

over the note which poor Dr. Jerrold had left for his friend on the fatal night before he took his own life.

Jack broke the seals, and slowly taking out the brief letter, read it, his lips contracting as he realised its contents. Then he handed it from one to the other until they had all read it.

The confession, for such it was, showed how Jerrold had, like old Small—who, by the way, was forgiven, for the assistance he had in the end rendered to the authorities—first been inveigled into the net spread by a money-lender, and having been forced to perform a small traitorous though unsuspected act three years before the outbreak of war, had, in order to extricate himself from financial ruin, been constantly threatened with exposure by Rodwell if he refused to further help the enemy, now that we were at war. He had steadfastly defied the master-spy, and had, indeed, in order to retrieve his past, boldly sought out spies and denounced them. But, alas! Rodwell's widespread influence in the network of espionage asserted itself, and into the hands of the Intelligence Department there had been placed the facts, with the proofs of his action three years before. A warrant had consequently been issued, and rather than bear the blackmail longer, or the punishment, he had been driven to take his own life, and thus unfortunately give colour to the base, unfounded charges levelled against his friend.