

"Well, boys, what do you say?" enquired Mr Higgins.

Can any one doubt what we said? If he does, only let him come in some night when Pinkerton is brewing the "bishop," and the fire is burning brightly, and the big tabby cat is purring away on the rug, and the smoke of the cigar is ascending in light wreaths to the ceiling, and he will have a pretty good idea of the answer we gave Mr. Higgins.

But what became of Mr. Wolfe, jun.,—and where are all the Suckers—and what of the Island of Cacona?

Goodness knows! but I will tell all I know.

My affairs with the Colonial Office were easily settled. Mr. Wolfe, sen. had managed matters so capitally that when certain notes of hand were all covered, my official emoluments had vanished. That old gentleman, I believe, still flourishes, and I have no doubt that any newly appointed Governor, who requires his services, may have them on the same terms that I did.

As to Mr. Wolfe, jun., he has since filled, I am told, a number of high Colonial Offices, and, by the last advices, had been appointed Chief Justice of the Island of Ascension, with unlimited jurisdiction over the wild goats and turtles.

As to Cacona—it was only yesterday, that whilst Pink. and I were taking our breakfast, I read the following announcement from the columns of the Times:

"We understand that the Hon. Mr. Flunky Foosler has been appointed to the Government of the Island of Cacona."

"Oh, Cupid, prince of gods and men, have mercy on him!" exclaimed Pinkerton, on my proclaiming the fact.

To which chaste and classic wish, I only added

A M E N .