

crustier half of the roll, which he had set down as too hard for his teeth; his fingers closed upon it; he lifted one eyelid, and saw Brand's back turned upon him; he smuggled the crust into his own tail pocket, and allowed himself one little half grin of satisfaction. Then he rocked himself to and fro. "I can't bear it," he quavered. "Brand, I'm an old man now; I've no more fight left in me; Clewston will find me; his spies will follow me; they'll drag me before him; he knows everything; he has no mercy, and I'm doomed. Doomed! Doomed! Don't you hear, man? Doomed!"

"What have you done?" said Brand, harshly; "what makes you afraid of Clewston?"

"Done? Done?" he moaned; "what haven't I done?" Then came a harsh laugh. "So you think I'm going to give myself away?"

"Keep your mouth shut," said Brand, "and you'll do yourself no harm."

"You're right, young man; you're right. Say," he whispered, seizing Brand again by the sleeve; "you've been a true friend. Don't desert me now. Perhaps some day I may serve you. It's worth your while to stand by me. Don't be mad with me, Brand; don't mind what an old fool says. I'm no good to anybody now—I, Colonel Hiram W. Giggleswick, am played out."

The day was breaking now, the city rose in dim confusion against a primrose sky, waggons were rumbling along the cobbled pavements, labourers were whistling as they went to their work, an engine came floundering among the sidings, the dock gates were open, and the murmur of the ebb tide was no longer to be heard among the piers, for the great metropolis had awakened.