

L. M. CRIST'S SONS, Publishers.

ESTABLISHED 1855.

THE MAN OUTSIDE

By CLARENCE BOUTELLE.

CHAPTER V.

For a Father's Honor.

There are possible events which are worse than ruin, worse than loss of money, worse than loss of friendship and faith and confidence. There are alternatives presented to suffering men and women, again and again, where the choice would be death—death in any awful and agony-filled form—rather than the other side of the terrible question. Do you wonder that men and women find their hands nervously for self-destruction, sometimes, and that "no reason is known" is too often all that the world can learn regarding the saddest and most fearful of human tragedies—the tragedies of self-sacrifice?

Donald Barron knew that into his life, if he lived, was coming that which would embitter and darken it forever. It was written in his daughter's face as she stood in the doorway, half hesitating before she came forward, bravely and lovingly, as great a heroine as poet and sculptor ever made immortal. It shone in her smile; it appeared in every movement and gesture. Could a great angel, clothed in cloud, and bright with majesty and power, have bent down from the heavens and offered the old man the choice between instant death and that future which a noble human purpose had planned for him, his last breath would have been spent in making his answer—his last thought would have been, "Thank God!"

There are heights of self-abnegation so far removed from the ordinary plane of human experience that most men doubt their existence, clear the mists and doubt inspirations. Prier knew what was coming when he saw Elsie Barron open the door of the private office. He had seen all the depths of human depravity; he had watched vile cunning and treacherous meanness; he understood how low crime may go, how wicked the heart may learn to be; but something from the other extremity of the long line of human impulse and passion was acting itself out before his eyes. He had seen men go to the gallows, and he knew that they usually went with a little credit to their names. He had seen a true cynic smile, of the bravery of martyrs on their way to the stake. He was watching the bravest woman, now, of whom he had ever heard; he was waiting to see her do the bravest thing he had ever seen done.

"I will marry you," she said, "and guarantee the other conditions you mentioned."

She turned toward Prier.

"I hate you," she said, fiercely, "and I always shall; but one likes the respect of one's enemies. I swore I would do anything for my father; I swore that I was innocent. Do you believe me now? Are you convinced?"

"I am. I crave your pardon. I—"

"Father!" she cried, springing toward the old man.

He had faintly.

Prier and Senn both hurried forward. "Help me place him upon the lounge; call for help; send for a physician." These were her hurried and relentless man whose everlasting and relentless energy she had said she would be.

"Stand back! Keep your hands off! I will kill you if you touch him!" That was what she said to the man who had just promised to marry!

"Ah, well! Consistency may be a Jewel; it will never find a woman's heart a fitting setting for itself until woman no longer bears, in martyr-like silence, and with saint-like resignation, the heaviest burdens laid upon the race."

"Exposition had been of no avail. There had been none to try his power with the devoted girl, save her father and the detective; no others knew fully of Senn's confession and demand; few others knew of her purpose. Senn had been firm. He would recede from nothing. He would modify no condition.

Prier had had no power with her. His opposition had rather strengthened her purpose; his angry vehemence had stimulated all her obstinate resolution to the point of absolute rebellion.

While Mr. Barron and his daughter exchanged the few sentences which have been recorded, as they went up to the church, Mr. Prier and Elsie Barron had been talking in silence. Mr. Prier had politely offered his arm; the lady had declined it with a gesture. After which the two walked well apart. Just at the church door the lady slipped. Prier sprang to her assistance, and her shriek veil just escaped his fingers. She recovered her footing without aid, however, and Mr. Prier pushed back into his pocket the casket which had almost slipped out. It came very near going down under foot.

It isn't expedient, just at present, to explain how near these two inconceivable characters of mine, with careless footsteps and insecurely kept packages, came to spoiling my story. Which with the heroine and another prominent character—about to unite their future in marriage, would have been, from a historian's point of view, utterly without excuse.

Elsie Barron and her father went forward to the altar, Gilbert Senn was already waiting there. J. B. Prier took a seat in one of the front pews. The lady took a seat across the aisle from him. She seemed strangely hysterical, her frame shook with suppressed emotion during the whole time which she sat there. Indeed, out of all those present, Gilbert Senn and Elsie were the two calmest and most self-controlled.

Rev. John Kane began the marriage service, the beautiful service of the Episcopal church. I hope for the sake of Rev. John Kane that he did not even dimly guess how much of a mockery it was.

"If any man can show just cause why

they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

The clergyman made a longer pause than he had ever made before at that place. But no one spoke.

Gilbert Senn bowed his head a little lower than he had held before. Elsie Barron, soon to be Elsie Barron no more, could be heard weeping softly behind her thick, black veil, as the gale outside fell ceased—as though the very elements were listening for a righteous interruption. Elsie's father grew pale, if possible, but what could he say more than he had said already?

"Eternal punishment," said Elsie's friend, Miss Lurline Bannotte, the long time friend and companion of the newly wedded Mrs. Gilbert Senn, took it upon herself to weep once more.

And just then the carriages drove up again through the blinding storm.

Gilbert Senn gravely assisted his bride to a place in one of the carriages. Hastening a moment before taking his place beside her, Miss Bannotte pushed herself by him into the carriage, and the newly made husband found himself shut in with two women as the driver turned his horses with the whip and drove rapidly away.

Donald Barron and the detective followed in the other carriage, while Rev. John Kane faced the storm on foot.

The first carriage covered the distance between the church and Donald Barron's residence in much less time than the other did. Miss Bannotte went first, out almost before the carriage had stopped, and running up a step, she entered the house without a word.

Gilbert Senn helped his wife from the carriage. He walked up the steps with her.

"Go in," he said, sternly, "and try to be happy. So far as you and your home are concerned, your life is to be as though I had never been. While you live here I shall simply be the man outside!"

"I do not understand—" she began.

He made a gesture of impatience.

"Don't," he said; "let us not waste words. I hope I may never look upon your face or hear your voice again."

"Thank you," she murmured, holding out her hand.

He affected not to see it. He opened the outside door. He pushed her gently into the hall. He drew the door shut and ran down the steps to meet Barron and Prier, who were just alighting from their carriage.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "I am ready to get the money."

The three men went together, buffeted by the wind, stung by the sleet and cold, and thoroughly powdered with snow. They passed in a gate, at no great distance from the house, no leading to the grounds of Barron's residence. They walked back, away from the street, away from and out of sight of the house, until Senn stopped in the midst of a small clump of trees.

"There," he cried, pointing toward a place where it was evident, despite the already deep snow, that the ground had recently been disturbed, "there is where I buried the stuff at first."

"Rather a cool proceeding, to bury a man's money on his own premises, wasn't it?" asked the detective.

"Perhaps so," said Senn, with a rather unsatisfactory attempt at a laugh; "but I dare say I impressed you as being rather given to cool proceedings, haven't I?"

"Yes, you have," replied Prier.

Senn then retraced his steps. He led his two companions back toward the street, back into plain view of the house, and back to the gate. He stepped down near the gatepost, turned a stone from the place where it had lain, and took the tin box from its place beneath the stone.

"Any one might have found that there," said Prier.

"Exactly," and consequently no one would look there," retorted Senn.

Mr. Barron took the box. The three men went together to the bank. Senn took his key to the outside door, and he handed it to Mr. Barron.

"Please keep it until tomorrow," he said; "keep it until I may see your partner."

Mr. Barron opened the door with Senn's key. They all went in.

"Please count the money and see that it is all right," requested Senn.

Mr. Barron opened the tin box. Several minutes of silence ensued. After that:

"It is all correct," he said.

"And now," said Senn, "will you carefully lock it up in your safe, first changing the combination by which it can be opened, and not letting any one except your daughter know how to get in until tomorrow?"

Mr. Barron attended to the safe while Senn and Prier smoked, the former thoughtfully and meditatively, the latter watchfully and doubtfully.

"I am done," said Mr. Barron, at last, closing the door of his safe with a clang, and I suppose there is nothing more to be said on this cause."

"Nothing, I think," said Senn, rising and going over to the window. "The storm is almost over. It will be a better day tomorrow."

"A better day—a better day," said Prier to himself, the grim smile in his place upon his face again, and his hand busy with the mysterious parcel which had claimed so much of his attention since we have had the honor of his acquaintance. "We shall see what sort of a day it will be: we shall see. I'll be—"

And he ceased musing, and gave himself up to his thoughts again.

"A better day!" moaned Donald Barron; "a better day!" God grant I may never know the misery of a worse one!

He moved across the room, stood close by the side of Gilbert Senn, and laid his hand upon the young man's shoulder. "You've done a mean and cowardly and treacherous thing," he said, "as well as a desperately wicked one. I was your friend, Gilbert Senn, when you needed a friend, and when besides myself you had only one other in all the world. My daughter was the promised wife of that other friend, and you were the most trusted man in my employ; that was only two days ago. What now? You rob me of my Robbery. I was right to me. No one knew that better than you did, and no one knew better than you how hard a bargain it was wise to try to drive. You boasted of your crime. You demanded a terrible price for restitution, a price which was paid only against my earnest protest, and—"

"I kept my word, did I not?" demanded Senn, raising his head, and turning until he could look Mr. Barron in the eyes.

"None."

"No?"

"No. You see I have not found it possible to believe in all that your clergyman accept."

"No?"

"No. I believe fully in one thing, though."

"And that is—"

The detective turned sharply toward the waiting group. He tossed his cigar away with a sudden movement.

"Eternal punishment," said Elsie's friend, Miss Lurline Bannotte, the long time friend and companion of the newly wedded Mrs. Gilbert Senn, took it upon herself to weep once more.

And just then the carriages drove up again through the blinding storm.

Gilbert Senn gravely assisted his bride to a place in one of the carriages. Hastening a moment before taking his place beside her, Miss Bannotte pushed herself by him into the carriage, and the newly made husband found himself shut in with two women as the driver turned his horses with the whip and drove rapidly away.

Donald Barron and the detective followed in the other carriage, while Rev. John Kane faced the storm on foot.

The first carriage covered the distance between the church and Donald Barron's residence in much less time than the other did. Miss Bannotte went first, out almost before the carriage had stopped, and running up a step, she entered the house without a word.

Gilbert Senn helped his wife from the carriage. He walked up the steps with her.

"Go in," he said, sternly, "and try to be happy. So far as you and your home are concerned, your life is to be as though I had never been. While you live here I shall simply be the man outside!"

"I do not understand—" she began.

He made a gesture of impatience.

"Don't," he said; "let us not waste words. I hope I may never look upon your face or hear your voice again."

"Thank you," she murmured, holding out her hand.

He affected not to see it. He opened the outside door. He pushed her gently into the hall. He drew the door shut and ran down the steps to meet Barron and Prier, who were just alighting from their carriage.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "I am ready to get the money."

The three men went together, buffeted by the wind, stung by the sleet and cold, and thoroughly powdered with snow. They passed in a gate, at no great distance from the house, no leading to the grounds of Barron's residence. They walked back, away from the street, away from and out of sight of the house, until Senn stopped in the midst of a small clump of trees.

"There," he cried, pointing toward a place where it was evident, despite the already deep snow, that the ground had recently been disturbed, "there is where I buried the stuff at first."

"Rather a cool proceeding, to bury a man's money on his own premises, wasn't it?" asked the detective.

"Perhaps so," said Senn, with a rather unsatisfactory attempt at a laugh; "but I dare say I impressed you as being rather given to cool proceedings, haven't I?"

"Yes, you have," replied Prier.

Senn then retraced his steps. He led his two companions back toward the street, back into plain view of the house, and back to the gate. He stepped down near the gatepost, turned a stone from the place where it had lain, and took the tin box from its place beneath the stone.

"Any one might have found that there," said Prier.

"Exactly," and consequently no one would look there," retorted Senn.

Mr. Barron took the box. The three men went together to the bank. Senn took his key to the outside door, and he handed it to Mr. Barron.

"Please keep it until tomorrow," he said; "keep it until I may see your partner."

Mr. Barron opened the door with Senn's key. They all went in.

"Please count the money and see that it is all right," requested Senn.

Mr. Barron opened the tin box. Several minutes of silence ensued. After that:

"It is all correct," he said.

"And now," said Senn, "will you carefully lock it up in your safe, first changing the combination by which it can be opened, and not letting any one except your daughter know how to get in until tomorrow?"

Mr. Barron attended to the safe while Senn and Prier smoked, the former thoughtfully and meditatively, the latter watchfully and doubtfully.

"I am done," said Mr. Barron, at last, closing the door of his safe with a clang, and I suppose there is nothing more to be said on this cause."

"Nothing, I think," said Senn, rising and going over to the window. "The storm is almost over. It will be a better day tomorrow."

"A better day—a better day," said Prier to himself, the grim smile in his place upon his face again, and his hand busy with the mysterious parcel which had claimed so much of his attention since we have had the honor of his acquaintance. "We shall see what sort of a day it will be: we shall see. I'll be—"

And he ceased musing, and gave himself up to his thoughts again.

"A better day!" moaned Donald Barron; "a better day!" God grant I may never know the misery of a worse one!

He moved across the room, stood close by the side of Gilbert Senn, and laid his hand upon the young man's shoulder. "You've done a mean and cowardly and treacherous thing," he said, "as well as a desperately wicked one. I was your friend, Gilbert Senn, when you needed a friend, and when besides myself you had only one other in all the world. My daughter was the promised wife of that other friend, and you were the most trusted man in my employ; that was only two days ago. What now? You rob me of my Robbery. I was right to me. No one knew that better than you did, and no one knew better than you how hard a bargain it was wise to try to drive. You boasted of your crime. You demanded a terrible price for restitution, a price which was paid only against my earnest protest, and—"

"I kept my word, did I not?" demanded Senn, raising his head, and turning until he could look Mr. Barron in the eyes.

"None."

"No?"

"No. You see I have not found it possible to believe in all that your clergyman accept."

"No?"

"No. I believe fully in one thing, though."

"And that is—"

The detective turned sharply toward the waiting group. He tossed his cigar away with a sudden movement.

"Eternal punishment," said Elsie's friend, Miss Lurline Bannotte, the long time friend and companion of the newly wedded Mrs. Gilbert Senn, took it upon herself to weep once more.

And just then the carriages drove up again through the blinding storm.

Gilbert Senn gravely assisted his bride to a place in one of the carriages. Hastening a moment before taking his place beside her, Miss Bannotte pushed herself by him into the carriage, and the newly made husband found himself shut in with two women as the driver turned his horses with the whip and drove rapidly away.

Donald Barron and the detective followed in the other carriage, while Rev. John Kane faced the storm on foot.

The first carriage covered the distance between the church and Donald Barron's residence in much less time than the other did. Miss Bannotte went first, out almost before the carriage had stopped, and running up a step, she entered the house without a word.

Gilbert Senn helped his wife from the carriage. He walked up the steps with her.

"Go in," he said, sternly, "and try to be happy. So far as you and your home are concerned, your life is to be as though I had never been. While you live here I shall simply be the man outside!"

"I do not understand—" she began.

He made a gesture of impatience.

"Don't," he said; "let us not waste words. I hope I may never look upon your face or hear your voice again."

"Thank you," she murmured, holding out her hand.

He affected not to see it. He opened the outside door. He pushed her gently into the hall. He drew the door shut and ran down the steps to meet Barron and Prier, who were just alighting from their carriage.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "I am ready to get the money."

The three men went together, buffeted by the wind, stung by the sleet and cold, and thoroughly powdered with snow. They passed in a gate, at no great distance from the house, no leading to the grounds of Barron's residence. They walked back, away from the street, away from and out of sight of the house, until Senn stopped in the midst of a small clump of trees.

"There," he cried, pointing toward a place where it was evident, despite the already deep snow, that the ground had recently been disturbed, "there is where I buried the stuff at first."

"Rather a cool proceeding, to bury a man's money on his own premises, wasn't it?" asked the detective.

"Perhaps so," said Senn, with a rather unsatisfactory attempt at a laugh; "but I dare say I impressed you as being rather given to cool proceedings, haven't I?"

"Yes, you have," replied Prier.

Senn then retraced his steps. He led his two companions back toward the street, back into plain view of the house, and back to the gate. He stepped down near the gatepost, turned a stone from the place where it had lain, and took the tin box from its place beneath the stone.

"Any one might have found that there," said Prier.

"Exactly," and consequently no one would look there," retorted Senn.

Mr. Barron took the box. The three men went together to the bank. Senn took his key to the outside door, and he handed it to Mr. Barron.

"Please keep it until tomorrow," he said; "keep it until I may see your partner."

Mr. Barron opened the door with Senn's key. They all went in.

"Please count the money and see that it is all right," requested Senn.

Mr. Barron opened the tin box. Several minutes of silence ensued. After that:

"It is all correct," he said.

"And now," said Senn, "will you carefully lock it up in your safe, first changing the combination by which it can be opened, and not letting any one except your daughter know how to get in until tomorrow?"

Mr. Barron attended to the safe while Senn and Prier smoked, the former thoughtfully and meditatively, the latter watchfully and doubtfully.

"I am done," said Mr. Barron, at last, closing the door of his safe with a clang, and I suppose there is nothing more to be said on this cause."

"Nothing, I think," said Senn, rising and going over to the window. "The storm is almost over. It will be a better day tomorrow."

"A better day—a better day," said Prier to himself, the grim smile in his place upon his face again, and his hand busy with the mysterious parcel which had claimed so much of his attention since we have had the honor of his acquaintance. "We shall see what sort of a day it will be: we shall see. I'll be—"

And he ceased musing, and gave himself up to his thoughts again.

"A better day!" moaned Donald Barron; "a better day!" God grant I may never know the misery of a worse one!

He moved across the room, stood close by the side of Gilbert Senn, and laid his hand upon the young man's shoulder. "You've done a mean and cowardly and treacherous thing," he said, "as well as a desperately wicked one. I was your friend, Gilbert Senn, when you needed a friend, and when besides myself you had only one other in all the world. My daughter was the promised wife of that other friend, and you were the most trusted man in my employ; that was only two days ago. What now? You rob me of my Robbery. I was right to me. No one knew that better than you did, and no one knew better than you how hard a bargain it was wise to try to drive. You boasted of your crime. You demanded a terrible price for restitution, a price which was paid only against my earnest protest, and—"

"I kept my word, did I not?" demanded Senn, raising his head, and turning until he could look Mr. Barron in the eyes.

"None."

"No?"

"No. You see I have not found it possible to believe in all that your clergyman accept."

"No?"

"No. I believe fully in one thing, though."

"And that is—"

The detective turned sharply toward the waiting group. He tossed his cigar away with a sudden movement.

"Eternal punishment," said Elsie's friend, Miss Lurline Bannotte, the long time friend and companion of the newly wedded Mrs. Gilbert Senn, took it upon herself to weep once more.

And just then the carriages drove up again through the blinding storm.

Gilbert Senn gravely assisted his bride to a place in one of the carriages. Hastening a moment before taking his place beside her, Miss Bannotte pushed herself by him into the carriage, and the newly made husband found himself shut in with two women as the driver turned his horses with the whip and drove rapidly away.

Donald Barron and the detective followed in the other carriage, while Rev. John Kane faced the storm on foot.

The first carriage covered the distance between the church and Donald Barron's residence in much less time than the other did. Miss Bannotte went first, out almost before the carriage had stopped, and running up a step, she entered the house without a word.

Gilbert Senn helped his wife from the carriage. He walked up the steps with her.

"Go in," he said, sternly, "and try to be happy. So far as you and your home are concerned, your life is to be as though I had never been. While you live here I shall simply be the man outside!"

"I do not understand—" she began.

He made a gesture of impatience.

"Don't," he said; "let us not waste words. I hope I may never look upon your face or hear your voice again."

"Thank you," she murmured, holding out her hand.

He affected not to see it. He opened the outside door. He pushed her gently into the hall. He drew the door shut and ran down the steps to meet Barron and Prier, who were just alighting from their carriage.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "I am ready to get the money."

The three men went together, buffeted by the wind, stung by the sleet and cold, and thoroughly powdered with snow. They passed in a gate, at no great distance from the house, no leading to the grounds of Barron's residence. They walked back, away from the street, away from and out of sight of the house, until Senn stopped in the midst of a small clump of trees.

"There," he cried, pointing toward a place where it was evident, despite the already deep snow, that the ground had recently been disturbed, "there is where I buried the stuff at first."

"Rather a cool proceeding, to bury a man's money on his own premises, wasn't it?" asked the detective.

"Perhaps so," said Senn, with a rather unsatisfactory attempt at a laugh; "but I dare say I impressed you as being rather given to cool proceedings, haven't I?"

"Yes, you have," replied Prier.

Senn then retraced his steps. He led his two companions back toward the street, back into plain view of the house, and back to the gate. He stepped down near the gatepost, turned a stone from the place where it had lain, and took the tin box from its place beneath the stone.

"Any one might have found that there," said Prier.

"Exactly," and consequently no one would look there," retorted Senn.

Mr. Barron took the box. The three men went together to the bank. Senn took his key to the outside door, and he handed it to Mr. Barron.

"Please keep it until tomorrow," he said; "keep it until I may see your partner."

Mr. Barron opened the door with Senn's key. They all went in.

"Please count the money and see that it is all right," requested Senn.

Mr. Barron opened the tin box. Several minutes of silence ensued. After that:

"It is all correct," he said.

"And now," said Senn, "will you carefully lock it up in your safe, first changing the combination by which it can be opened, and not letting any one except your daughter know how to get in until tomorrow?"

Mr. Barron attended to the safe while Senn and Prier smoked, the former thoughtfully and meditatively, the latter watchfully and doubtfully.

"I am done," said Mr. Barron, at last, closing the door of his safe with a clang, and I suppose there is nothing more to be said on this cause."

"Nothing, I think," said Senn, rising and going over to the window. "The storm is almost over. It will be a better day tomorrow."

"A better day—a better day," said Prier to himself, the grim smile in his place upon his face again, and his hand busy with the mysterious parcel which had claimed so much of his attention since we have had the honor of his acquaintance. "We shall see what sort of a day it will be: we shall see. I'll be—"

And he ceased musing, and gave himself up to his thoughts again.

"A better day!" moaned Donald Barron; "a better day!" God grant I may never know the misery of a worse one!

He moved across the room, stood close by the side of Gilbert Senn, and laid his hand upon the young man's shoulder. "You've done a mean and cowardly and treacherous thing," he said, "as well as a desperately wicked one. I was your friend, Gilbert Senn, when you needed a friend, and when besides myself you had only one other in all the world. My daughter was the promised wife of that other friend, and you were the most trusted man in my employ; that was only two days ago. What now? You rob me of my Robbery. I was right to me. No one knew that better than you did, and no one knew better than you how hard a bargain it was wise to try to drive. You boasted of your crime. You demanded a terrible price for restitution, a price which was paid only against my earnest protest, and—"

"I kept my word, did I not?" demanded Senn, raising his head, and turning until he could look Mr. Barron in the eyes.

"None."

"No?"

"No. You see I have not found it possible to believe in all that your clergyman accept."

"No?"

"No. I believe fully in one thing, though."

"And that is—"

The detective turned sharply toward the waiting group. He tossed his cigar away with a sudden movement.

"Eternal punishment," said Elsie's friend, Miss Lurline Bannotte, the long time friend and companion of the newly wedded Mrs. Gilbert Senn, took it upon herself to weep once more.

And just then the carriages drove up again through the blinding storm.

Gilbert Senn gravely assisted his bride to a place in one of the carriages. Hastening a moment before taking his place beside her, Miss Bannotte pushed herself by him into the carriage, and the newly made husband found himself shut in with two women as the driver turned his horses with the whip and drove rapidly away.

Donald Barron and the detective followed in the other carriage, while Rev. John Kane faced the storm on foot.

The first carriage covered the distance between the church and Donald Barron's residence in much less time than the other did. Miss Bannotte went first, out almost before the carriage had stopped, and running up a step, she entered the house without a word.

Gilbert Senn helped his wife from the carriage. He walked up the steps with her.

"Go in," he said, sternly, "and try to be happy. So far as you and your home are concerned, your life is to be as though I had never been. While you live here I shall simply be the man outside!"

"I do not understand—" she began.

He made a gesture of impatience.

"Don't," he said; "let us not waste words. I hope I may never look upon your face or hear your voice again."

"Thank you," she murmured, holding out her hand.

He affected not to see it. He opened the outside door. He pushed her gently into the hall. He drew the door shut and ran down the steps to meet Barron and Prier, who were just alighting from their carriage.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "I am ready to get the money."

The three men went together, buffeted by the wind, stung by the sleet and cold, and thoroughly powdered with snow. They passed in a gate, at no great distance from the house, no leading to the grounds of Barron's residence. They walked back, away from the street, away from and out of sight of the house, until Senn stopped in the midst of a small clump of trees.

"There," he cried, pointing toward a place where it was evident, despite the already deep snow, that the ground had recently been disturbed, "there is where I buried the stuff at first."

"Rather a cool proceeding, to bury a man's money on his own premises, wasn't it?" asked the detective.

"Perhaps so," said Senn, with a rather unsatisfactory attempt at a laugh; "but I dare say I impressed you as being rather given to cool proceedings, haven't I?"

"Yes, you have," replied Prier.

Senn then retraced his steps. He led his two companions back toward the street, back into plain view of the house, and back to the gate. He stepped down near the gatepost, turned a stone from the place where it had lain, and took the tin box from its place beneath the stone.

"Any one might have found that there," said Prier.

"Exactly," and consequently no one would look there," retorted Senn.

Mr. Barron took the box. The three men went together to the bank. Senn took his key to the outside door, and he handed it to Mr. Barron.

"Please keep it until tomorrow," he said; "keep it until I may see your partner."

Mr. Barron opened the door with Senn's key. They all went in.

"Please count the money and see that it is all right," requested Senn.

Mr. Barron opened the tin box. Several minutes of silence ensued. After that:

"It is all correct," he said.

"And now," said Senn, "will you carefully lock it up in your safe, first changing the combination by which it can be opened, and not letting any one except your daughter know how to get in until tomorrow?"

Mr. Barron attended to the safe while Senn and Prier smoked, the former thoughtfully and meditatively, the latter watchfully and doubtfully.

"I am done," said Mr. Barron, at last, closing the door of his safe with a clang, and I suppose there is nothing more to be said on this cause."

"Nothing, I think," said Senn, rising and going over to the window. "The storm is almost over. It will be a better day tomorrow."

"A better day—a better day," said Prier to himself, the grim smile in his place upon his face again, and his hand busy with the mysterious parcel which had claimed so much of his attention since we have had the honor of his acquaintance. "We shall see what sort of a day it will be: we shall see. I'll be—"

And he ceased musing, and gave himself up to his thoughts again.

"A better day!" moaned Donald Barron; "a better day!" God grant I may never know the misery of a worse one!

He moved across the room, stood close by the side of Gilbert Senn, and laid his hand upon the young man's shoulder. "You've done a mean and cowardly and treacherous thing," he said, "as well as a desperately wicked one. I was your friend, Gilbert Senn, when you needed a friend, and when besides myself you had only one other in all the world. My daughter was the promised wife of that other friend, and you were the most trusted man in my employ; that was only two days ago. What now? You rob me of my Robbery. I was right to me. No one knew that better than you did, and no one knew better than you how hard a bargain it was wise to try to drive. You boasted of your crime. You demanded a terrible price for restitution, a price which was paid only against my earnest protest, and—"

"I kept my word, did I not?" demanded Senn, raising his head, and turning until he could look Mr. Barron in the eyes.

"None."

"No?"

"No. You see I have not found it possible to believe in all that your clergyman accept."

"No?"

"No. I believe fully in one thing, though."

"And that is—"

The detective turned sharply toward the waiting group. He tossed his cigar away with a sudden movement.

"Eternal punishment," said Elsie's friend, Miss Lurline Bannotte, the long time friend and companion of the newly wedded Mrs. Gilbert Senn, took it upon herself to weep once more.

And just then the carriages drove up again through the blinding storm.

Gilbert Senn gravely assisted his bride to a place in one of the carriages. Hastening a moment before taking his place beside her, Miss Bannotte pushed herself by him into the carriage, and the newly made husband found himself shut in with two women as the driver turned his horses with the whip and drove rapidly away.

Donald Barron and the detective followed in the other carriage, while Rev. John Kane faced the storm on foot.

The first carriage covered the distance between the church and Donald Barron's residence in much less time than the other did. Miss Bannotte went first, out almost before the carriage had stopped, and running up a step, she entered the house without a word.

Gilbert Senn helped his wife from the carriage. He walked up the steps with her.

"Go in," he said, sternly, "and try to be happy. So far as you and your home are concerned, your life is to be as though I had never been. While you live here I shall simply be the man outside!"

"I do not understand—" she began.

He made a gesture of impatience.

"Don't," he said; "let us not waste words. I hope I may never look upon your face or hear your voice again."

"Thank you," she murmured, holding out her hand.

He affected not to see it. He opened the outside door. He pushed her gently into the hall. He drew the door shut and ran down the steps to meet Barron and Prier, who were just alighting from their carriage.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "I am ready to get the money."

The three men went together, buffeted by the wind, stung by the sleet and cold, and thoroughly powdered with snow. They passed in a gate, at no great distance from the house, no leading to the grounds of Barron's residence. They walked back, away from the street, away from and out of sight of the house, until Senn stopped in the midst of a small clump of trees.

"There," he cried, pointing toward a place where it was evident, despite the already deep snow, that the ground had recently been disturbed, "there is where I buried the stuff at first."

"Rather a cool proceeding, to bury a man's money on his own premises, wasn't it?" asked the detective.

"Perhaps so," said Senn, with a rather unsatisfactory attempt at a laugh; "but I dare say I impressed you as being rather given to cool proceedings, haven't I?"

"Yes, you have," replied Prier.

Senn then retraced his steps. He led his two companions back toward the street, back into plain view of the house, and back to the gate. He stepped down near the gatepost, turned a stone from the place where it had lain, and took the tin box from its place beneath the stone.

"Any one might have found that there," said Prier.

"Exactly," and consequently no one would look there," retorted Senn.

Mr. Barron took the box. The three men went together to the bank. Senn took his key to the outside door, and he handed it to Mr. Barron.

"Please keep it until tomorrow," he said; "keep it until I may see your partner."

Mr. Barron opened the door with Senn's key. They all went in.

"Please count the money and see that it is all right," requested Senn.

Mr. Barron opened the tin box. Several minutes of silence ensued. After that:

"It is all correct," he said.

"And now," said Senn, "will you carefully lock it up in your safe, first changing the combination by which it can be opened, and not letting any one except your daughter know how to get in until tomorrow?"

Mr. Barron attended to the safe while Senn and Prier smoked, the former thoughtfully and meditatively, the latter watchfully and doubtfully.

"I am done," said Mr. Barron, at last, closing the door of his safe with a clang, and I suppose there is nothing more to be said on this cause."

"Nothing, I think," said Senn, rising and going over to the window. "The storm is almost over. It will be a better day tomorrow."

"A better day—a better day," said Prier to himself, the grim smile in his place upon his face again, and his hand busy with the mysterious parcel which had claimed so much of his attention since we have had the honor of his acquaintance. "We shall see what sort of a day it will be: we shall see. I'll be—"

And he ceased musing, and gave himself up to his thoughts again.

"A better day!" moaned Donald Barron; "a better day!" God grant I may never know the misery of a worse one!

He moved across the room, stood close by the side of Gilbert Senn, and laid his hand upon the young man's shoulder. "You've done a mean and cowardly and treacherous thing," he said, "as well as a desperately wicked one. I was your friend, Gilbert Senn, when you needed a friend, and when besides myself you had only one other in all the world. My daughter was the promised wife of that other friend, and you were the most trusted man in my employ; that was only two days ago. What now? You rob me of my Robbery. I was right to me. No one knew that better than you did, and no one knew better than you how hard a bargain it was wise to try to drive. You boasted of your crime. You demanded a terrible price for restitution, a price which was paid only against my earnest protest, and—"

"I kept my word, did I not?" demanded Senn, raising his head, and turning until he could look Mr. Barron in the eyes.

"None."

"No?"

"No. You see I have not found it possible to believe in all that your clergyman accept."

"No?"

"No. I believe fully in one thing, though."

"And that is—"

The detective turned sharply toward the waiting group. He tossed his cigar away with a sudden movement.

"Eternal punishment," said Elsie's friend, Miss Lurline Bannotte, the long time friend and companion of the newly wedded Mrs. Gilbert Senn, took it upon herself to weep once more.

And just then the carriages drove up again through the blinding storm.

Gilbert Senn gravely assisted his bride to a place in one of the carriages. Hastening a moment before taking his place beside her, Miss Bannotte pushed herself by him into the carriage, and the newly made husband found himself shut in with two women as the driver turned his horses with the whip and drove rapidly away.

Donald Barron and the detective followed in the other carriage, while Rev. John Kane faced the storm on foot.

The first carriage covered the distance between the church and Donald Barron's residence in much less time than the other did. Miss Bannotte went first, out almost before the carriage had stopped, and running up a step, she entered the house without a word.

Gilbert Senn helped his wife from the carriage. He walked up the steps with her.

"Go in," he said, sternly, "and try to be happy. So far as you and your home are concerned, your life is to be as though I had never been. While you live here I shall simply be the man outside!"

"I do not understand—" she began.

He made a gesture of impatience.

"Don't," he said; "let us not waste words. I hope I may never look upon your face or hear your voice again."

"Thank you," she murmured, holding out her hand.

He affected not to see it. He opened the outside door. He pushed her gently into the hall. He drew the door shut and ran down the steps to meet Barron and Prier, who were just alighting from their carriage.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "I am ready to get the money."

The three men went together, buffeted by the wind, stung by the sleet and cold, and thoroughly powdered with snow. They passed in a gate, at no great distance from the house, no leading to the grounds of Barron's residence. They walked back, away from the street, away from and out of sight of the house, until Senn stopped in the midst of a small clump of trees.

"There," he cried, pointing toward a place where it was evident, despite the already deep snow, that the ground had recently been disturbed, "there is where I buried the stuff at first."

"Rather a cool proceeding, to bury a man's money on his own premises, wasn't it?" asked the detective.

"Perhaps so," said Senn, with a rather unsatisfactory attempt at a laugh; "but I dare say I impressed you as being rather given to cool proceedings, haven't I?"

"Yes, you have," replied Prier.

Senn then retraced his steps. He led his two companions back toward the street, back into plain view of the house, and back to the gate. He stepped down near the gatepost, turned a stone from the place where it had lain, and took the tin box from its place beneath the stone.

"Any one might have found that there," said Prier.

"Exactly," and consequently no one would look there," retorted Senn.

Mr. Barron took the box. The three men went together to the bank. Senn took his key to the outside door, and he handed it to Mr. Barron.

"Please keep it until tomorrow," he said; "keep it until I may see your partner."

Mr. Barron opened the door with Senn's key. They all went in.

"Please count the money and see that it is all right," requested Senn.

Mr. Barron opened the tin box. Several minutes of silence ensued. After that:

"It is all correct," he said.

"And now," said Senn, "will you carefully lock it up in your safe, first changing the combination by which it can be opened, and not letting any one except your daughter know how to get in until tomorrow?"

Mr. Barron attended to the safe while Senn and Prier smoked, the former thoughtfully and meditatively, the latter watchfully and doubtfully.

"I am done," said Mr. Barr