

The Duke Decides

quaintance with interest," replied Hanbury pocketing the notes which the other passed to him. "Am I to have the pleasure of your company on the voyage?"

"I'm afraid not; my work is here," said Jevons. "And—well, it's not altogether healthy for me on the other side." The confession was accompanied by a wink which forcibly brought it home to the recruit that he had joined the criminal classes. His new friend—"pal," he supposed he ought to call him—evidently thought him worthy of personal confidence.

They had another drink together at the bar, and parted outside the saloon, Hanbury making his belated way towards Brooklyn. Once or twice he turned abruptly to see if he was being followed, but the aggressive white Panama hat was nowhere visible, the conclusion being obvious that the astute Mr. Jevons had ascertained his domicile, as well as his place of employment, before broaching his delicate business.

Tramping along the teeming Bowery and across the footway of the mighty bridge, the ex-hussar enjoyed to the full the exultation of feeling money in his pocket once more. It