

greatcoat were loosened, his hand was on his belt, and his look was resigned and martyr-like! But as Gerald turned away, these demonstrations ceased, and the man—somewhat disappointed that his penitence had not been profitable in a pecuniary sense—merely muttered, “Thank you, sir!”

Just as Gerald passed the threshold he was tapped gently and insinuatingly on the arm. He looked down and saw a small, bandy man, with keen grey eyes and a hook nose, gazing anxiously up to him. The little man carried a packet of dirty blue paper, folded lengthwise, and tied with dingy red tape.

“Beg your pardon, sir!” he said. “But I’ve mastered the facts of the case. They’re here, sir,—they’re here!” And the little man smiled, and tapped his forehead. “It’s a capital one, sir, capital! Couldn’t be better! I’ve the policeman’s name, number, and all necessary particulars! He has a small pension—about twenty pounds a year