

him by the button. 'If you take my advice,' he says, 'you'll be off to Doctors' Commons after a special licence,' he says; 'and you'll go now. Then you'll go down and tackle the young lady, and she'll be Mrs. Heniker by noon to-morrow. Now, what do you say to that?' What indeed! What indeed! Quick work, hey? But your lordship knows his pace better than I do? What a man of men! Now Roger don't take long about it either. In a thirty seconds he looks at the Duke. 'I'll do it, sir,' he says; and the Duke says, 'I thought you would. Away with you.' Now, my lord, that's my news. I'm actually on my way to Golder's Green——"

Golder's Green! Bendish, as gray as wax, put up his hand. Old Heniker stopped and blinked at him.

"My lord——"

"Did you say Golder's Green?"

Old Heniker, recovered, was off again. "Golder's Green—exactly. A Miss Pierson, and a very charming young lady she is. Mrs. Heniker and I are delighted about her. Not very well to do—no, no. Nothing to talk of in that way. But a modest, sweet-spoken, good, pretty girl, living with her aunt, who is a clergyman's widow—and devoted to our boy as I could see in a flash of the eye."

There had been one trying moment in his recital when Bendish had felt like falling on his knees to this old babbler, and beseeching him by his own not to forsake him utterly. But that was past. His mind was now empty. Meantime his assassin was hard at his fell work.