

## THE LAST CHAPTER

ON the remote shores of Pentique Island, far from the false glitter of the Money Market, where his exploits of three years back were already forgotten, untroubled by the thousand whispers of spiteful tongues, Mr Horatio Slygne reclined in a deck-chair.

The clicking fans of a great palm tree moved above his head and wooed the soft breezes of this Eden. Blaber, the butler, was standing by his master's side concocting a cocktail with the same skill which he had, in former and forgotten days, compiled a prospectus.

Mr Slygne, who looked much younger than he had done three years ago, took the long bubbling glass from the salver. Blaber bowed and retired.

How pleasant it was to sit thus on the verandah of the luxurious bungalow, caring no longer about closing prices, recking nothing of bull and bear alike.