bject more easily discernible in the darkness

the gold-laced forage cap of an officer. And then, just as he was going to button his cloak, he remembered the pocket book, and turned to take it. But it was gone!



Bootles stood for a moment staring at the where he had laid it down in the put it down just there, beside his flask, and with his gloves! He was certain of it-he could positively swear to it.

What on earth had got the thing? He roused himself from his bewilderment, and turned all his pockets out, ran to the brass-bound revolver case and examined it; back to the table, and tossed everything that was upon it over and over. Made in fact, that pocket book a dispatch were alike missing, and not to be

ing his precious time in ransacking boxes and turning out pockets which he had not touched that day. The colonel must be told at once; so, with a mighty effort, Bootles on about me, sir. I ain't worth it." pulled himself together, and went out with a sinking heart to tell the tale of his own

of others. He never for a moment suspected ung Tom of being the thief, but he did view with the colonei-terrible because of but that he groaned and moaned piteously the pain it gave to both of them-after he had given up his sword and his parole of all came out! How his flask, a handsome silver thing, with crest and monogram emblazoned upon it, had been found as soon as morning light broke over the camp, not brandy for which his master had sent him. then how young Tom was missing, and had tent had accosted him with "Ello, young 'Oup La, and what may you be a-doing of?" Lastly-and worst confirmation of all-how the missing pocket book had been found just

outside the most advanced outposts. Snow was the delinquent-nobody had the proud." ghtest doubt about it, not even Bootles traitor, except the most absolute and posi- salute the commanding officer. "I got name of John Needham!" Lacy was absolutely angry with his best about him, "and I got back 'ome again.

though he tried to make them those of calm reasonableness, "what-er-more pwroof last he tried to turn his head round to look can you want or have? The boy was sent a Bootles. to get your flask filled with bwrandy; he did not get it filled with bwrandy or anything | and sensible voice. else, but it is found instead only a few yards from your own tent. The boy is gone-the -er-dispatch is gone too. Nobody else in the whole camp is missing. It is wreally, Bootles, perfectly absurd to twry to shield the young wrascal any longer. The dispatch-er-could not go by itself-it's ab-

surd-it-er-isn't in wreason." "In reason or out of reason, I don't and won't believe that the boy has sold me," Bootles asserted obstinately. "But he has stolen the dispatch," Lacy

"Oh, nonsense! What on earth should he do with it when he had got it?" "Why, hand it over to Awrabi, of course. Lacy, sharply.

"Oh he has never done that, though some one else may. That is likely enough," answered Bootles carelessly. But Bootles knew very well in his heart that it must have been Tom and no other who had taken the pocket book from off his

table, though he did not for a moment believe that the lad had sold him. The true solution of the mystery was that the boy, by listening outside the colonel's tent, had, according to his idea, gathered the object of the mission with which his master had been charged, and with that could not take it. That young Tom had him.

niles of difficult and dangerous country which lay between the two British campa was an idea which never entered for a mo- a satisfied sigh; "but I'm orful tired." ment into Bootles' calculations.

instructions for a simultaneous attack upon | because he did not dare to look on It was useless to send out a duplicate; for gratitude even by the sacrifice of life,

pass between the two British camps. trials in this respect had been but dismal ful now. failures, and it was as a last resort that the "I knew he hadn't sold me," he said in Scarlet Lancers attempted it now.

To their intense surprise, however answering flashes came back with precision and evident understanding, very different from the confused answers they had received This time there could be no mistakthe distant shore were experiencing the same

"All right!-Got your message,-Will act

"Yes. Quite sure," he answered. "Then that boy carried the message to save Bootles!" Hartog exclaimed,

fellow's character al-| day-evewry time | had a chance. I-er-feel beastly ashamed

and if he is there now?" suggested Hartog to Then the reply came back in a series of

"A boy left camp on return journey with got him sure enough bad ones. Everybody had something pleas-ant to say in favor of the brave little lad,

colonel and asked, with a strange huskiness

hurriedly, brushing his hand across his eyes. | coroner for Middlesex and a sworn jury of "Go yourse f, if you care to do it. I have responsible citizens and rate payers. much pleasure in returning your sword. I When John Needham's dead body was treasury, and with all the influential re- cherish them." am sure I sincerely hope the lad has come found on hampstead heath the reasons for sponsibilities of what seemed to the outer to no harm. 'Pon my soul, he is the hero his suicide were discussed and considered world a great and undimmed future before of the campaign-'pon my soul he is," and sufficient to account for his death. Having, him.

parched and dry, and his sharp, young face "The Commercial Crisis of 1857-8." I shall quite satisfied with himself, contented, hapdrawn and distorted with pain. Bootles was the first to hear his moan, and pages the facts of Mr. Needham's rise and

naster as he tenderly raised his head upon "Water!" he gasped, painfully.

looked wildly round. Couldn't get no further, though I see the

his kind face convulsed with grief and emo-"Is that you, sir?" he said, in a tone gentle relief and satisfaction. "Don't take "Where are you hurt, my boy?" Bootles

asked in a choking voice. "Somewhere about the groin, sir. It's no over with me now. Don't you put yourself out about me, sir, I ain't worth it. "Try and drink a drop of this," said lips. It had brandy in it this time.

then they raised him very gently and lifted him on to the rug. Not so gently, though, vain, politic, a man with an ever-active amwith the pain, and slipped off into delirium | dacity. again, talking wildly all the way back to God speed and a safe return.

to his own senses again for a little time, and bade them send for the colonel that he might give the dispatch into his own hands. "You're not angry, sir?" he said, implorknew the capt'n couldn't go safe where I could, and I thought as 'ow it wouldn't matter so much if aught happened to me, You're not angry with me, are you, sir?" "No, my boy, certainly not," answered

tive proof that such was the case. For once there," he said, looking round at the faces don't any of it matter now," and then he "My dear chap," he said, in tones which | slipped off again and wandered on about the were distinctly tones of remonstrance, heat and the glare of the sunshine, of his

awful thirst, and the pain of his wound. At "Are you there, sir?" he asked, in a clear



"Yes, my boy," answered Bootles, pressknowledge had also gleaned a very correct | ing the lad's head against his cheek, and 'But perhaps," says the historian, 'the tardily. This year it had hastened its visit. idea of the danger which must attend it holding him quite tight against his heart, as most extraordinary circumstance in his The river raced along almost with a summer that he had stolen the dispatch, and was | if he could not bear to let the all-powerful metropolitan career was his appointment to song. There were gillyflowers in the gar-

actually set off from the Scarlet Lancers' The minutes passed slowly away and incamp to carry that paper across the five te se silence reigned throughout the tent. Stock Bank of Ireland was a creation of his suddenly Tom spoke again: "I ain't in no pain now, sir," he said with

"Try and sleep a little," said Bootles. But his opinion was not shared by any one "Yes; I think I'll try. I'm orful tired." else, at least no one else hit upon that idea | Then there was silence again-a silence as a solution of the mystery of Tom's con- longer, deeper, more profound than that duct, and Bootles did not tell any one what | which had been before-broken, indeed, he thought; he only stoutly maintained that | only by the sound of the boy's sharp-drawn he did not believe, and that he never would | treath. Then that, too, grew fainter and | head as manager and sole director. Still believe, short of positive proof to the con- less labored, and Bootles held the slight form yet closer in his arms-held it till the last So that miserable morning dragged its | faint sigh bad fluttered through the whitslow length along. What a long, long day | ened lips-held it, even though he knew per it was! The entire camp seemed paralyzed by fectly well that the brave hero-soul had the loss of that paper, which had contained slipped away-held it closer and closer st the city and the rebel forces on the third brave white face which had been faithf day from the date of sending the dispatch. | even to the very end, and had paid a debt

not only was the cypher probably already It was Lacy who approached him first. in the hands of Arabi, but the vigilance of "You'd better come away now, Bootle the rebels would be greatly increased, and old fellow," he said persuasively. "Yo so render it impossible for a messenger to can't do the poor little chap any good now.

Bootles allowed one of the doctors to unnight were gathering around, an attempt him. Then he stood up and looked down was made to signal to the other camp by upon it as it lay still and silent upon the means of electric lights. Hitherto their bed, the sharp, young face at rest and peace-

"God bless him! he me better than himself;" and then he turne away and strode out into the darkness alone

THE END. Speaking of George Woodbury's "Life Poe," a critic says: And yet a sadder more disheartening story could not well be told. There is hardly a gleam of brightness to relieve the somber shadow of a life that might and ought to have been so full beauty and of worth. Poe was certainly one of the divinely gifted, and yet mora weakness and feebleness of purpose u him a wreck from the start. He was mad daw in it all. The most charitable thing to think of him is that, if not actually insane he always trembled on the verge of insanity and was often irresponsible both for

By JOSEPH HATTON

Author of "The Queen of Bohemia," "The Three Recruits," Etc.



ling or dramatic passages than

Prior to the general election of 1847 John election of 1847.

swer is in my wes'coat pocket. I couldn't pale complexion, closely shaven, had thin case, and slipped a guinea into the hand of get back as well. One o' them Arab devils brown hair, dark-blue eyes, a hesitating otted me. I crawled as far's I could, but manner, and was fond of dress, even to womanishness. His Irish friends called him "the fop." He invariably wore an orchid that Bootles was bending down over him, in his buttonhole, a diamond on the little finger of his left hand, a frill in his shirtfront, and he drove the best horses in town. At home in Ireland he had been unostentatious in his ostentatiousness, if one may be allowed to be paradoxical; for though he dressed better than his neighbors be never pretended that he could very well afford it, and he would associate with the

humblest of them on equal terms. But from the moment John Needham arrived in London he put on, with his parliamentary honors, the air of the man of John Needham, M. P., was a bachelor. wealth. And he was accepted at his own professed valuation. He had the special faculty of impressiveness, the capacity to whatever natural gifts he possessed he had he swallowed the brandy and water, and the art to exhibit them, without appearing to do so. He was essentially a clever man. bition that gave spirit to his natural au-

Although in Ireland he affected not to be camp of the success of his expedition, and rich, it is sbrewdly believed that he had tent alone, lying miserably in his hammock | how the commanting officer of the other amasset a fair share of money; for through tent alone, lying miserably in his hammock with his arm flung across his eyes. Then it him, had patted him on the shoulder and him on the shoulder and him, had patted him on the shoulder and him on the should him on the shoulder and him on the should have a should him on the should him on the should have a should have a should him on the had called him a brave lad, and bade him obtained the agency of several lrish properties, and when the act for the establishment And then, when at last they got him into of the encumbered estate commission came camp and on to an ambulance cot, he came into operation, his knowledge enabled him to make very advantageous purchases. The railway mania was also turned to some count, and it was understood by the party which nominated him for parliament that "I he could well afford to maintain in town a position of dignity and independence. his address at the close of the poll in his

favor, he said : pure Irish as some, believe me my heart is true to the cause, and I promise you I am the colonel, huskily. "You are the bravest There could be no further doubt that Tom | lad in the army. I am proud of you, very | not going across the Channel to the great Saxon city yonder without making your Tom Snow drew himself up as straightly wants known, nor without a big effort to himself, though he stoutly declared his be- as he could against his master's breast, hand down to posterity the fame of our lief in the lad, and maintained that nothing where he had been lying ever since they put dear old borough; and it is also my intensould make him think young Tom was a him down upon the bed, and endeavored to tion to give them cause to remember the And by the powers he did! But when he

entered the modern Babylon, the one terest, the one person whom he represented and meant to represent, was his own interest; the one person, himself. "For such a character as John Needham." says the historian, "the period was peculiarly favorable." It was a time when financial acumen, and a reputation for it, was of especial value. Mr. Needham knew how to advertise himself without appearing to do so. It seemed as if London had been waitrequest among the great financial corporations of the day. The name of John Needham, Esq., M. P., was a name to conjure with. At the head of a new board, banking or railway, it gave a new value to the company's scrip. He pervaded the symosphere

of any institution which he patronized with a sense of security. In all his engagements he was punctuality dinners that were the talk of epicures, not trouble had even postponed indefinitely for the elaborate character of the menu. but for the perfection of the cooking and service and the excellence of the wines. Within a year of his coming to London he was director of two lines running out of London, managing director of the Civic Credit company, director of the Valley Road Iron and Colliery company, chairman of the Steam Shipping corporation, and the financial adviser of many other equally notable undertakings. Not alone did his Irish friends consult him in their affairs, but English "Are you there, sir?" he asked, in a clear lords and bishops and great city financiers invested moneys in any direction that his

> judgment favored. was true enough. The Needham Joint bank at Sligo, which had carried on for many years a very limited, and, as far as s known, a very safe business. When

John Needham first put up for a financier, in which he had now acquired sufficient inthe infatuation which led the National Eng. lish and County board to appoint him as a wax candle to catch glimpses of their chairman, when he had not been known in London hardly a year, and the indorsement of it by the shareholders is almost unaccountable." He was faithful to this great trust, nevertheless; and it is worth the while of some close student human nature to analyze the character John Needham with a view to discover how far his career was influenced by a naturally vicious nature, to what extent an inord nate vanity may have molded it; whather he was the victim of a misdirected

and unfortunate ambition. If he did well by the famous London bank, it also did well by him. It gave him prestige; it indorsed to the full all the favorable reports that hal been circulated in regard to his first-class business qualifications; it gave color to the prediction of jourchancellor of the exchequer, There was however, one great barrier to his politice Not alone his religi his known pledges to the Catholic party, championship of what was then known

But Mr. John Needham w s not the man to allow any trifle of this kind to stand i When a certain parliamentar whip asked him if the distinctly Protesta covernment of the day could count upo his undivided support and service as junior lord of the treasury, Mr. Needham found perfectly easy to transfer his allegiance from the Catholic party and Cardinal Wiseman to the ultra-Protestant premier. To some men life is a mere game, in which every move is open to them, and in which

they neither acknowledge the check of prin

ents will taunt me," he said

with the bribe of office, 'though I question if your constituents will accept even so the death of Mr. Patrick Smith leaves open

did reject Mr. John Needham, emphasizing London are many; Patrick Smith had sat with honor for twenty

to the genuine history of the body found at | was content. He cared nothing for the It was May day in London when he re-

then the kindly colonel shook his favorite however, regard to the fact that no com- But how little that "outer world" knows by the hand, and brushed the other across plete explanation could be arrived at as to of anything and anybody! It thinks it the disposal of the vast sums of money knows, says it knows, and believes it Bootles said "Thank you, sir," and went known to have been in his possession, it was knows. Mr. John Needham could have asout without another word, chiefly because reported both in Ireland and America that tonished that outer world very much in rethere was a lump in his throat which made | the body was not his, "but one procured to | gard to his treasury appointment, if he had | fire. personate him, while he, during the excite- held forth on the subject. Nobody could It was not long before a party was ready ment of the supposed self-murder, effected have dreamed of now great an importance his elevation was in his own estimation. He for the missing boy. Nor was it very long | The newspapers of the time (I have a file | hardly dared confess to himself the truth before they found him-perhaps a mile from of them before me) were full of the tragic of his position; nor did it seem necessary the rebel outposts-lying behind a clump of story, and a deceased journalist has in- since Fortune, in this matter, appeared to your going-I am sure Dr. Ware is right,

cluded the history of the case in a record of smile so benignantly upon him. He was take the liberty of borrowing from his py, and if there were obstacles in the future that threatened his peace, he did not fear fal, supplying from my own note books the them; they were shado ws that his rising solution of the mystery with which the sun would speedily dissipate. At least so famous financier's death has hitherto been he thought, and he calculated his chances with astuteness and experience. A shining pair of chestnut horses champed Young Houp-La vaguely recognized his Needham had been known by his fellow- their silver bits at the arrival platform of townsmen in Ireland as a respectable man. the Great Western station. They were ap-

Nobody suspected him of the great capacity | pointed in the best taste, and on the box of for figures and politics which he eventually the handsome brougham sat two smart serdeveloped. His constituents selected him vants, who were conscious of the importance to oppose the spirit and influence of Lord attached to their service by the attendance of the searchers had brought, and held it to John Russell's famous letter to Lord Dur- of several railway officials, who had been the poor parched lips. It seemed to put new ham. He was elected a member of parlia- ordered to receive the new lord of the life into him, for he lifted his head and ment on these simple lines at the general treasury. Mr. Needham accepted the compliment with an easy and satisfied air. A tall, silent man, John Needham was of tipped the guard who carried his writing

The spring sunshine seemed to follow him with especial favor as his horses flew along the streets to Portland place. It flashed gayly on the silver harness of his faultless steeds; it brought out the golden bars of his coat-of-arms on the door panel of his faultless brougham; and the first breezes of summer wafted about him, as he stepped upon the pavement, the perfume of ten thousand hyacinths from the beds of Regent's park. There was, however, surely one delightful touch missing; the chronicler of this history feels its absence, though possibly the new lord of the treasury did not. No wife nor child welcomed home the victor. The Hon.

CHAPTER II. INTRODUCES THE READER TO "THE LIVING IMAGE' OF JOHN NEEDHAM. So, also, I had nearly written, was Joseph Norbury, of Brambling house, Wyedale, Derbyshire. The mistake would be pardonable, from the point of view I had my mind. Joseph Norbury was a widower without children, and at the moment possibly felt more alone than even John Needham, for he had loved his wife with a good man's devotion. John Needham had

Knowing neither John Needham, nor having any association nor connection with him, not having even seen him, Joseph Norbury was the very image of him, even to the touch of dandyism. Tall, pale, brown hair, dark-blue eyes, a shaven face, not a great talker, but eloquent when roused, Joseph Norbury was physically another John Needham, morally he was his antithesis. If he could have given Needham half of his "My old friends, if my descent is not as goodness, and taken again himself half of Needham's hard nature, they might have become two excellent fellows instead of one excellent fellow; for Norbury had, figuratively speaking, heart enough for a whole parish. He was in the first months of a bitter grief. His had been a love match, and the loss of his young wife was an affliction he rather nursed than tried evade, either by the artifice of travel or in crease of occupation. But on that May day when Mr. Needham returned to London newly-elected member of parliament and an officeholder under the government, Mr. Joseph Norbury had promised to consider the serious advice of his doctor that he should take a sea voyage. Since the death of his wife, Joseph Norbury's only sister, Kate, had taken up her

permanent abode in his house. He was 35 she a dozen years his junior. They had so. It seemed as if London had been wait- been orphaned at an early age, but with ing for him, so quickly were his services in sufficient means to lead a life of independence. They had only been separated when Joseph married, and then Kate had thought it best she should hve with her aunt at Manchester, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Norbury to possess together the dear old rambling house on the Derbyshire Wye, near Matlock. They were only separated, alas, for five years; but now that they had come together again the shadows of the tall white itself. His house in Portland place was a broken column in the little churchyard fel. model of luxurious simplicity. He gave right across their two lives. Joseph' was feared, the long hoped for happ ness Dick Woodville, who had been engaged to Kate for more than a year. He was a Manchester merchant, a bright, cheerful, chairman of a great foreign railway, prosperous young fellow, and he had won his way to the affection of both brother and

Just about the time that Mr. Needham M. P., was entering his town house on that 1st of May previously mentioned, Joseph Norbury, his sister Kate and Mr. Richard Wood ville were engaged in a pleasant afterdinger chat at Brambling house, the old family residence of the Norburys. It was an exceptionally fine and warm day for Wyedale, where spring, as a rule, came now in hiding, with the ignorant idea that | enemy, who was fast stealing upon them, | the very responsible position of chairman of den, rosemary and rue; the thrush was if it were not there to be taken, his master wrest that faithful young life away from the County bank. singing in the copse, and the wild cherry "I knew you would be sorry," said Kate. to retire from the chairmanship of the just as great as if it had done it."

window open, though there was a fire blazing and crackling on the hearth. Kate and Dick sat near each other, Joseph at the very wretched lately, and the other night staving off the inevitable in the same way, and did a very unusual thing-began talkhead of the table. The dessert was laid on he changed the character of this little bank, an old service of Crown Derby, and the table was polished oak, reflecting dishes and fluence for the purpose, into a joint stock fruits in a world of levely tints and positive company, placing his brother Henry at its colors. They were drinking old port wine in the old fashion, Joseph occasionally holding up his glass against the yellow flame wing" that floated like bits of dead gold leaf in the purple liquor. They dined early, and there was no real need for the candles but it was the custom to light them, Joseph thought, as his father before him that wax candles were as essential to the proper enjoyment of port wine as a friend and companion in the cracking of a bottle Kate, like her brother, was fair, but sl had hazel eyes and dark eyebrows, which gave a peculiar beauty to her face, setting off her pearl-white skin, her ruddy lips, and her brown, wavy hair, in waich the su always discovered streaks of red gold. was a refined face, the lips only just fu enough to escape the charge of being thin, and she had a merry laugh. Dick was dark, almost swarthy, with a large, genero mouth, closely knit forehead, strong hands, nanner towards Kate that was in stre noisy self-assertion of himself, when "You are dull, old chap, wake up; I as

sure this wine might rouse any fellow int "One is not always dull because one do not talk," Joseph replied; "indeed, I hav known the time when I talked a great deal I tell you, Dick, I am all right and more than usually happy.' "You are so noisy, Dick," said Kate; "w me of a quiet family -do we not, Joe?"

rots who are such beggars to think." "I dared not say anything like that you; but it reminds me that Kate is always she'll think about it." "About what?" asks the host, evident



"Thank you," said Dick. turned to town triumphant, a lord of the happiest days of your lives. You should

> "But only to end them." "Not at all, Dick; to continue them. She had risen. Dick took her hand. "Nay, don't go, just as we are beginning to talk sensibly," said Dick, laughing. Kate sat down again and looked into the

> "What shall we do when you are gone America?" Dick went on. "I have not gone yet," replied the host. "But you will go now, won't you?" said Kate; 'for though I shall feel it bitterly-"Oh, I suppose I shall go," said the host,

"That is the very reason why you should go, Dr. Ware says," remarked Kate. "Do you want to get rid of me? Ah, no, it is only my fun. Kate. If you were not stupidly fond of me you would advise me not to go. I know all about it. Now you need not look as if you were going to cry.' He got up from the table, went round to her chair, and kissed her. "I do feel moped here, that is a fact; can't rouse myself, can't get rid of the blues for a

minute, not that I really want to do so for valid, to be crawling about; that would never do, would it, Kate?" "Never, dear," said Kate. "I shall come back a regular Yankee, you'll see, if I once cross the Atlantic and nave a goatee beard and a nasal twang, and

turn Republican." Kate laughed, and Joe, drinking another glass of wine, said: "Well, here's to America, the land of the free!" "But why America?" asked Dick. "Oh, because au excuse has arisen to suggest America. Lawyer Wood has had a letter about some property in New York, which, going for years without a rightful owner, is now traced as belonging to the Norburys, of Derbyshire, and as we appear to be the oldest family of that name, Mr. Wood says it must be ours, and that I ought to go and see about it. Dr. Ware, I dare say, has stimulated Wood's desire for me to travel by insisting that I want change, that I must have change, and toat if I don't take a sea voyage I shall become either a drivel-

it if Kate would go, or better, if you-" "I'll go if Kate wilr 'exclaimed Dick. "But War says wh, not take an entire change on my own account, and to go alone would indeed be an out-and-out change, and suppose, as everybody says I ought to do "And I repeat, what is to become of Kate and me when you are gonef There is noth-

ing idiot or peg out. And I wouldn's mind

ing else for it but to get married and go you shall not hurt him; but say he has com "I am not taking nonsense, but good, late in the funds, convict him of some ound common sensa. When Joe has gone I cannot come here, you know. It would never do for me to come down here from Saturday to Monday, as I have done for the past six months, would it?"

"Cer ainly not," sail Kate. "Well, I don't know, why not, if your aunt Dorothy comes to stay with you, there's a dear girl." Kate was slipping away again, to be gently detained as before. "It is not as if I were an ass, and a penniless one, too, is it Joe!" The bost drank another glass of wine, an the first gleam of the sunset came stream

interrupting him, 'these days that end like | its apex on that May day of our previous again as you are now. Ask any man or cent. kind of dream. Ask the poet, the philoso- asked one city man of another. pher. Be content, Dick! Be content, Kate!"

ginning to fire off at me. Now I see where she gets her fanciful pellets." "Do you think I am too stupid to make them for myself, then? Oh, very well, I will go and talk to my pigsons; they never question what I say, or pry into the source | ciated. "Nay, don't go."

"I am going to feed the pigeons," the door and standing with his back to it; free will? He is a swindler, sir, politically "feed Joe and I; we have far more appreciation of your wit than your pigeons

He clasped her waist as they traversed corporations," said the other. little courtyard. She did not resist. They | he had Needham by the throat; "wait and walked in silence for a little while, lingerwatch; you will see his millionaireship in ing by the way. "Why will you be so unkind?" said Dick, "I cannot leave him," she sighed.

"But it will not be leaving him altogether; we shall visit him; he will visit us." "Yes, I know, but it will be leaving bim, and I know he dreads it." "Has he said so?" "Yes, often."

"I knew vou would be reasonable." Dick had come over, as was his wont, to "Yes, dear," he answered, very gently, and he did so, fighting desperately to keep Stock Bank of Ireland was a creation of his spend Sunday and to return to business own. His grandfather had established a on Monday. They sat together, with the into a different opinion with a little a period of five years he had had reason to long time.

he said he had a strange presentiment of hoping for some great stroke of cortune to ling to himself in a loud whisper. some calamity happening to us. Dr. Ware | pull him through. It came, when it was says it is the coming on of melancholia, and | too late. But for the necessity of using his | me say to-morrow. You must put things that he must go away from here-far away, official influence while it was yet green, he straight for your brother, and write some the sea would do him a world of good, but | might have lived to convert the secretarygo be must, and with an ot ject. And right ship to the treasury into a means of Nolan was a confidential friend and upon this opinion comes Lawyer Wood's emancipation; but the ministerial bribe solicitor. news from New York. He won't listen to of office had not come in time for the use he "Are you going mad, John! No, coming the idea of me going with him, and Dr. | meant to make of it; and with the first blush | to your senses, eh? You have been mad Ware has advise! him to go alone. My of his honors thick upon him came disaster, for five years, mad and miserable. Now says; and he declares that if he will go off however, to the last-fought on with a des- if poor men only knew the bliss of at once and see about this Norbury prop perate coolness; fought, forged, lied and honest life they would never desire to erty; the occupation and change will make | held up his head. The drafts of the Need- | rich, If I had my time to come over again! Joe that to complete the cure he should on | writers for the press and requested them not | have awakened in time to turn back, to re his return find cake and cards from Mr. to reter to the report that he was in difficul- form, to follow the other road?" and Mrs. Richard Woodville. Would you ties. He assured them that his embarrass-

to think about it, if Joe asked you?" "Yes, if he was in earnest," she said. "And will you not settle it, if he does not ask you to do so, or say you may?" "I will think about it," she said, slipping away from his embrace to be almost sur-

nodern, with heads well poised on daint ful robes, and all around pigeons flying and fancy it is Kate Norbury, a flock a group of others fluttering round in hou min i's eye contrives, a young Englishm of 25, stalwart as a Britisher dark as Italian, in an old-fashioned dress suit, w nign collar and dangling watch seals.

What a picture of peace and innocen

CHAPTER III. Although from a monstary point of view and profitable halting place is the secre taryship to the treasury! And only think

In military warfare if a man turn traisor he is shot. The field of politics allows a much broader margin for the action of inpost of a lord of the treasury. Had he been the very highest place in the queen's gov-

patriot at the head of English affairs might not bring about disasters as serious as those which would be expected to follow the pperations of an unscrupulous knave. Neverthat John Needham might have successively filled the great offices of state that lead up to the premiership.

A man of conspicuous ability, he could fairly have looked forward to this p honor and of power. The situation is full of temptations to a moralist. The author who worked out the possibilities of creation in the hands of Satan would find plenty material for speculation in the possibilities of an English policy, foreign or otherwis with John Needham at Downing street. It may be that after his first depredations, which would have given him command of reach of financial difficulty, might have de- Byles, senior, and the peculiar and doub veloped a higher phase of character than it is the historian's duty to exhibit with the down to zero. The ax was at the tree. are concerned. John Needham, at the time of his introduction to office under the administration of Lord Aberdeen, was a swinwhich he was placed at a later date might have led even a less desperate man to the

If the new lord of the treasury ever had made his way to the premiership he could have been as rich as the wealthiest of the step on the road to it. The secretaryship of manner of the redestrians, so unusual the treasury would naturally come easily and soon to a man of his abilit /. The patronage and emoluments of this office would have Lean turned to quick and profitable account; and think of the vast wealth that a chancellor of the exchequer, operating of

rectly or indirectly in the city, could realize "with a simule stroke of the pen!" Fortunately for the country, some of Mr. Needham's commercial and financial undertakings began to be seriously troub esom to him just when his political fortunes were most smiling. Indeed he was so pressed for funds, almost immediately after his apfinancially with his official knowledge fore he had properly guarded his outposts from the active enemies which his politica treachery had created. Financial reputation is a sensitive plant

It will shrivel even at a rumor; while the mere suggestion of doubt upon the financial honesty of a member of the governmen would blight the most flourishing career. You may say that a minister is politicall dishonest; you may even charge him wit sacrificing the best interests of humanity for the sake of office; you may go so far as to say that he is in league with the enemi of his country in the furtherance of wicked and murderous foreign policy, and mitted a shady commercial transaction, show that he has used his power to specumoney transaction that is not consiste with his honor as a minister of the crown, and you hurl him from office and blast his

name forever. Fate did not give Mr. Needham time grow into a first-class ministerial fraud; nipped him in the veriest bud. A whisper from the Stock Exchange killed his treasury lordship almost in aday. "An intimation "For my part, I don't see why it cannot to quote the careful words of the journalbe as I suggest. Now don't go, Kate, istic chronicler, 'from the right honorable gentleman who is responsible for the treasury business, backed by the approval of the noble earl who led the cabinet, that majesty would be graciously pleased to di

pense with his further services, resulted Then began his downfall. He had looked up at the other heights in the range of his "Ah, you never help me," said Dick, "and ambition with the confidence of the Alpine umphs. But he had reached the top of his "Believe me, old fellow," said the host, mountain when the spring sunshine gilded this are your happiest days, and Kate's chapter. Henceforth the path was downhappiest. You will never be so happy ward, and far more perilous than the as-

"Is it true that Needham has retired?

"His many other engagements, the al sorbing nature of his private occupations, said the other with a cynical smile. And down went the shares in every company with which he was prominently asso "Why has he resigned?" asked a politician at the club.

"Because they have found him out," answered his enemy, 'as we did in Ireland Does a man of his character, with the ball "No, not yet," answered Dick, going to at his feet, throw up the game of his own and financially." "Strong language," remarked the questioner, "and especially so when applied to a "Indeed," she said, "you are not half as | millionaire; we call pettifoggers by those

names, not chairmen of great banks and

queer street before many days are over."

"Wait," exc.aime1 the enemy, who felt

Multiply these talkers by ten, and calculate the volume of the whispers and rumors and explanations they would create in four and twenty hours. If they had been false they would have seriously affected Mr. Needham's credit. Being true, they crushed him. The city firm with which he had done business began to examine the securities he had placed in their hands; the banks removed the stopper and smelled the deadly required payment of overdrafts, and his liquor. margins in re-pect of current operations in stocks were suddenly closed. He was asked said. "Well, the stir it will make will be English and County Banking corporation, dread and fear. Tempted to meet reverses "Not at present," she said; "he has been in speculation by forgery, he had gone on paced the room, then sat down at his desk companionship recalls the past too much, he financial downfall and exposure. He fougut, you are to have rest and peace. Ah, John, ham Irish bank had been dishonored at a Why couldn't I have had a dream years "I wish I could get Dr. Ware to advise | leading London bank. He went to the city and Mrs. Richard Woodville. Would you ties. He assured them that his embarrass- the arose and looked at himself in a mirconsent to positively fix the day, and cease ments were of a temporary character. The ror, sat down again, began to write, then WOOD!! sinking man did not merely catch at straws. | leaned back in his chair to whisper again to He seemed to be swimming vigorously. His himsel audacity secured him some little aid; but "To triffing assistance was no good to him. The all abed-inight. appealed to a great financial firm (Byles,

upon the security of which they had already considerable advances. "Needban was not mistaken in bis expectations Byles, Grant & Byles would take ins from a genuine deed-and he at

prepare for his last hours-on Friday in t

He knew that Byles, Grant & Byles would have to send a confidential messeuger Dublin for the evidence of his guilt, and that by Monday they would be in a position

to order his arrest. He foresaw the long

train of other frauds which their discovery would bring to light, and he knew there was no chance of compromise. At first he thought of flight; but fligh demanded energy, and he was tired, beaten, out of hope, out of spirits, Flight woul mean pursuit, and pursuit capture; but above all, it meant action, energy, physica move, played unsuccessfully in the privat counting house of Byles, Grant & Byle ing remark of Grant had dropped his hope knew it must fall. In short, he had ha frame of mind he went home, revolving

It was a hot summer day. June was just merging into July. The London season was waning, though to all appearance it was its heydey. St. Paul's was booming the hour of four as his single-horse brougham which he used for city work, pushed its way through the vehicular traffic of Ludgate Hill and Flert street to wards the West end Rothschilds, and he would; for in his ap- The jaded banker and member of parlia ment noted, in a dreamy way, the languis London; but eighty degrees in the shade was a serious tax upon street energy. At Charing Cross he saw two parliamentary colleagues walking leisurely to the house, and in Regent street a cabinet minister returned his nod and inwardly thanked his official stars that Mr. Needham was not quite out of the political running, for the government could not afford to make seri-

ous mistakes of any kind. ing the store asked for speedy means o death, as Romeo had asked of the apothe- CLOVES. ALL SPICE, CINNA. cary in Mantua. But there was nothing picturesque in the banker's approach to the London drug seller; nor did he confide to the modern tradesman the need he had for the mortal drugs. It was a very prosaic request that Mr. Needham preferred-"a large bottle of essential oil of almonds." horses, he presumed. The chemist suggested that arsenic was the only drug he knew of that was given to horses, and then groom says it is for a dressing," said Needham, "but I shall see to that myself; my stud groom is a very clever fellow and is advised by an experienced vet." "It is a deadly poison," said the druggist. "Not number, or \$3.00 a year, in advance. Book-"They are both severe enough," said the shers take subscriptions, which should begin druggist, "but how large a bottle do you with the November number, the first of the customer. The shop keeper conferred with St. Nicholas aims both to satisfy and to de some other person for a few minutes. The velop the taste of its constituency; and its rec customer seeing, as he thought, some hesita- rd for the past twelve years, during which it tion in regard to serving so large a quan- nas always stood as it stands to-day at the head tity, said, "Make it up, and send it to my of periodicals for boys and girls, is a sufficient

house-Mr. Need am, Portland place." The varrant for its excellence during the coming "Send it this evening. I am going to Leighton Buzzard in the morning and want to take it with me." The druggist was "a bit of a sporting man," had ridden to hounds now and then, and had heard of the Needham stud. Hewas, on this account, all the more impressed with his new customer, and said the drug should be sent at once. "Mark it poison." said Mr. Needham. "O'course, sir," said the druggist; "thank , sir." And Mr. Needham drove home. Portland place was tions, as it would be later with dinner parties, and later still with gayer throngs at

place was the headquarters of one of the most showy and interesting of Oriental em-"A messenger, sir," said the butler, shortly after Mr. Needham had entered his study, "with a parcel he must deliver only

was a particularly gay one, and Portland

"It is from the chemists." "Oh, yes; show him in," said Mr. Need- | will be lifelike, vigorous and useful. for the horses. I called to order it, and it | 'Jenny's Boarding-House,' a serial by James it they don't like to deliver it in a general kind of way. Show the young man in." "I was only to deliver it to Mr. Need- his humorous and fanciful stories.

ham," said the messenger. pose there is enough to poison the whole school-story for boys. brought it myself that there might be no ley. With illustrations by Alfred Parsons. "Thank you very much," said Mr. Needham, taking the bottle; and then turning | including Susan Coolidge, H. H. Boyesen, Nora to the butler he remarked, "We will lock it | Perry, T. A. Janvier, Washington Gladden,

Rossiter Johnson, Joaquin Miller, Sophie May, Hezekiah Butterworth, W. O. Stoddard, Har-"In my desk." desk, locked the desk, and returned the keys to their owner. "That is well," said Needham, as th door closed on butler and messenger; begin to feel better already." He unlocked his desk, took out the bottle,

"Enough to poison half the town," he

Presently he rose, closed the window, and "No. John, not to-night-to-morrow-let

e one in a dream: w night, John, when they are

He paced the room again, then sat down, letter with black wax. When he had finwas built into the wall of the roon

away with the rest: "MY DEAR BROTHER-To what a slough of infamy have my steps directed me, at

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