

to give its fair surface to the kiss of the type; the speed was increased, faster—faster—faster, and those who had shrunk back at first, as if expecting an accident, grew excited and drew in, while the ponderous machine, working as easily as a watch, turned off perfected newspaper sheets at a rate that seemed astounding.

There was no hesitation now; there were no doubting looks, but a hearty cheer arose, one that was taken up again on the staircase, and ran from room to room, till the girls, busy folding down below, joined their shrill voices merrily in the cry.

"Success, Tony!" cried Tom, catching my hand.

"And Hallett not here!" I cried.

The next minute I seized one of the printed newspapers that came from the machine, doubled it hastily, and dashed downstairs.

There was a hansom cab waiting, and as I gave my breathless order, "Great Ormond Street," the horse started, and panting with excitement, I thought I had never gone so slowly before.

"I shall be within three hours, though," I said to myself, as I glanced at my watch. "That want of steam spoiled me for keeping my word."

"Faster!" I shouted, as I thrust up the trap; "another half-crown if you are quick!"

The horse sprang forward, and I carefully redoubled my precious paper, holding the apron of the cab-door open, my latchkey in my hand, and being ready to spring out as the vehicle stopped at the door—not quite though, for the doctor's brougham was in the way.

No need for the latchkey, for the door was open, and, dashing along the hall, I sprang up the stairs, flight after flight, from landing to landing, and rushed breathlessly into the room, waving the paper over my head.

"Victory, victory!" I shouted. "Hur——"

The paper dropped from my hands, as my eyes lighted upon the group gathered round a mattress laid upon the floor, on which was stretched my poor friend, supported by Miriam Carr, upon whose arm his head was lying.

Doctor, Linny, Mary, Revitts, all were there, watching him in silence, while the poor stricken mother was bending forward like some sculptured figure to represent despair.

"Hallett! Stephen!" I cried, "my news."

My words seemed to choke me as I fell upon my knees at his side; but I saw that he recognised me, and tried to raise his hand, which fell back upon the mattress.

Then, making a supreme effort, he slightly turned his head to gaze upon the face bending over him, till a pair of quivering lips were pressed upon his brow.

There was a smile upon his countenance, and he spoke, but