

cynic, and the sickly pessimist, who, judging others by their own standard, are always seeing the seamy side of things.

How much of the story of the past Mrs. Trendennis told her husband no chivalrous and sensible reader will care to know. This only may be said, that it served to draw these closer together who had been in considerable danger of drifting apart. Moreover, it made Tom Trendennis swear—and he could do it in the most approved old English style—that if his brother-in-law, who was a Cabinet Minister, had any influence at all, he would get a billet worthier of the man, whom he believed had saved the life of his wife, than that which he now occupied. He kept his word; and it was on the strength of this billet that Dick afterwards took a very sensible step.

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As if they were ashamed over their defeat in the tragic end their presiding evil genius had meditated, the grim, uncouth monsters in the Devil's Playground hid their ugly forms under heavy panoplies of snow. They were now almost irre recognizable; but there was a sinister, lurking air about them all the same, that in the growing shadows seemed to say, "You have escaped this time, but wait, our time will come yet."

But it is extremely unlikely that they will ever have a similar chance again. They were the pawns and pieces that the devil played with