

months again. It only wants one thing more ; you know what I mean, Lucy. Once more I'm a beggar. I am begging this time more earnestly than I have ever done yet. You know what I would ask. Will you give me this?' and as he spoke, Jack imprisoned Lucy's little hand within his own.

The girl looked straight out at the moonlight for a minute or two before she answered, and then said,—

'Yes, Jack, if you're quite sure you want it, it's yours.'

Jack's arm stole round her waist, and as his lips met hers, I think he felt that the London season had no further gift to shower on his head.

As for Mr Napper, he escaped better than he deserved to do. Mr Pecker, having ascertained that Tom Robbins was an arrant impostor, and also that Mr Napper was really nothing but an understrapper in the firm he pretended to represent, had not deemed it worth while to expose him to his employers. And as for Tom Robbins, to the end of his days he enjoyed a certain celebrity amongst his fellows as having, in the horse's most up and down days, positively maintained that Damocles would win the Derby. It was two or three years afterwards that the Earl told Skinner, on one of his periodical visits to Knightshayes, the real history of that famous Derby, and how very much Lady Dartree had had finally to say to it.

The sagacious commissioner shook his head as he replied,—

'Ah! my lord, ladies shouldn't be allowed to own race-horses—the Jockey Club ought to see to it. They are too emotional, too impulsive. What a business this Damocles was,—puzzled the cleverest men in the ring; and the grandest *coup* I ever planned was as near as possible bowled over because a young man was overheard to make a rude remark about a young woman, instead of asking her to marry him.'

Anyone that has read the numerous narratives of the Soudan campaign, and studied the maps, must come to the conclusion that the advance from Korti was admir-