

conversation naturally turned upon Ida Vernon's mysterious disappearance, and my dilemma.

"When I am settled in Chesterfield Street, I will help you. Be of good heart, Eugène; I have an idea."

"Well?"

"Be patient."

"Certainly; now tell me how did you get on in Algiers?"

"Famously!"

"When you last wrote,—"

"I had done absolutely nothing."

"Have you been dealing in morocco leather?"

"No!"

"Horse flesh?"

"No!"

"What then?"

"I have become like yourself, my dear Eugène, a landed proprietor."

"Permit me to congratulate you, my dear Bernard."

"Never be surprised at what I do. You know my father left me a poor ensign in the army, with nothing but a captain's half pay in perspective. Ten years ago, I cut but a very sorry figure at my banker's: now, I can afford a yacht; I am the owner of miles of land in Algeria, ride my thoroughbred, dine with a Secretary of State, and can contrive to spend six thousand a year as comfortably as need be."

"And you have accomplished all this, by what you are pleased to call, a nice adjustment of ideas."

"Exactly! for instance, I philosophize thus: There are too many tailors in London. Very well. I draw the map of the world towards me; I fondle and twist it about, until say my eye lights on the Province of Quang-see, in China. I go there. To my horror, I discover that the savages are not guilty of knickerbockers. What then? Why hang them! I must

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