

conveyed by Ellen's manner, never thought it possible to be loved even by a good-looking girl, a little older than himself. He had sketched forth his future too—and he went away that night in search of it.

He bade Ellen good-bye, he desired her to remember him kindly, most kindly to Mary and to Alec, he promised to write some day soon, that they might know where to send the money to him when they wanted, and then Ellen Morison watched him out of her sight into the night mists, that were thick in Gibbon Street, and through which the lonely man was never seen returning to a woman still more lonely than himself.

John Dax enlisted for a soldier, and died of fever on the Gold Coast, before he had ever smelt powder. Even in the pursuit of glory, it was his ill-fortune to meet Yellow Jack instead. He was one of the many who are for ever out of luck's way.

THE END.