

in persuading our citizens to unclench their tight fists in this liberal manner. "Those are worth," he continued, "nearly £1500, and yet I am absolutely broke. All that lot will be useless, unless you will agree to help me out. Write your articles," he pleaded, "and give me credit. Upon publication I will add twenty per cent. to your account for the accommodation."

I was on the point of saying "Yes," when a messenger brought in a telegram. Hustler turned dead-white on reading it. He begged me to excuse him until he had replied to the urgent wire. I strolled along the corridor, and passed two men, deeply engaged in conversation, I overheard the taller of the two say something that almost made me stop.

"I saw him showing the writing gent a number of orders," he whispered clearly, "but we must not run him to earth before that little lot of paper matures. It's cash I want, not his imprisonment, you know how he had me at New York."

Upon my return to Hustler, I said "No" to his request. He pleaded and urged me to do the work, and it was now that I felt the power of the man. The strength of his determination to obtain a favourable answer amounted almost to mesmeric force, and I no longer wondered why the business men had been so open-handed with him. At last I gave in and said "Yes."

I now determined to watch Hustler, and learn all I could concerning him. He was evidently making heaps of money, and as a canvasser his brilliant methods were worthy of a war correspondent's description. I cannot hope to do it justice.

On a bright Spring day, a cab was drawn up with a clatter which made the clerks bob up from their seats, and look through the windows of D. L. Huton's to see if a collision had occurred. It was the arrival of Hustler. He was out of the cab with a bound, and the next moment ordering the office boy to

tell Mr. Huton that Mr. Hustler would like to see him immediately on an urgent matter of business. He paced up and down in front of the public counter. The clerks whispered: "Who the dickens is he?" "Is it the Admiral?" "Some relation of Bigham's, I should say!" declared another.

Hustler was as fresh as paint. His glistening belltopper, black walking coat and lavender trousers, would have done credit to a Bond Street swell. And as he looked somewhat imperiously through his gold-rimmed spectacles, and squeezed his withdrawn gloves, the curious clerks felt convinced that he had at least come to knight Mr. D. L. Huton.

The office boy returned and conducted Mr. Hustler to Mr. Huton's private office. Mr. Huton was much impressed by his visitor's appearance, shook hands with all his little might, and begged effusively if he could be of any service. Hustler raised his chest, cleared his throat, and looked the little merchant squarely in the face, then out-poured his scheme. To give a faithful account of Rutland's rise and progress; to give the history of the colonising martyrs; to tell of their early struggles; and in particular of Mr. Huton's father's trials and hardships, and the glorious result—Rutland itself. That, Hustler declared, was his bounden duty. The merchant was fairly galvanised, and his pride for himself and his forefathers made him confidential. He told Hustler about his race-horses; his special blend of whiskey, and his enterprise in developing the coal and gold mines of Rutland.

Hustler then read the article he purposed publishing, and if there was any point that seemed to inflate Mr. Huton's vanity, he drew on his imagination and exaggerated it.

Huton was ready to weep with delight when Hustler finished reading the article. He expressed his gratitude in no measured terms. Hustler looked at him with gene-