into penal servitude for five years or more. But, once more, I put it to every Irish or English gentleman, what else could I do?

Penal servitude isn't a thing to be jumped at, whether one deserves it or no; but 'tis surely a joke to a man beside the loss to a girl of her good name.

And, try as I would, I couldn't manage to make myself the brute beast and the mean cad that I'd have been if I'd run the least chance of having it thought that Grace had been caught running away at night with anybody but her own brother.

All the same, I won't pretend that I mightn't have found it easier to make a cad of myself if I hadn't just learned that my best friend was a blackguard, and if poor Kate hadn't been dead and left me all alone in the world—or if that last look of Grace had left me anything to look for.

I couldn't manage to care much about myself just then, and there was nobody else for me to care for between the sky and the fields. I didn't even think when I answered him.

"Yes," said I, "that's settled, and the sooner the better. So I'll wish you good morning, Mr. Fry; and if there's any trifling thing I want done, I dare say you'll be good enough not to mind doing it for me."

I held out my hand and he took it, thief as I was; and I felt more grateful to him than I had any need to be, for it's a fact that I hadn't shaken a man's hand in kindness since I'd left Africa.

"That's right," said he. "You've saved the Family Honor; and as to the three hundred a year—"

"You shall not pay it to me!" said I, in a rage. "I won't touch a penny of it—if his lordship thinks honor is worth two thousand pounds, I don't think it's to be paid for in diamonds?" said I.

You see just at that minute Paul's honor, blackguard as he'd been, was my own.

Mr. Fry stared; but he didn't say anything more that was worth saying, and left me alone. But I'd been that for a long time now, and was likely to be for a longer; so, as I'd had but a short night, I turned round on the bench and went to sleep again. And what else was there to do?"

I don't know much about the laws of England or how long it's usual to keep a prisoner before taking him before a magistrate, or whether there is any practical difference about the rules when great people get mixed up in such matters.

Nor do I know how long I slept on that bench, waiting for what was next to happen. I might seem to be taking things easy; but I wasn't, at all.

When I woke up it seemed to be from a bad dream, in which I was everybody in the world but one, and that was myself, while myself was everybody in the world but me.

I fancied the door was opened once, and if I didn't swear out loud I dreamed that I did, pretty forcibly—or somebody else did in a way that was very much my own.

Any way when I woke up I hadn't yet been to Bow street, and, to judge from the light, I wasn't likely to be there that day.

It was a bad, dark, ugly afternoon, which seemed to have been made expressly to fit me, and there was a fog in the cell though it was July. I was getting hungry, too; and I wasn't sorry to hear the door open again.

"I wish it wasn't against the rules to light a pipe," I said. "I'll have time enough to learn to do without, in five years."

However, when I looked it wasn't a policeman I'd spoken to. It was one of the finest-looking fellows I'd ever set eyes on since I left Dublin—as tall as myself, and though perhaps not quite so broad as myself about the chest and shoulders, still bigger than most men are. I'd have been proud to try a fall with him, and I wouldn't have backed myself to win or lose.

But it wasn't there his strength seemed to be. He looked about fifty years old, and every one of the fifty looked as if it had come like new strength to him; it would have been easier for a weak man, I should say, to meet his arm than for a false man to meet his eyes.

And he seemed to bear himself as you'd think a general would on a field of battle—quite easy, but not taking things less gravely than they need. I stood up as he came in, and we looked straight at one another.

"Who are you?" he asked. "My name is Thomas Brand," said I. "The same who—who has lived in Africa under the name of Paul Andrews?"

"The same," he said. "In spite of his eyes, I looked into them as much like brass as if I wasn't telling a lie."

"And you say you are brother to the young lady with whom you were driving to Walthamstow? Are you aware that such an assertion is condemning you certainly to imprisonment for theft, probably to penal servitude?"

He said the words hardly and sternly. "I don't know what right you have to cross-examine a prisoner in private," said I; "but I do say so, if it condemned me to be hanged," added I, for there was no going back now, and I wasn't going to be bullied by any man.

"Do you own this young Irish gentleman for a brother, Grace?" asked he, half turning round.

My heart gave a great leap in me as I saw that Grace was there too; but I tried to keep myself calm, and made all the signs I could to her to own me and stand up for her own good name.

For to have gone through all this for nothing would have been too hard, not to speak of the waste of it all. We Connors have wasted enough without wasting anything more.

"I thank you with all my heart, Mr. Connor," she said, looking at me as she'd never looked yet, and God bless her for every look she ever gave me! "And how shall I thank you enough, or get you to forgive me for—"

I could hear the tears coming before they came; but they weren't like the last tears I'd seen in her—these were more content and quiet—and she tried to go on.

"For having left you last night to—" But she couldn't go on, after all; and oh, if I could only have had her as near me as last night, I think I'd have known what to do.

"Mr. Connor," said the gentleman striking in to save her from trying to speak while she was crying, "I believe Grace; and, without the least grain of offence, I do not believe you. What reason you can have had for trying to serve a family of whom you know nothing is past my guessing, as much as it is past my gratitude; but since you have tried, you will be glad to hear that, thanks to your throwing the constables off the traces, the unfortunate young man whom you befriended has been able to leave the country once more—never, I trust, to return. No, Grace, never; and it is best so, and you know it as well as I.

Was it a trap that was being laid for me?"

"Then I assure you," said I, "that you owe me no gratitude in life, for I had not the least intention of befriending any body at all. You say that my name's Connor, and that I'm an Irishman, and you have no more reason for saying either than for being grateful. If I like the name Brand better, I've a right to take it; and if I have a fancy for being in penal servitude, it's nothing to anybody but me. Perhaps you'll tell first of all why you take me for an Irishman, and why you think my name isn't Brand? It can't be the accent, for I've got no accent at all of any sort, not even an English one."

And that was true; for though many people say that I've never forgotten Dublin in my speech, who should know better than a Dublin man that Dublin is the only place in the world that has the distinction of having no accent at all?

"I will tell you," said he, very gravely, "why I knew you not to be Thomas Brand. He would not have refused three hundred a year with scorn. It was Mr. Fry's telling me this that brought me here, for fear lest some strange and terrible injustice should be done."

"I don't see why a man should want to sell his soul for three hundred pounds," said I, and I didn't see it then; though since I've been older I've learned that it isn't quite an unheard-of-thing. "Anyhow, perhaps you will let me know who it is I am speaking to."

"I am the Marquis of Horchester." "Thank you, my lord," I said, "for letting me understand that much anyhow. Not that it makes things much more plain."

"When this foolish child," said he, "heard that her brother was in danger of arrest, instead of trusting to me to see him safe from the worst, if only for his name's sake, she laid an absurd plan for carrying him off by night into hiding, with some yet sillier friends of hers at Walthamstow, as if we lived in the Middle Ages Grace, it is only due to Mr. Connor that it should be explained. The coachman, whom she had to take into her confidence, served her so well that when he found the carriage pursued, he— But why should I tell you any more of this miserable story,

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Sheriff's Sale!
There will be sold at Public Auction at the Registry Office, Richibucto, on Tuesday, the twenty-sixth day of January next, at 12 o'clock, noon—
All the right, title, interest, property, claim, and demand, whatsoever either at law or in equity, which George McMinn had on the fourteenth day of March, A. D. 1887, or which he now has, of, in, to, out of, or upon the following described land and premises—namely:—
All that piece of land in the parish of Richibucto described as follows:—Commencing at a stake at the north side of Canard street or its extension, being the upper front corner of land formerly owned and occupied by John Harnett, thence running along said street westwardly 430 feet, thence northwardly until it strikes the O'Leary line, thence easterly along O'Leary's line 430 feet to the Harnett line, thence along the Harnett line southerly to the place of beginning, being the lot of land conveyed to David McMinn by James A. James and wife by deed recorded in Book T., page 685, of the Kent County records.
Also—All that piece of land in the parish of Richibucto, in the County of Kent, in the rear of the town of Richibucto, described as follows:—Commencing at a stake on the north side of Canard street, or its extension a distance of 340 feet from the upper front corner of land formerly owned and occupied by John Harnett, thence running along said street westwardly a distance of 198 feet, thence southwardly until it strikes O'Leary's line, thence easterly along O'Leary's line 18 feet, thence southerly to the place of beginning, being the lot of land conveyed to David McMinn by George D. Miller by deed recorded in Book V., page 169, of the Kent County records.
The same having been seized and taken under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the County Court of Kent upon a judgment, a memorial of which was duly recorded in the said Kent records on the said fourteenth day of March, 1887.
WM. WHETEN, Sheriff,
Sheriff's Office, Richibucto, October 20th, 1891.

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ST. JOHN, N. B.

In the County Court of Kent.
Notice is hereby given that upon the application of John W. Harnett I have directed all the estate, as well real as personal of Pierre Richard, in the County of Kent, an absconding, concealed, or absent debtor, to be seized, and unless he return and discharge his debt within three months after the publication hereof, said estate will be sold in the payment thereof.
PIERRE A. LANDRY,
Judge of the County Court of Kent.

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