

POETRY.  
WHO IS THE TRULY BRAVE?  
Who is the truly brave?  
The boy with self-control,  
Who craves his temper and his tongue,  
And though he may be big and strong,  
Would scorn to do the slightest wrong  
To any living soul.

SELECT STORY.  
AN UNBROKEN PROMISE.  
A CASTAWAY.  
PART III.  
CONTINUED.  
CHAPTER VIII.  
ABANDONED.

"In a strange way," said the doctor, "when I first left college my father was strongly opposed to my taking orders, and when I insisted, vowed he would do nothing for me, so I was left to my own resources; and by the aid of some old friends I obtained the chaplaincy of one of the jails, which I held for some time, and where I studied the intricacies and working of the criminal law. A case of this kind came under my notice. A poacher shot a gamekeeper against whom he had been heard to vow vengeance. It was contended for the defence that the wound was not originally mortal, but that death had been brought about by the bungling manner in which the surgical operation had been performed. At the trial, the judge ruled that even if this were the case, the prisoner was guilty of murder, as it was in consequence of his act that a surgical operation was necessary. And the man was hanged."

colony there located, correspondents of many legal practitioners to India, to whose interests a clerk was specially related. With criminal business Mr. Drew's firm had little or nothing to do; prosecutions on right of way, and such-like simple matters, they undertook as part and parcel of their land-agent practice, but heavier cases by the doctor. In the present instance, however, Mr. Drew having been sent for by the Rector, who knew him to have been occasionally employed by Sir Geoffrey, made a point of attending in person, the London solicitors for whom Messrs. Drew and Dean acted as agents having specially requested that every attention might be paid to him; and the facts of the case, so far as Mr. Drew could collect them from several distinct and opposing narrations, promised to afford a certain amount of wholesome civil as well as criminal litigation. Mr. Drew was a tall, middle-aged, red-faced old gentleman, of portly presence and pleasing manners. One of his sons was in excellent practice at the parliamentary bar, and the other was a minor canon of Avonmouth Cathedral. His daughter was married to the eldest son of a baronet and he himself was in receipt of an excellent income, so that he thought himself justified in classing himself with the county aristocracy, and spoke accordingly. The little pompous notice in him in general society was, however, always mitigated when he found himself in company with Captain Cleothorpe, whose sharp caustic hints he was accustomed to speak of as "the language of the bar-keepers."

night. Mr. Moss will come straight to my office, and I will bring him up here at once."  
Mr. Drew shook hands with the doctor, bowed to Captain Cleothorpe, and took his departure. The other gentlemen were about to follow, when the doctor presented himself and said, "That young woman, who had been sitting up with Mr. Pickering, had come to say that the lady had just opened her eyes and mentioned Mr. Drage's name, and hearing that he was in the house, she expressed a wish to see him immediately."  
"I will come at once," said Mr. Drage, then muttered to himself, "Now I shall learn the truth of this horrible affair!"

CHAPTER IX.  
QUO VADA DUCUNT.  
The first bell rung, and the huge locomotive, just filled, was leisurely backing from the station, and the train to which it was to be coupled, as Philip Vane entered the Springside station. He found his knees trembling under him as he alighted from the fly which he had picked up on the Wheatcroft road, and felt that he should require all the nerve in his command to be in his occupation, that he merely looked up for an instant as Philip entered, but shortly after the train had started he dropped the paper on his knees and emitted a long whistle.  
"Do you take any interest in the City, sir?" he asked, looking across at his companion.  
"No—why?" was the curt reply.  
"Because they are going it there, that's all," said the man. "Eggs-shells and cards seem about the materials which commercial houses are made of now-a-days, let alone companies limited, which are a pleasant combination of cobwebs and delusion. Two more suspensions announced this morning in the papers sir. Consols fell three-quarters, and a general feeling of uneasiness prevalent. That'll touch us at Manchester, that will know anything of Manchester, sir?"  
Philip Vane replied shortly that he knew nothing of Manchester, and the commercial gentleman, thus snubbed, betook himself once more to his newspaper, and when he had sucked it completely dry of all commercial information, he drew forth a fat black-leather pocket-book by making entries in which, and reading over the entries already made, he beguiled the time until the end of the journey. Meanwhile Philip Vane had again settled himself into his corner, and was deep in contemplation. The recurrence of the panic in the City, of which he had just heard, was another item against him. He had a vague idea of borrowing money from Delahoe, on the strength of his approaching marriage, and escaping with it to Spain or some other place little infested by Britons, where he could live perditionally well, and have a warm and devoted devotion unknown to fear, colder nature, with a hungry fervour which might prompt her to forgive the deception he had practised on her, and to fly with him to some place where they could live together beyond the reach of any of his former acquaintances. Or—for the brave though Philip Vane had swallowed had but had the effect of clearing his brain and steadying his nerve, and he calculated his chances with such coolness and judgment as though another's fate were his own. He was a man of a balance—on the one hand he was a man of the balance—or supposing that Mrs. Bendixen in the contest between her position and her nature were to give way to the former she would still have her money, money which over which certain letters addressed by her to him are carefully retained would give him considerable control.

locked and thrown open, but the porter only made the customary announcement of the ten minutes' wait, and passed on. Vane looked round, observing but few passengers, who, for the most part, were hurrying to the refreshment room. He followed them, drank two small glasses of brandy at the counter and had his flask filled with the same spirit, then he returned to the carriage. As he was entering he felt himself touched on the shoulder, and turning round, found at his elbow a guard, who demanded his ticket. They would not stop until they reached Paddington, the guard said, and the gentleman would not be disturbed again.  
Another passenger was seated in the compartment, a heavy, middle-aged man, with a sea-like cap and fur rug. He had already looked a reading lamp in the lining of the carriage behind him, and was deep in the folds of an evening paper. So intent was he in his occupation, that he merely looked up for an instant as Philip entered, but shortly after the train had started he dropped the paper on his knees and emitted a long whistle.  
"Do you take any interest in the City, sir?" he asked, looking across at his companion.  
"No—why?" was the curt reply.  
"Because they are going it there, that's all," said the man. "Eggs-shells and cards seem about the materials which commercial houses are made of now-a-days, let alone companies limited, which are a pleasant combination of cobwebs and delusion. Two more suspensions announced this morning in the papers sir. Consols fell three-quarters, and a general feeling of uneasiness prevalent. That'll touch us at Manchester, that will know anything of Manchester, sir?"  
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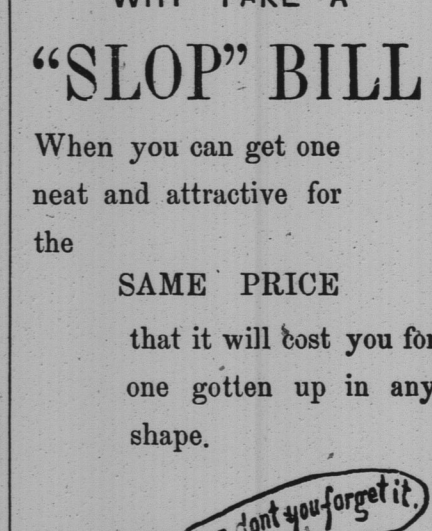
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