

pocket and rolled across the floor straight to Mrs. Dixon's feet. She took it up and placed it on the table.

"There, Mr. Dixon, that is all the confirmation we want of the falsehood he has told—he has been in the village buying these."

"Have you, Arthur?" said her husband.

"No!" replied Arthur proudly.

"Have you been anywhere else, besides to the rectory?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"I don't choose to tell."

"Answer directly, when *I* tell you," said Mrs. Dixon.

"And who are *you* that I should answer *you*?" asked Arthur, looking her straight in the face.

"One to whom you owe everything," said Mrs. Dixon.

A bitter laugh was Arthur's only reply.

"How dare you, sir, mock at your