

please him—but I'm going to sell the *Bulletin*. I have an offer for it at an excellent profit. I'm going to intrust the management of the electric plant to my good friend Biff, here, with Chalmers and Johnson as starboard and larboard bulwarks, until the stock is quoted at a high enough rating to be a profitable sale; then I'm going to turn it into money, and add it to the original fund. I think I shall be busy enough just looking after and enjoying my new partnership," and he smiled down at Agnes, who smiled back at him with a trusting admiration that needed no words to express.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said old Johnson, "but I have a letter here for you," and from his inside pocket he drew one of the familiar steel-gray envelopes, which he handed to Bobby.

It was addressed:

*To My Son Bobby, Upon His Regaining His Father's  
Business*

The message inside was so brief that one who had not known well old John Burnit would never have known the full, full heart out of which he penned it:

"I knew you'd do it, dear boy. Whatever mystery I find in the great hereafter I shall be satisfied—for I knew you'd do it."

That was all.