

and the stocks seemed to be going at remarkable rates just now, the bottom dropping out of the market. If a certain stock of the Mercers'—they didn't know the name—could be kept above twenty-seven he would pull through. Colonel Winter made no comment, but he remembered that when he had studied the morning's stock-market pages for himself, he had noted "bad slump in the Southern steels," and "Tidewater on the toboggan slide; off three to four points, declining from twenty-seven and a fraction to twenty-three."

"Another victim of the Wall Street pirates," was the colonel's silent judgment on the tragedy. "Lucky for her his mother's dead."

The next morning he had returned and had gone to his young friend's rooms.

The boy was still full of the horror of the day before. Mercer's brother was in Cambridge, he said—arrived that morning from New York. "Endy is going to fetch him round to get him out of the reporters' way sometime this evening; maybe there's something I can do"—this in explanation of his declining to dine with the colonel. As the two entered the rooms, Winter was a little in advance, and caught the first glimpse of a man