

THE CALL OF HONOUR

it—a *thief*! Well, Dan came with me, brave boy that he is. He came with me, and we struggled our way to Canada at once. And from the day I arrived again at Last Mountain I began to prosper in the old place. I struck gold—piles of it. And I worked. Why? Only to return a thousandfold that which I stole that night—that which saved me from greater degradation. And now I die—a rich man! It is all hidden safely in a place that you will be able to find from a cipher that my son will also give you. One quarter is for Dan, one for you, and the rest for Mrs. Hansard. I know I can trust you, Mark. You will take the gold in my name to Falmouth. Perhaps she will forgive me the wrong I did her when she knows that from that terrible night I have done my best to live my life as pure as the day. My son will deliver this to you. He will also deliver the cipher that will tell you where the gold is hidden. You will understand it, and carry out my last wishes by handing the fortune to my benefactress in England.

“Now, dear old Mark, it is ‘Good-bye.’ Our friendship on earth has drifted, but we will meet again, and be the same dear chums once more. Do my last request, and look after my boy for old friendship’s sake.

“Your old chum,

“HAL CONYERS.”