

tion was on him again. He was interested, indeed excited, over this business of his friend, as much perhaps as he had ever been in any operation of his own. It was just in a case of this kind that he showed to the best advantage. So it was with an unusual tension of heart and brain that he said in a lower and deeper tone than was usual with him:

"I don't think we need hurry."

Even as he spoke the figure went up, and soon went up again. What was the cause of this unusual excitement in these stocks? We have not time to discuss that now. What is to be done now is to keep a keen lookout for the quotations and unload at the right moment. Ah, but who knows just the right moment? If one person might know that, might not another, and thus the game would be spoiled. As it is, it is partly a game of skill and partly a game of chance. On the part of Winstall this morning there was more of skill, and less of chance, than usual. So when the figure rose rapidly, again and again, he still made no sign. Then there was a lull for a time. The figure was stationary for a longer period than usual. Erwin himself made no move. He had an instinct that Winstall had better information on the game than he had, and he would risk all on Winstall's decision. From the tense but calm expression on Winstall's face Erwin felt that the crisis was coming: After those two sharp advances we have said there was a lull. Then there another movement upward. On that instant Winstall turned to his friend and jerked out the words:

"Now I would let go."

And Erwin did let go. In a short time, and before there was any change in the figure, he had sold all he held.

In that supreme moment Erwin kept his self-possession. His feeling was too deep for outward show. His profoundest feeling was that of thankfulness. In the mental excitement of the time his ideas moved rapidly. There passed in clear review before him the many causes he had for thankfulness. He was more than ever thankful for the resolve he had taken; he was thankful for the joy he knew his wife would have in consequence of that; he was thankful that he was not financially ruined; he was thankful he would have the means of living until he would find his new work; he was thankful that his friend would have no loss and no risk on his account; and he was thankful that he would have no financial burden to carry through coming years.

It takes some time to state all this, but it passed through Erwin's mind in a very few moments. It did not distract him from noticing that the figure had gone up once more. But not a single regret had he for selling too soon. Not a shade of vexation crossed his spirit. But what! The price has fallen! This was the first decline since morning; and not long steady did the figure remain. It went down again. Then it rallied; then it dropped; then it rallied again. Then it fell again; then it fairly rattled down; and before an hour had gone it was at a lower point than it was the night before. O, the hearts that were elated by that rise; and the hearts that were broken by that fall!

But the two friends did not see that ending of the day's business. When their part in the day's business was done Erwin and his friend prepared to leave, and it was yet early. Winstall had recovered his usual flow of spirits. If business of this kind made him so tense, and firm, and almost morose; and if release from business thus restored his good humor, it is no wonder that he elected to be quit of business altogether.

"Will you come into a friend's office close by here," he said, "that we may look into this thing a little. I want to see how you stand now. Oh, those beautiful bulls. Didn't they act splendidly this morning?" and Winstall laughed a loud laugh of supreme satisfaction.

When the two gentlemen reached the inner office Winstall threw himself into an arm chair and laughed with a more boisterous delight.

"Oh, those fine bulls," he said, "didn't they do well? They played me an ugly game once, some years ago. But now we are quits. I forgive them everything. And you my fine fellow, you were a bull too, and you did your part well, though not being a very large bull, you could not push so hard as some." Then pausing, and looking at Erwin, he said more seriously: "What is the matter? You don't seem to enjoy your deal this morning."

For answer Erwin went over to his friend, took his two hands in a very strong grip, and said, "Yes, I do enjoy it. My enjoyment is too deep for words. To you and to my God"—he said this reverently—"I owe a debt which I shall never be able to pay. I might have paid you the money, I hope, had it been needed; but this debt of love I can never pay."

"Then don't pay it," cheerily responded Winstall. "That's the easiest way to settle it. Don't pay it. Consider our account settled. But now, look here. How do you stand? Can you pay all you owe, and how much will you have left? Figure it out roughly that we may see about where you are. Oh, didn't we hit it off nicely?" And Winstall looked as if he might have another peroxysm because of their own sagacity and the beautiful behaviour of the bulls.

Mr. Erwin took a sheet of paper and figured on it for a few minutes, then paused; looked at the paper intently, and with knitted brows went over the figures again. Then with a happier expression he lifted his head, and looking steadfastly at his friend said, "So far as I can make out without my books I can pay everybody, and have fifteen thousand dollars left."

"Bravo," exclaimed Winstall, not so bad after all."

"Not so bad!" replied Erwin, "Not so bad! Don't you remember the state I was in last night? Isn't it a mercy unspeakable that I am honorably through, if I had not a dollar to my name? Ah, how anxious we are to be delivered from our troubles, and how small in proportion is our gratitude when we are delivered."

"Well now," said Winstall, "that looks very like a bit of one of your sermons—your sermons that are to be. It sounds very good, too. I have no doubt you are quite right. But, by the way, won't you reconsider this matter of taking orders?"

"I would rather speak about that some other time," said Erwin. "If you excuse me, I must be going now. Will you join me in a hasty lunch? I can say as Abraham Lincoln did when he got the presidential nomination, 'There is a little woman at home who would like to hear this good news.'"

"Ay, and a good woman she is, too," said his friend. "Yes, let us go to lunch. And will you favor us with your company, you and your good wife to dinner, say tomorrow evening?"

"Well, tomorrow is Saturday," said Erwin, "I don't think we could well go. How would Monday do?"

"All right," said Winstall, "we shall expect you then. And pray give your esteemed wife my heartiest congratulations."

"Just one thing more," said Mr. Erwin, suddenly. "I take it that there was a specially concerted movement of the bulls this morning. Was that the pointer you got from your friend? There must have been a special effort and a strong one, to send up the figure so high. And the collapse shows that the thing was forced, does it not?"

"You are right," said Winstall. "That was the pointer that saved our bacon, if you will allow me to use the phrase. I learned that there were two very large holders of that stock who combined to bull the market, and they have been working on the thing for some time. Today saw the successful climax of their scheme. They did not intend to aid you, of course, but they could not help it. And you were a bull, too, in holding off as you did, but your stock was not the one-tenth of theirs. Nevertheless you helped them and came in for a very fair reward. I have been a bull in a small way myself sometimes, but never with more satisfaction than today."

After lunch the friends parted; the one to a meeting of bank directors, and the other to take the good news to the little woman at home.

A Boer Library.

A trooper of the Dublin Hunt contingent of the Imperial Yeomanry, who was taken prisoner with many others at Lindley, writes a letter from Nooitgedacht, which was recently published in a Dublin newspaper. He writes: "Well, here I am in a beautiful barbed wire 'cage' with some 1,500 other unfortunates. Our clothing is picturesque in the extreme. A man with a seat in his pants is as rare as a Jubilee sixpence, and when met with is treated with the greatest deference. Our house is a little sty about two feet high, made of mud and roofed with a ragged blanket. Literature has its votaries. There is a fine circulating library, consisting of two copies of the Half-penny Comic, a year old; three pages from an equally antiquated number of Sketch, and three pamphlets about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, partly printed in English and partly in Dutch. The fact that these well-thumbed pamphlets bear the appearance of having been read and re-read, makes me think Brother Boer knows a good thing when he sees it, and there are a lot of us who would feel all the better if we had some of the pills instead of the pill literature. However, we keep the library in circulation, and like Mark Tapley, endeavor to take as much enjoyment out of the situation as we can."

Moral Suasion on a Dog.

A clergyman who went up into the country to preach, and lived there a considerable time, had occasion in his ministrations to drive regularly over a certain road. At a house on that road lived a big bulldog which always came out and attacked him viciously.

The minister stood this for a good while, until, finally, as he drove past one winter day in a low sleigh, a means of correcting the dog by moral suasion occurred to him. He stopped his horse in the road before the house.

The dog rushed out madly, barking and threatening to jump into the sleigh. The minister sat in his sleigh and paid no attention. The dog retired, returned to the assault, retired again, and a third time rushed out to the attack, but did not touch the man. Then he returned to the doorstep and lay down, apparently utterly crestfallen and disgusted with such a man; and, as he paid no further attention the minister drove off.