

BORROWING STRANLEIGH'S NAME. 17

"Have you made your choice, Peter?" he asked, and Peter, apparently resenting the laugh when his case was so serious, replied with sullen Scotch stubbornness, "I shall go to Nauheim."

"Right you are," cried his lordship, "and I'll go with you!"

Mackeller glanced up at him in astonishment.

"You promised to look after my business while I was absent."

"Of course."

"But you can't do it if you are absent with me."

"Didn't you hear Ponderby say that Nauheim was only twenty-three miles away from Frankfort?"

"What has that to do with the matter?"

"Don't you know that Frankfort is the greatest financial city in Germany, if not in Europe? It is the town from which we draw, if not our Stranleighs, at least our Rothschilds, who have been reasonably successful commercially."

"I still don't see what connection that has with the affair in hand."

"Peter, if I am to take charge of your business, I must do it my own way. As I believe in going to the best spot for the cure of heart disease, I have made it my habit to select the best man I can find to transact each of the various concerns with which