

and at one A.M. *The Off-to-find-Stanley Expedition* was no more. The rest is silence; I have no cue for going on, and so, as I want the rest, I take it.

## L'ENVOI.

Where is STANLEY? where is he? Good title for comic song, "*Mister Stanley, I presume?*" and if nothing else comes of my travels, at least this source of income is open to me. I think I've got a tune; something between "*In my Cottage near a Wood,*" and another,—as yet unsettled. No good trying to find him here. I shall come across him in Paris.

Grand opening for me in Cyprus. May find STANLEY there; but mind, no cheque, no STANLEY.

If I do find him, I hope I shall find him very well.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ah, Sir! had you but shown a little more trust and confidence, you would have had a great deal more for the money.

Adieu! Adieu!

*Editor's Note.*—Our intrepid contributor has not yet reappeared. The Boy has turned up again, looking the picture of misery, and the victim of a settled gloom. He has never been repaid for the coffee which he stood as a treat to the explorer, who said he was going to find STANLEY. When cross-examined as to where he had been, he commenced a long story about men with black faces and awful-looking instruments, and of strange sights and sounds, and wild sands and rocks. He has not yet recovered from the effects of travelling, and is still wandering in his mind. His mother is of opinion that he has not been further than Margate. This Boy has a future before him.

THE END.