

### THE LAWYER'S WAYS.

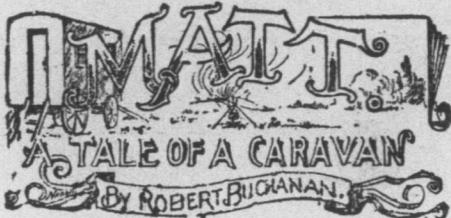
I've been list'nin' to them lawyers  
In the courthouse of the street,  
An' I've come to the conclusion  
That I'm most completely beat.  
First one fell'er ris to argy,  
An' he boldly waded in  
As he dressed the tremblin' pris'ner  
In a coat o' deep-sin'

Why, he painted him all over  
In a hue o' blackest crime,  
An' he smeared his reputation  
With the thickest kind o' grime,  
Till I found myself a wonderin',  
In a misty way and dim,  
How the Lord had come to fashion  
Such an awful man as him.

Then the other lawyer started,  
An' with brimful teardrops eyes,  
Said his client was a scamp.  
That was brought to sacrifice.  
An' he give to that same pris'ner  
Every blessed human grace,  
Tell I saw the light o' virtue,  
Fairly shinin' from his face.

Then I own it I was puzzled;  
How such things could rightly be;  
An' this aggravatin' question  
Seems to keep a puzzlin' me.  
So, will some one please inform me,  
An' this mystery unroll—  
How an angel an' a devil  
Can possess the same soul?

—Paul Dunbar, in Chicago Record.



### CHAPTER XL—CONTINUED

He rose negligently, went to the door, and held forth his hand; Matt took it, gave one spring, and landed inside the vehicle.

"Tim, another knife and fork for the young lady—some more eggs and milk; in fact, anything you've got!" said Brinkley, as he placed a seat for Matt at the little table.

Tim gave a grunt of dissatisfaction. This "bold colleen," as he called her, was becoming too much for him, but he perforce obeyed his master's commands. Matt sat down and ate with an appetite. Brinkley played negligently with his knife, and watched her.

"It is two days since you were here, Matt," said he. "I was seriously thinking of coming to look for you. Why wouldn't you come before?"

"Twasn't that!" said Matt. "I couldn't."

"Couldn't? Why?"

"Why, he wouldn't let me, William Jones. He says he'll smash me if I come here and talk to you."

As Matt spoke her bosom heaved and her eyes flashed fire.

"He ain't at home to-day," she said, in answer to the young man's query concerning the ex-wrecker; "he's gone up to market-town and won't be back before night."

As Brinkley looked at her a sudden thought seemed to strike him.

"Matt," he said, "you and I will go wrecker hunting this afternoon—that is, if you've no objection."

She certainly had none; wherever he went she seemed to be willing to follow. In a very little while the two started off. It was Brinkley who led this time, Matt walking along beside him like a confiding child.

"By the way, Matt," he said, presently, "you told me once of treasures being hidden among the sand hills. Did anybody ever find any?"

"Not that I know of."

"William Jones, for instance?"

"No. Leastways I don't know."

"Well, what would you say, Matt, if I told you that I had found one?"

"If you!"

"Yes. I wonder if you can keep a secret? Yes, on reflection, I think you can. Now, before we go on any further, Matt, first you place your hand in mine and promise never to mention until I give you permission what I am about to confide in you now."

Matt's curiosity was aroused.

"All right," she replied, eagerly, "I shan't tell."

"Very good," replied Brinkley; "we will now proceed."

They passed on among the sand hills and came to the entrance of the cave. Brinkley removed the stones and sand from the hole and entered. Breathless with curiosity Matt followed. They reached the bottom. Brinkley struck a light and pointed out to her all the wonderful treasures which the cave contained. It was such a surprise to the girl that for a time she could do nothing but stare and stare in speechless wonder. Whistling gayly, Brinkley turned about the caskets of rum and brandy and thrust his hands into the bags and let the gleaming gold slip through his fingers.

Matt's amazement turned into awe. "Don't," she said, in a fearful whisper; "it belongs to the fairies."

Brinkley laughed.

"It belongs to a very substantial fairy, Matt, but I don't think that today I will mention that fairy's name. Did you ever see so much money in all your life before, Matt?"

She shook her head, but her eyes were still fixed upon the gold.

"I see," observed Brinkley, flippantly, "the sight of that gold fascinates you. Well, so it did me at first, but you see what use does. I can regard it now with comparative calmness. However, I have a particular wish to accustom you to the sight of wealth; therefore, I shall bring you here and show you this now and again. Come, Matt, tell me what you would do if we were very rich, if all this flotsam and jetsam, in fact, belonged to you?"

Without the slightest hesitation Matt replied:

"I should give it to you—leastways half of it."

"Ah, the reply is characteristic, and clearly shows you are not at present fitted to become the possessor of riches. But I shall bring you to the proper state of mind in time, no doubt. The next time I ask you a similar question you will propose to give me a third, the next an eighth, and so on, until you will finally come to a proper state of mind, and decline to give me any at all. And now that I have made you the sharer of my secret we will go."

They left the cave once more and made their way back across the sand hills, Brinkley pausing to obliterate their footprints as they went. When they had proceeded some distance he paused and took the girl's hand.

"Good-by, Matt," said he. "If it wasn't for that promised smashing I should certainly see you home."

"Then do," returned Matt. "I don't care if he does smash me!"

"Probably not, but I do. It would be an episode in your career which it would not be pleasant to reflect upon—therefore, good-by, Matt—and—and God bless you, my girl!"

He gave her a fatherly salute upon the forehead; a bright flush overspread her cheek as she bounded away. Brinkley watched her until she was out of sight, then he turned and strolled quietly on in the direction of the caravan.

"It's a strange game," he said, "and requires careful waiting. I wonder what my next move ought to be?"

He thought very deeply, but when he reached the caravan he found he had come to no definite conclusion as to his plans. He therefore took cheerful of the repast which Tim had prepared for him and after he had smoked a couple of pipes in the open air he retired to rest.

The next morning he began pondering again.

"I have got my trump card," he said to himself, "but how to play up to it? I have a splendid hand, but it will want skillful managing if I am to win the game. One false move would do for me, for my opponents are crafty as foxes; and there are two against one. What is my right move, I wonder? I wish some good fairy would guide me!"

He took out his pipe, which was his usual consoler, and smoked while he took a few turns on the greenward outside the caravan.

Suddenly an idea struck him.

"I think I'll pay a domiciliary visit to Mr. Monk," he said. "I can meet him now on pretty equal terms. If I hint a few things to him the amiable gentleman may think of becoming just."

He called up Tim and sent him on a trivial errand down to the village. As soon as he was well out of the way Brinkley entered the caravan, produced some papers from the inner pocket of his coat and locked them up securely in his trunk.

"So far so good," he said. "My amiable friend may not be in an amiable mood, and I don't wish him to get any advantage of me!"

He did not even take with him the key of the box, but having attached to it a small piece of paper, on which were some written instructions, he hid it in the caravan and started off upon his journey.

It was a dark, gloomy morning, giving every promise of coming storms. As he passed through the wood which surrounded Monkshursthouse the wind whistled softly among the trees, making a moan like the sound of human voices.

"A gloomy place," said Brinkley; "a fit residence for such as he. A dark deed might be committed here, and who would know?"

The path which he traveled was a neglected carriage drive, strewn with stones, overgrown with weeds and bordered on either side by the thick trees of the forest. Presently the trees parted and he came in view of the house.

A large gloomy-looking building, as neglected as the woodland, in the center of which it stood. It seemed as if only a part of it was inhabited, and the large garden at its back was unprotected by any wall and full of growing fruit trees.

The door was opened by a grim, elderly woman. He inquired for Mr. Monk, and was informed that he was at home. The next minute he was standing in a lonely library, where the owner of the house was busily writing. Monk rose, and the two stood face to face.

### CHAPTER XII.

BURIED!

It is not my purpose to describe the interview which took place between my hero and Mr. Monk. Suffice it to say that when the young man again emerged from the gloomy shadows of the dwelling there was a curious smile upon his face, while Mr. Monk, who had followed him to the door, and watched his retreating figure, wore a horrible expression of hatred and fear.

No sooner had he disappeared than Monk left the house also, and, following a footpath through the woods, made straight for William Jones' cottage. Entering unceremoniously, he found that worthy seated beside the hearth; without a word, he rushed upon him, seized him by the throat and began pummeling his head upon the wall.

The attack was so sudden that for several minutes William Jones offered no resistance whatever. Indeed, so passive was he, and so violent was the rage of his opponent, that there was every prospect of his head being beaten to a jelly. Presently, however, Monk's fury abating, his unfortunate victim was allowed to pick himself up. He sat and stared before him while Monk, looking like the evil one himself, glared savagely in his face.

"You villain! You accursed, treacherous scoundrel!" he said. "Tell what you've done, or I'll kill you!"

But William Jones was unconscious of having done anything, and he said as much, whereupon Monk's fury was about to rise again.

"Mr. Monk," cried William Jones, in terror, "look ye now, tell me what's the matter?"

"I mean you to tell me what you have been hiding from me all these years. Something came ashore with that child—something that might lead to her identity, and you have kept it, thinking to realize money upon it, or to have me in your power. What means it? Speak, or I'll strangle you!"

But William Jones was evidently unable to speak, being perfectly paralyzed with fear. Monk stretched forth his hands to seize him again, when the old man, who had been a horrified

spectator of all this, suddenly broke in:

"Look ye, now, I know there was sommat. It were a little book, stuffed in the front of her frock!"

"A book!" returned Monk, eagerly; "and what did you do with it? Tell me that, you old fool! Did you burn it?"

"Then do," returned Matt. "I don't care if he does smash me!"

"Probably not, but I do. It would be an episode in your career which it would not be pleasant to reflect upon—therefore, good-by, Matt—and—and God bless you, my girl!"

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"I couldn't do it, sir," he moaned. "Look, ye—now—I couldn't do it!"

Monk stamped his foot impatiently; then he turned to his frightened victim.

"Listen to me, William Jones. You ought to know by this time that I have both the power and determination to effect my ends. Continue to oppose me and play the fool and all that power shall be used against you. Do you hear? I will ruin you! I will hand you over to the authorities as a thief! I will have you tried for concealing the papers which might have proved the identity of the child found washed ashore fifteen years ago! Do you hear?"

Mr. Monk evidently knew the nature of the man with whom he had to deal, for after a little more conversation William Jones, cowering like a frightened child, promised implicit obedience.

"Now, then," said Monk, when he had brought matters to a satisfactory termination, "you will show me this hiding place of yours."

To this William Jones at first objected, but Monk was firm.

"Who knows?" said he, "but there may be other things having reference to the child. I mean to see for myself. Now, William Jones?"

So William Jones, seeing that resistance would be useless, promised to conduct his friend to the cave, and,

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