

Tucholsky Wagner Zola Scott
Turgenev Wallace Fonatne Sydon Freud Schlegel
Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen
Weber Freiligrath Frey
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach
Feuerbach Maximilian I. von Habsburg Fock Ewald Vergil
Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London
Mendelssohn Balzac Shakespeare Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer
Trackl Stevenson Lichtenberg Doyle Gjellerup
Mommsen Thoma Tolstoi Lenz Hambruch Droste-Hülshoff
Dach Thoma von Arnim Hägele Hanrieder Hauptmann Humboldt
Karrillon Reuter Verne Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier
Garschin Defoe Hebbel Hegel Kussmaul Herder
Damaschke Descartes Schopenhauer Bebel Proust
Wolfram von Eschenbach Darwin Dickens Grimm Jerome Rilke George
Bronner Campe Horváth Aristoteles Voltaire Federer Herodot
Bismarck Vigny Gengenbach Barlach Heine Grillparzer Georgy
Storm Casanova Lessing Langbein Gilm Gryphius
Chamberlain Schiller Lafontaine Iffland Sokrates
Brentano Strachwitz Claudius Schilling Kralik Schelling Gibbon Tschchow
Katharina II. von Rußland Bellamy Gerstäcker Raabe Gleim Vulpius
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Morgenstern Goedicke
Luther Heym Hofmannsthal Klee Hölty Kleist
Roth Heyse Klopstock Puschkin Homer Mörike Musil
Luxemburg La Roche Horaz Kraus
Machiavelli Kierkegaard Kraft Kraus Moltke
Navarra Aurel Musset Lamprecht Kind Kirchhoff Hugo
Nestroy Marie de France Laotse Ipsen Liebknecht
Nietzsche Nansen Lassalle Gorki Klett Leibniz Ringelntz
Marx vom Stein Lawrence Irving
von Ossietzky May Michelangelo Knigge Kock Kafka
Petalozzi Platon Pückler Liebermann Korolenko
Sachs Poe de Sade Praetorius Mistral Zetkin



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The Mystery of Monastery Farm

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Imprint

This book is part of the TREDITION CLASSICS series.

Author: H. R. Naylor

Cover design: toepferschumann, Berlin (Germany)

Publisher: tredition GmbH, Hamburg (Germany)

ISBN: 978-3-8495-0634-6

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CHAPTER I

A GREAT BANK ROBBERY

On the eleventh day of April, 18—, the officers of the Bank of England were greatly excited on receiving notice of a special meeting called for that night at ten o'clock, an unusual hour, and indicating, surely, something of great importance. Promptly at the hour appointed fifteen directors occupied their usual places in the council chamber. There were also present two paying tellers, which was not usual. Besides these two bank clerks was observed Major Andrews, the well-known chief of the Bow Street detective service, and by his side sat two of his assistants. As yet, there were only five persons present who knew the cause of this meeting—the president, cashier, and the chief and his assistants.

No time was permitted to waste. The president of the bank in a few nervous words asked the cashier to state the object of the call. Mr. Bone at once stated that there were strong indications that a robbery of the bank had been perpetrated; that a large amount of currency had been abstracted from the paying teller's room. Hence this sudden call for consultation; this, also, accounted for the unusual presence of Chief Andrews and his colleagues. He then called on Mr. Roe, the senior paying teller, to make a statement of what he knew of the matter.

Mr. Roe arose, and told that at nine o'clock that morning in his preparations for business he had brought from the vault a quantity of currency and placed it with other moneys on a side table conveniently situate for ready use. And that when, about two o'clock, he had occasion for its use, it was gone. Everything possible had been done to gain a clue, but there was not the slightest thing upon which to hang the faintest suspicion.

Major Andrews, stepping in front of the table, then requested permission to ask Mr. Roe a few questions simply for information. This permission was at once granted.

"Mr. Roe," asked the chief, "what was the general appearance of this money? Was it loose or in a package?"

"It was a neat package," replied Mr. Roe, "wrapped in brown paper, with its character and value marked distinctly on the wrapper."

"You say," said the chief, "character and value distinctly marked on the wrapper.' Please to explain what you mean by these terms."

"I mean," replied the teller, "by 'character' that there were one hundred and fifty one-thousand-pound notes, and by 'value' the value of the package—one hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

"Mr. Roe," continued the major, "is it the custom of your department to have so large an amount of currency upon your side table?"

"No, sir," replied the teller, "but I had been notified that a large draft would be presented today, and this package came nearest to the amount spoken of; consequently, I selected and brought it to my table out of the vault to be in readiness to pay the draft when presented."

"You say you had been notified that a large draft would be presented. May I ask who notified you?"

"The cashier told me this morning when we were getting ready to open," was the prompt reply.

"Mr. Roe, when did you last see this money?"

"This morning about a quarter after nine, when it was placed upon my table; I counted the notes."

"Mr. Roe, do you feel free to tell the Board the name of the party who was expected to draw on you for this large amount?"

The teller's head dropped somewhat, and after a slight hesitation he replied: "Major, I cannot do this in accordance with the rules of the bank."

"Ah! that is all right, Mr. Roe; I forgot your rules. We can get at this in some other way. Mr. Roe, will you tell us if you did cash the large draft today which you say the cashier had indicated?"

"Yes, sir. I cashed a draft for one hundred and thirty-eight thousand pounds."

"Mr. Roe, was anyone in your room during banking hours?"

"Yes, the president and cashier both visited my room; it is their custom and, I believe, duty to do so each day."

"When did you first miss the package?"

"When the large draft was presented about two o'clock."

"What did you do then?"

"I spoke through the 'phone to Mr. Bone, asking him to come in."

"Does not the porter come to your room occasionally?"

"He never comes into the room after nine o'clock."

"Cannot other clerks enter?"

"Not without permission. The door fastens with a spring lock."

"How about your lunch?"

"Our lunch is handed us at half-past twelve through the door which we open."

"Now, Mr. Roe, with your knowledge of the case, what is your conviction concerning this lost package of money?"

"Major, I am compelled to say that I have not the faintest suspicion as to how it was taken."

Moving suddenly around, the major looked at the cashier and said:

"Mr.

Bone, what was your business in the teller's room this morning?"

"It is one of my duties, morning and evening, to tally the cash taken from the vault and returned in the evening."

"How long were you there this morning?"

"Perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes."

"When were you there the next time?"

"About half-past two, when Mr. Roe 'phoned me to come to his room, and I again opened the vault, that the teller might get some money to cash the large draft of one hundred and thirty-eight thousand pounds."

Much discussion followed this informal catechising, but the only thing evident was that the package was lost. How it had disappeared, or where it was, none could so much as guess. Here were twenty men—thorough business men—several of whom had had large and successful banking experience, among them a cashier than whom there was no brighter financier in the great city of London, and the chief of a peerless detective force, with two of his shrewdest colleagues. All were nonplussed, annoyed, humiliated, returning to their homes and leaving the great building in charge of half a score of sturdy watchmen, safer, it would seem, in the night than in the day.

Next day several city newspapers had the following:

"REWARD

"A reward of TEN THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid for the arrest of the party or parties who abstracted a valuable package of Bank of England notes April 11, 18—, from said bank. This currency can be of no value to the thieves, as the bank holds a list of the numbers, and their circulation has been ordered stopped. The receiver of any of these notes will be liable to arrest."

Nearly every important newspaper in the kingdom copied this item. Besides this, a list of the numbers of the lost notes was sent to every banking institution in England and America.

CHAPTER II

MONASTERY FARM

Billy Sparrow stood leaning against the gate post, looking down upon the river three hundred yards away. He and his two helpers had been cultivating corn and tobacco through a long June day; and now the sun was going down, and he was making his plans for tomorrow's work. Billy had just closed his fourth year as master of Monastery Farm. Billy was an Englishman from Durham County, having attended school in Barnard's Castle three years, with an additional two and a half years spent at the agricultural college in Darlington. He then married the girl of his choice and for four years superintended his father's farm; then, with their one child, three years old, set sail for America to seek his fortune, and four weeks later landed in New York.

Billy had letters of recommendation from the Wesleyan minister, Dr. Walsh, his father's physician, and old Squire Horner. But in vain did Billy present these credentials as he tramped the streets—nobody seemed to need his services in a city containing millions of people. Billy's capital was getting low and he was becoming discouraged. From one of those profitless tramps he was returning one evening when he observed the word "parsonage" on a door plate. He had always had a friend in a preacher in his native town; why not make the acquaintance of this one? Perhaps he might tell him of some sort of employment. Without stopping to think further he pulled the bell. In a moment or two he found himself in the presence of a young man, one but little older than himself, and the stranger was invited inside, feeling very much at home with the preacher.

After quite a lengthy conversation the preacher remarked: "You are a farmer; New York is no place for you. I would advise you to go out into the country; and, by the way, I believe I saw, a day or two since, an advertisement for a man to take charge of a farm."

After some search on the part of the minister the paper containing the announcement was found. Billy, having eagerly read the advertisement, thanked the minister, pushed the paper into his pocket, and speedily left the house. He returned to the humble apartment that he had secured, and as the little family partook of their frugal evening meal, his wife Nancy, addressing her husband, said: "I think we had better get out of this expensive city, somewhere into the country, where it is cheaper living, and where you may find something to do more to your liking."

"Well, Nancy," replied Billy, "this is the second time today that this advice has been given me, for," he added, pulling the newspaper from his pocket, "a minister gave me a paper in which there is an advertisement for a farmer, and advised me to look into it. Here it is," and he read as follows:

"WANTED—A FARMER. Wanted, competent man, not afraid of work, to take charge of a farm of two hundred acres in — — County, New York. A good house to live in, and good wages to the right man. References required. Apply by mail or in person to J. M. Quintin, Centerville Landing, — — County, New York."

"Why," exclaimed Nancy, "I believe that is providential."

After pondering the subject awhile Billy wrote to Mr. Quintin, enclosing his credentials, and mailed the letter immediately.

In less than a week he received the following reply:

"William Sparrow, Esq., New York.

"I have just received your application for the position on Monastery Farm in answer to my advertisement. In replying I want to be candid with you. In a word, unless you are an expert farmer your application cannot be considered. If, therefore, you have any doubts about being able to meet the requirements, there is no need for further correspondence. This is a first-class farm and must be worked by first-class methods. The opening is an especially good one for the right man. Perhaps you had better come up and see the place, and give us a chance to see you. Come by boat to Centerville Landing. Let me know the time of your arrival, should you decide to come, and someone will meet you.

"J.W. QUINTIN, Trustee."

Billy read this letter with somewhat mixed feelings. There was no mistaking its meaning. This man spoke out. Its very brusqueness disconcerted the unsophisticated young man. His experience was quite limited. He had managed his father's one-hundred-acre farm several years, and it had paid very well. But he had always had his father's advice; of which he would be deprived in this his greater work. He read the letter to Nancy, and she was similarly impressed.

Finally Billy remarked: "I will find the preacher and ask his advice," and without further words he started to Washington Square, where his newly-found friend lived.

He was ushered into the library. He had never seen so many books before in one place. While he was glancing around in his surprise, the preacher entered. "Good evening, Mr. Sparrow," he said. "How are you? Have you found any employment yet?"

Billy handed him the letter which had brought him there, saying: "I received this letter today, and, if you please, I should like to have your advice about it."

The preacher opened the letter, and as he did so gave a little start. Then he smiled as he glanced down at the signature. He finished reading with a decidedly happy expression on his face, and Billy asked: "Can you tell me about this place, and of the man?"

"O, yes," was the ready reply, "I know both the place and the man; the fact is, that is my county, and Quintin is my friend. I never had a better friend than Jerry Quintin. I always spend my vacation there. I lived there from the time I was ten years old until I was twenty-three, and always go there in summertime for a few weeks' rest—occupying my old room, eating with the boys, and roaming in the woods; I know every tree and bypath; yes, and many a swim have I had in the old river. Jerry Quintin," he continued, "as we used to call him. Why, I've known him since I was a child. Do you want to hear about him? Well, when he was a youth, not quite out of his teens, Mr. Thorndyke gave the land on which the Monastery stands, Quintin was made chairman of the board of trustees, and treasurer also. He has handled every dollar of the funds, superintended the erection of all the buildings, the laying off of the Monastery Park, and

had charge of the farm; and through all the years no auditing committee had ever found an inaccuracy in his accounts. Foresight, sagacity, rectitude are synonymous terms with the name of Quintin. True as gold is Jerry Quintin. He always means what he says, and says just what he means. Let me assure you, there is no truer man in the Empire State than this same Quintin."

A few days later Sparrow found himself set ashore at Centerville Landing at an early hour in the morning. The first thing he saw was a plainly dressed man sitting in a buckboard who, as Sparrow approached, accosted him with the words: "Mr. Sparrow, good morning. Glad to see you. Expected to see an older man. Get in, we will go round and get some breakfast and afterward go out to the farm."

After breakfast they drove along the river road, behind an excellent team of bay horses, for a distance of about two miles, and drew up in front of a large brick house.

"This is our farm, Mr. Sparrow. We will drive on to the farm and come back to the house later."

Everything indicated thrift and prosperity. There was a great barn and stables, a capacious warehouse, out-buildings of all sorts, corn houses, hayricks, and a building for wheat, while nearby was a shed full of modern agricultural machinery. They walked through the stables; five fine horses occupied the stalls, while close at hand were not fewer than a dozen Jersey cows.

Mr. Quintin was busy describing everything—and he knew all about everything: buildings, their uses and cost; the horses, as he stroked the nose of each—breed, age, peculiarities. Each cow and heifer he knew by name and age. The machinery—he was familiar with its make and use as well as its cost. If his eyes had been bandaged, apparently he could have described everything on Monastery Farm.

They next drove back to the farmhouse. It was a substantial brick building, containing twelve spacious rooms, furnished with plain, rather old-fashioned furniture, and set back from the river road about three hundred yards; it was surrounded by a well-kept lawn, and in all respects, the place was inviting and homelike.

"Mr. Sparrow," said Quintin, "this farm contains two hundred and two acres of arable land, good land, no better, in fact, in the country. Besides, we have twenty acres of wooded land and a tenant house. This machinery is the best that we could find. We have two men—Giles and Ephraim; they are the best hands we know of, for Mr. Rixey trained them from their boyhood; there are no better. Mr. Rixey was our farmer twenty-six years. He died last November. Let us now have a look at the Monastery."

Half a mile away they came to it, a large five-story brick building in the midst of native oak trees; a wide driveway led up to the front door, while in front was a sparkling fountain. Another, a smaller building, occupied a site near by, and constituted the president's residence. The whole was inclosed with a tall iron fence.

Years before our story begins this land (three hundred acres) was donated by Richard Thorndyke, a wealthy Episcopalian, for a training school for clergymen, to which gift was added as an endowment fund one hundred thousand dollars on the condition that the church should erect suitable buildings. Thorndyke Theological Seminary was its original name; but, as the students as well as the teachers were all men, the people soon began to call it the Monastery, and in the course of years this became its common title; and the farm became known far and wide as Monastery Farm. This institution had from its inception found peculiar favor with the church as well as with the people, and the buildings were speedily erected. Two men at first were enough to do the teaching, as at the beginning there were only seventeen pupils, several of these students earning their tuition by working upon the farm. But at the time to which this story points one hundred and seventy-two students and nine professors composed the faculty besides the president, and the school was known as Monastery Classical and Theological College.

This inexperienced young Englishman as he saw all this became dismayed. This was too great an undertaking. He depreciated his own ability. This was altogether too big a job. He remembered that Nancy called it providential, but surely she was mistaken. What could he do with all that machinery? True, he had successfully managed his father's one-hundred-acre farm, but this farm was twice as large. There were likewise oxen on the place, and he had

never handled a yoke of oxen. No; he would take the night boat home. Surely something more suitable would turn up.

He almost regretted having seen the advertisement. However, notwithstanding his lack of self-confidence, he presented to Mr. Quintin the letter which the preacher in New York had given him to be delivered to that gentleman.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Quintin as he read, "this is from one of our best boys; you know him, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, Charlie is as true as steel, Charlie is."

"He says better words of you, Mr. Quintin," remarked Billy.

"Indeed! What does he say?"

"He says you are true as gold."

"Well, I doubt whether that is better. That is Charlie's way of showing his appreciation. But steel is better than gold. I don't know of any useful thing made of gold; but what could we do without steel?"

They drove away from the Monastery and stopped in front of the farmhouse. Then Mr. Quintin, in quiet tones, asked: "Well, Mr. Sparrow, what do you think of Monastery Farm? Would you not like to live in that good old house? I am authorized to pay the right man seven hundred dollars a year, besides house rent, garden, milk, etc. What do you think of such a chance?"

"Mr. Quintin," replied the other, slowly, "I am afraid that it is too much of an undertaking. I fear that my experience is too limited. It would perhaps be better for me to look for a lighter job. I am a farmer, Mr. Quintin, and love the work. For four years I have managed my father's small farm, and have succeeded in making some money. But this work needs a man of more experience. Everything is on a larger scale, and I fear I am not experienced enough for so large an undertaking."

Mr. Quintin was an astute reader of men and had formed a favorable opinion of this modest young man. "How old are you?" he asked.

"I am twenty-six years old next month," was the reply.

"I'm afraid you are in danger of making a mistake. You may never have an opportunity like this again. The crops for the season are all in, and the two men on the place understand everything, and during this year you can familiarize yourself with the machinery, cattle, and all other necessary details. My advice to you is to take hold and feel that you are master of the situation as you soon will be."

Quintin, in fact, was so favorably impressed with this young man of twenty-six that Billy was finally persuaded to take charge of Monastery Farm, and in two weeks the new farmer and his young wife and child were comfortably located in the old farmhouse. And time had proven that Quintin had made no mistake in this selection. Each year had enhanced his opinion of the character and ability of Sparrow; the great farm had never been so productive, the cattle had never been more thrifty, and the revenue had never been as large.

Four years had passed, and well might Billy feel quite satisfied as he stood there in his shirt sleeves at the close of a certain day looking out over the farm. While he was thus engaged a young man, tall and slight in appearance and apparently not much more than twenty years of age, approached. He was lithe and seemingly agile; a thin, brown beard covered his face, which was cheery indeed, as was the smile which shone through two big brown eyes. His clothing was well worn, and upon his shoulders or back was something resembling a soldier's knapsack, while in his hand he carried a knoty stick. Halting at the gate, where Sparrow and Nancy and the boy stood, the stranger saluted them with a courteous bow. "Good evening," he said, "may I inquire how far it is to the next village?"

"Not more than two miles," was the answer.

"Is there a tavern in the village?" was next asked.

"O, yes, two of them," was Billy's response.

"I'm looking for work," said the stranger. "Do you think I shall be able to find something to do in the village?"

"What sort of work do you want?" queried Billy with a smile.

"Anything that is honest," was the prompt reply. "What I don't know I can learn. I want to settle down, at least for a while."

"Well, now," replied Billy, "you don't look as if you could do much on a farm. If you could, I might give you a job, at least for a week or two; only farmers or carpenters are needed through this part of the country. Could you plow corn or saw wood?"

"Well," was the response, "I don't think that I could plow corn, but I could saw wood, hoe in the garden, do chores, or feed stock."

As they talked the stranger unbuckled his knapsack, and set it down on the horse block.

"Where are you from?" asked Sparrow in a somewhat abrupt tone.

"I'm from — from — well, from every place, from New York last."

"Where are you headed for?"

"Well, sir, to be honest with you, I suppose you might call me a tramp. I'm hunting for a place to settle down in, as I seem to be without friends, so one place is as good as another for me."

It was now nearly dark, and the kindly heart of Nancy prompted her to ask him if he were hungry, to which he replied that he had eaten nothing since morning. "I had a good breakfast," he added, "at a place called Tipton."

"Why," ejaculated Billy, "Tipton is twenty-two miles away."

The good wife had slipped away, and presently returned, inviting him to enter and have something to eat. As they entered the cozy dining room, turning to Mrs. Sparrow, the young man said: "My name is Edwards — Carl Edwards; I am an Englishman, and have been in this country only six weeks. I am trying to find some employment."

Billy, learning from Nancy that the stranger was a countryman of his, after he had eaten his supper, engaged him in conversation concerning the old country, during the course of which he learned that they were from the same county — he, Billy, from Barnard Castle, and Edwards from the city of Durham, which places were not more than forty miles apart. Of course Billy would not turn his

countryman out to seek a lodging. So he was invited to remain for the night, which invitation the young man gladly accepted.

Next morning the stranger was found at the woodpile, busily engaged in cutting wood for the cook stove. Billy found him thus working as he returned from feeding the stock. It was a sultry morning in June and the perspiration was streaming freely down the young man's face. It was evident that this was harder work than he had been used to.

"You had better go slow for a while, Edwards, until you get toughened to it," remarked Sparrow.

Just then was heard the sound of the bell calling them to breakfast. Strange as it may seem, no more words about work passed between the two men.

Immediately after breakfast the newcomer found a hoe and spent the day in hoeing potatoes and corn in the garden. Cutting wood, bringing water to the house, feeding the poultry, assisting in feeding the horses, mules, and cows, until, before the end of a week, both Billy and Nancy wondered how they possibly got along before he came. An extensive bed of watercress had been discovered on the edge of a stream that ran through the farm and each morning the table was supplied, and a fine bouquet of wild roses and other woodland flowers was found in front of Nancy's plate, while their odor filled the breakfast room.

Another change had come in to this kind and simple-hearted family. Tom—little Tom, now seven years old and the sunbeam of the farm-house—had begged to have his cot put into the room occupied by the stranger. Up to this time Nancy had been compelled to wash and dress the lad; but now he arose when Edwards arose, washed and dressed himself, and went downstairs, remaining by the side of his new friend until called to breakfast, when he would bring in a dozen or more fresh eggs.

So the summer weeks passed by; no word had been spoken about wages. The young man was now known by the familiar name of Carl. He was recognized as the general utility man of the farm. Giles and Ephraim, the two helpers, hired by the year, went twice a month on Saturday evening to Centerville, where Mr. Quintin paid

them their wages. But Carl had so far received nothing, and his clothes became very much worn and their renewal was becoming quite an apparent necessity. One Saturday afternoon Billy invited Carl to go with him to Centerville, and there he was fitted out with a good supply of everything he needed in the way of clothes. So great was the change on his return that at first the keen-eyed little Tom was not able to recognize him, but a moment later exclaimed: "Ah, Carl, I always knew you were a gentleman."

CHAPTER III

THE PROMOTION

Rexford Mills was the manager of all temporal supplies of the Monastery—all food supplies, repairs, fuel, servants, etc. Three times a week his orders for vegetables, flour, corn meal, fowls, butter, eggs, milk, cheese, etc., as well as fruits in season, came to the farm. Hitherto to supply these demands devolved upon Sparrow himself, thus occupying much of his time. But during the seven months of his sojourn here, Carl had gradually and almost unconsciously become interested in the great warehouse and its contents and the triweekly demands of the family at the Monastery. Often the little wagon stood already filled with the order before Billy arrived, and Carl was found in the office crediting the farm with the morning's order on the books. This was a great relief to the farmer, as it allowed him to spend the time with the men upon the farm. So satisfactorily was this work done that Carl had really become the manager of this part of the farm's obligations. Once a month, Mr. Mills and Carl met to compare and adjust accounts, thus greatly assisting Mr. Mills in bringing an accurate report to the board of trustees. Mr. Quintin highly appreciated this accuracy, and spoke of it at every opportunity. Everything in the warehouse as well as upon the farm was in perfect order. This pleasant state of things could not long exist without becoming known in the family of students and faculty, and all soon began to be interested in the young man, the result being that invitations began to arrive for him to attend their entertainments and other functions. He was especially invited to the exercise grounds and games.

A literary and musical entertainment was to be given. It was to be a sort of Thanksgiving festival; the best speakers and singers had been engaged and they had spent much time in rehearsal. The bishop was to preside. The hour had arrived, but alas, where was the organist? No word as to the cause of his absence had been received,

and a substitute must be found. Who, then, could be organist? John Keyes was the only man among them that was acquainted with the numbers; he had rehearsed them. But yesterday he had rushed away to visit his mother, who was ill, expecting to be able to return in time, and Professor Cummings was greatly disturbed because unsuccessful in finding someone to take his place. The president and faculty were approaching. They should now be singing the welcoming "Gloria." Instead, the great organ was silent. But listen! Someone had touched the keys. The audience arose simultaneously and sounded forth the grand old chorus, "Glory to God in the Highest." Few in the audience suspected that John Keyes was not at the organ. No one dreamed that the fingers pressing those keys had not during the last year and a half touched a musical instrument. But the festival went on with artistic smoothness to the finish. None was more surprised than the bishop, who at the close turned to thank the young man; but Carl had slipped away and was not to be seen. During the entire entertainment Tom sat on a stool as if he were petrified. This was the astonishment of his young life.

Next morning the stalwart voices of the students were heard as usual in their early devotions, but there were no notes of the organ accompanying them. Word had been received that Keyes himself was ill, and, strange as it may seem, of all the one hundred and seventy-four students none felt sufficiently proficient to assume his place at the organ.

"Who played the organ last night?" asked the bishop. "Why can he not play?"

"O, he is not a student. He is a young Englishman from the farm, a relative of Sparrow's," replied the professor.

"Well, why don't you secure his services until Keyes returns? I wanted to thank him last night but could not find him. That young man is a musician, whoever he is. I will go over with you and we will see Sparrow."

But they did not find the farmer; instead, they fell in with Carl in the office of the warehouse. Tom stood on a box taking a lesson in penmanship. The copy was, "Honesty is the best policy." The writing lesson was being accompanied by a lesson in honesty. The visi-