

permitted it is doubtful whether he

would have chosen to be his siccessor

Lillian as a wife would have been a

"She looked up slowly. "How crue:

of you, Jack! It is my very lates,

It was part of her attraction that she

was never without a craze. Each new

professional-and I'm becoming quit-

an adept. Of course I haven't been

cal people." And she smilled,

up innocently. "Shall I show you?"

it, palms downward. "Like this, eh?"

this afternoon."

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llallnLonrnkWcor-oa,,f. t

different consideration.

hobby.

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CHAPTER III (Continued)

The imagination was pleasant while it lasted, but with him nothing was be spiteful on occasion, but that did , permanent. Of late the greater part of his sufferings had been comprise in the irritable fickleness of all h aims, the distaste for and impossib ity of sustained effort in any direction He had barely lighted a second cigarette when the old restlessness fell upon him. He stirren nervously in his

seat, and the cigarette was scarcely burned out when he rose, paid bis small bill and left the shop.

Outside on the pavement he balted. pulled out his watch and saw that two hours stretched in front before any appointment claimed his attention. He one was as fleeting as the last, but to wondered vaguely where he might go each she brought the same delightfully to, what he might do, in those two Insincere enthusiasm, the same picturtyste for solitude had risen in his she posed so sweetly that nobody lost mind, giving the close street a lonell- patience. ness that had escaped him before.

As he stood wavering a cab passed slowly down the street. The sight of a well dressed man roused the cabman. Flicking his whip, he passed Chilcote close, feigning to pull up.

The cab suggested civilization. Chilrote's mind veered suddenly, and he raised his hand. The vehicle stopped. and he climbed in.

"Where, sir?" The cabman peered down through the roof door. Chilcote raised his head. "Oh, any-

where near Pall Mall," he said. Then, as the horse started forward, he put up his hand and shook the trapdoor. "Wait!" he called. "I've changed my mlud. Drive to Cadogan gardens, No.

The distance to Cadogan Gardens was covered quickly. Chilcote had hardly realized that his destination was reached when the cab pulled up. Jumping out, he paid the fare and walked quickly to the hall door of No.

"Is Lady Astrupp at home?" he asked sharply as the door swung back in him, and he moved away. "Some other answer to his knock.

The servant drew back deferentially. "Her ladyship has almost finished hunch, sir," he said.

For answer Chilcote stepped through the doorway and walked halfway across the hall.

"All right," he said. "But don't disturb her on my account. I'll walt in the white room till she has finished." hand and patted it sympathetically. And, without taking further notice of the servant, he began to mount the stairs.

In the room where he had chosen to elamation of reproof. wait a pleasant wood fire brightened the dull January afternoon and sof- ceased to manicure. What has become of eyes, sleepy, interested or vigilant. tened the thick white curtains, the gilt of my excellent training?"

"Changing identities," he said, with touch of interest.

"Yes. One man is an artist, the other a millionaire. One wants to know what fame is like, the other wants to know how it feels to be really sinfully rich. So they exchange experiences for a month." She laughed. Chilcote laughed as well. "But how?"

he asked. "Oh, I told you the idea was absurd. Fancy two people so much alike that neither their friends nor their servants see any difference! Such a thing glanced at the face of the speaker. couldn't be, could it?"

Chilcote looked down at the fire. "No," he said doubtfully. "No. I suppose not

ing reasons. Like the kitten, she was charming and graceful and easily but not freak likenesses like that." "Of course not. There are likenesses. amused. It was possible that, also Chilcote's head was bent as he spoke. like the kitten, she could scratch and but at the last words he lifted it.

"By Jove! I don't know about that!" aot weigh on him. He sometimes ex- he said. "Not so very long ago I saw pressed a vague envy of the late Lord two men so much alike that I-I"-

Astrapp, but even had circumstances | He stopped. Lillian amiled.

He colored quickly. "You doubt me?" he asked. "My dear Jack" Her voice was del-Lillian as a friend was delightful, but

icately reprorchfut "Then you think that my-my im- p. agination has been playing me tricks?" | Inst. "My dear boy! Nothing of the kind. Scarce. Come back to your place and tell me | and lea. the whole tale?" She smiled again, and Fraide's en

patted the couch invitingly. But Chilcote's balance had been up-Het. For the first time he saw Lillian as one of the watchful, suspecting crowd before which he was constantly hours. In the last few minutes a dis- esque devotion. Each was a pose, but on guard. Acting on the sensation, he moved suddenly toward the door.

"I-I have an appointment at the house." he said quickly. "I'll look in "You mustn't laugh!" she protested letting the kitten slip to the ground another day when-when I'm better company. I know I'm a bear today. My nerves, you know." He came back "I've had lessons at 5 guineas each from the most fascinating person-s to the couch and took her hand. Ther

> he touched her cheek for an instant with his fingers.

much beyond the milky appearance "Goodby," he said. "Take care of yet, but the milky appearance is everyyourself-and the kitten," he added door. thing, you know. The rest will come. with forced gayety, as he crossed the I am trying to persuade Blanche to let

me have a pavilion at her party in That afternoon Chilcote's nervous March and gaze for all you dull politihe had avoided the climax, but no Chilcote smiled as well. "How is it done?" he asked, momentarily amused. realized as he sat in his place on the "Oh, the doing is quite delicious, You opposition benches during the half sit at a table with the ball in front of our of wintry twilight that precedes you. Then you take the subject's the turning on of the lights. He realhands, spread them out on the table Ized it in that half hour, but the appliand stroke them very softly while you cation of the knowledge followed later, gaze into the crystal. That gets up when the time came for him to questhe sympathy, you know." She looked ion the government on some point relating to the proposed additional dry Chilcote moved a small table nearer dock at Talkley, the naval base. Then to the couch and spread his hands upon for the first time he knew that the sufferings of the past months could have he said. Then a ridiculousness seized a visible as well as a hidden side-could disorganize his daily routine as they day," he said quickly. "You can show had already demoralized his will and me some other day. I'm not very fit character

The thing came upon him with ex-If Lillian felt any disappointment she traordinary lack of preparation. He sat showed none. "Poor old thing!" she through the twilight with tolerable said softly. "Try to slt here by me caim, his nervousness showing only in and we won't bother about anything." the occasional lifting of his hand to She made a place for him beside her. and as he dropped into it she took his of his position, but when the lights his collar and the frequent changing were turned on and he leaned back in The touch was soothing, and he bore his seat with closed eyes he became it patiently enough. After a moment conscious of a curious impression---a she lifted the hand with a little exdisturbing idea that through his closed lids he could see the faces on the op-"You degenerate person! You have posite side of the house, see the rows

Never before had the sensation pre-Chilcote laughed. "Run to seed," he seated itself, but once set up it ran a first glance the house had the desertwith white roses. Moving straight said lightly. Then his expression and through all his susceptibilities. By an ed air of an office, inhabited only in turned and passed to a couch that cial necessities are irksome enough. perspiration that was his daily horror beacons unconsciously signaling each Personally I envy the beggar in the broke out on his forehead, and at the other. The rooms Loder inhabited street-exempt from shaving, exempt same moment Fraide, his leader, turned, leaned over the back of his seat and touched his knee.

Rayforth resumed his seat, there was beard a match struck. The stranger the usual slight stir and pause: then was evidently uncertain of his where-Salett, the member for Salchester, rose. abouts. Then the step smoved forward

With Salett's first words Chilcote's | again and paused, An expression of surprise crossed hand again sought his pocket, and Loder's face and he laid down his pipe. again his eyes strayed toward the quietly across the room and opened the had a good many hopes and a lot of doors, but Fraide's erect head and stiff As the visitor knocked he walked back just in front of him held him quiet. With an effort he pulled out door.

The passage outside was dark and his notes and smoothed them nervousthe newcomer drew back before the ly; but, though his gaze was fixed on light from the room. the pages, not a line of Blessington's

"Mr. Loder?" he began interrogatively. Then all at once he laughed in embarrassed apology. "Forgive me," he said. "The light rather dazzled me. I didn't realize who it was." Loder recognized the voice as belonging 'o his acquaintance of the fog. "Oh, it's you!" he said. "Won't you come in?" His voice was a little cold. This sudden resurrection left him surprised, and not quite pleasantly surprised. He walked back to the fireplace, followed by his guest. The guest seemed nervous and agitated. "I must apologize for the hour of my visit," he said "My-my time is grind." As he said it it seemed to not quite my own."

suddenly that his strength gave Loder waved his ot his companion, his is his own?" he so Chilcote, encou ing except the urgent led mind and body. drew nearer to e -hat he did he rose ment he had to whisper in rectly at h's raised his even

Fraide was seen to turn, his thin ration, he recolled

face interested and concerned, then he the extraordinary rea in the casual surrou was seen to nod once or twice in acquiescence, and a moment later Chilbadly furnished and crudely room, it was even more astounding cote stepped quietly out of his place. than it had been in the mystery of the One or two men spoke to him as he

hurried from the house, but he shook "Forgive me," he said again. "It is them off almost uncivilly, and, making physical, purely physical. I am bowled for the nearest exit, hailed a cab. The drive to Grosvenor square was a over against my will."

Loder smiled. The slight contempt misery. Time after time he changed from one corner of the cab to the other. that Chilcote had first inspired rose his scute internal pains prolonged by

every delay and increased by every motion. At last, weak in all his limbs, he stepped from the vehicle at his own

clear writing reached his mind. He

then at the faces on the treasury

bench, then once more he leaned back

The man beside him saw the move-

ment. "Funking the dry dock?" he

"No"-Chilcote turned to him sud-

denly-"but I feel beastly-have felt

The other looked at him more close-

was a novel experience to be confided

"Oh, it's the grind-the infernal

"Anything wrong?" he asked. It

in his seat.

ly.

whispered jestingly.

beastly for weeks."

In by Chilcote.

Entering the house he instantly mounted the stairs and passed to his own rooms. Opening the bedroom condition reached its height. All day door, he peered in cautiously, then pushed the door wide. The light had evasion can be eternal, and this he been switched on, but the room was empty. With a nervous excitement scarcely to be kept in check, he entered, shut and locked the door, then moved to the wardrobe and, opening it, drew the tube of tabloids from the shelf

> His hand shook violently as he carried the tube to the table. The strain of the day, the anxiety of the past iours, with their final failure, had ound sudden expression. Mixing a larger dose than any he had before allowed himself, he swallowed it hastily i a box from the mantelpiece, he held it and, walking across the room, threw himself, fully dressed, upon the bed.

CHAPTER IV.

O those whose sphere lies in the west of London, Fleet street is little more than a name and Clifford's inn a mere dead let-Yet Clifford's inn lies as safely stowed away in the shadow of the law courts as any grave under a country church wall. It is as green of grass, as gray of stone, as irresponsive to the passing footstep. Facing the railed in grass plot of its

little court stood the house in which a light, and a look of comprehension John Loder had his rooms. Taken at crossed his eyes. forward, Chilcote paused by the grate tone changed. "When a man gets to absurd freak of fancy those varying the early hours, but as night fell lights ing else. Hospitality is one of the de would be seen to show out, first on one | barred luxuries. floor, then on another-faint, human were on the highest floor, and from their windows one might gaze philo-

the cropper. 1 .---"Big results?"

bls pallor. Under his excitement "A drop from a probable £80,000 to looked ill and worn. "You might talk till doomsday, a certain £800." every word would be wasted," he a Chilcote glanced up. "How did you irritably. "I'm past praying for

take it?" he asked. "I? Oh, I was twenty-five then.

pride; but there is no place for either in a working world."

"But your people?" "My last relation died with the for-

tune. "Your friends?"

Loder laid down his pipe. "I told you I was twenty-five," he said, with the tinge of humor that sometimes crossed his manner. "Doesn't that explain things? I had never taken favors in prosperity. A change of fortune was got likely to alter my ways. As I have said, I was twenty-five." He smiled. "When I realized my position I sold all my belongings with the exception of a table and a few books-which I stored. I put on a walking suit and let my beard grow. Then, with my entire capital in my pocket, I left England without saying goodby to any one.'

"For how long?" "Oh, for six years. I wandered half over Europe and through a good part of Asia in the time."

"And then?" "Then? Oh, I shaved off the beard and came back to London!" He looked at Chilcote, partly contemptuous. partly amused as his curiosity.

But Chilcote sat staring in silence. The domination of the other's personality and the futility of his achievements baffled him.

Loder saw his bewilderment, "You wonder what the devil I came into the world for," he said. "I sometimes wonder the same myself."

At his words a change passed over Chilcote. He half rose, then dropped back into his seat.

"You have no friends?" he said. Your life is worth nothing to you?" Loder raised his head. "I thought I had conveyed that impression."

"You are an absolutely free man." "No man is free who works for his wait. First let me sketch you my pas bread. If things had been different I tion. It won't take many words." might have been in such shoes as yours, sauntering in legislative bythe hand, then turned and took up his ways. My hopes turned that way first of his day and his class to reco once. But hopes, like more substantial nize that there was a future in trad things, belong to the past"- He stop- so, breaking his own little twig fra

> panion. The change in Chilcote had become more acute. He sat fingering his cig- of one of the biggest trades in England arette, his brows drawn down, his lips set nervously in a conflict of emotions. For a space he stayed very still, avoiding Loder's eyes; then, as if decision had suddenly come to him, he turned and met his gaze.

"How if there was a future," he said, "as well as a past?"

R the space of a minute there was silence in the was silence in the room; then outside in the still night three clocks simultaneously chimed 11, and their announcement was taken up and echoed by half a dozen others. oud and faint, hoarse and resonant, for all through the hours of darkness the neighborhood of Fleet street is live with chimes

but Loder saw that the lips did not Chilcote, startled by the jangle, rose twitch as they had done on the prefrom his seat. Then, as if driven by vious occasion that he had given him an uncontrollable impulse, he spoke again.

"You probably think I am mad"

"Why don't you drop the thing!" coldly. "You're either under a delution or you're wasting my time."

ARLENIR

something like six years."

dealer in sympathy."

"Then why come here?" Loder

pulling hard on his pipe. "I'm not

"I don't require sympathy." Chile

rose again. He was still agitated,

the agitation was quieter. "I war

much more expensive thing than a

pathy, and I am willing to pay for it.

The other turned and looked at his

"I have no possession in the world the

would be worth a fiver to you," her

Chilcote laughed nervously. "Wait" he said. "Wait. I only ask you "My grandfather was a Chilcote

Westmoreland. He was one of t ped abruptly and looked at his com- the family tree, he went south to War and entered a shipowning firm.] thirty years' time he died, the own having married the daughter of 1 chief. My father was twenty-four an still at Oxford when he inherited. most his first act was to reverse n grandfather's early move by goin north and plecing together the family friendship, He married his first coust and then, with the Chilcote prestigen vived and the shipping money to be it, he entered on his ambition, whi was to represent East Wark in the Co servative interest. It was a blg figh but he wop as much by personal fluence as by any other. He was m aristocrat, but he was a keen busine

man as well. The combination carrie weight with your lower classes. never did much in the house, but was a power to his party in War They still use his name there to co Jure with." Loder leaned forward interestedly.

"Robert Chilcote?" he said. "I have neard of him. One of those fine, unot tentatious figures-strong in action little narrow in outlook, pe

Chilcote laughed suddenly. "How

easily we sum up when a matter is in

personal! My father may have been i

fine figure, but he shouldn't have left

again, and with it a second feeling less sasily defined. The man seemed so unstable, so incapable, yet so grotesquely suggestive to himself. "The likeness is rather overwhelming," he said, "but not heavy enough to sink under. Come nearer the fire. What brought you here? Curlosity?" There was a wooden armchair by the fireplace. He indicated it with a wave of

smoldering pipe. Chilcote, watching him furtively,

obeyed the gesture and sat down. "It is extraordinary!" he said, as if unable to dismiss the subject. "It-it is quite extraordinary!"

The other glanced round. "Let's drop t," he said. "It's so confoundedly obvious." Then his tone changed. "Won't you smoke?" he asked.

"Thanks." Chilcote began to fumble for his cigarettes. But his host forestalled him. Taking

"My one extravagance!" he said iron-

ically: "My resources bind me to one;

and I think I have made a wise selec-

tion. It is about the only vice we

haven't to pay for six times over." He

glanced sharply at the face so absurdly

like his own, then, lighting a fresh

Chilcote moistened his cigarette and

leaned forward. In the flare of the

paper his face looked set and anxious,

spill, offered his guest a light.

out

stood a yard or two away.

On the coach, tucked away between a novel and a crystal gazing ball, was from washing"a white Persian kitten, fast asleep. between his eyes and the fire, then he tion. laughed superciliously, tossed it back "But manieuring," she said reproachtail. The little animal stirred, stretch- | It was your hands and your eyes, you ed itself and began to pur. At the same moment the door of the room opened.

Chilcote turned around. "I particularly said you were not to be disturbed," he began. "Have I merited displeasure?" He spoke fast, with the uneasy tone that so often underran his words.

Lady Astrupp took his hand with a confiding gesture and smiled.

"Never displeasure," she said lingertagly, and again she smiled. The smile might have struck a close observer as faintly artificial. But what man in Chilcote's frame of mind has time to be observant where women are concerned? The manner of the smile was very sweet and almost caressing, and that sufficed.

"What have you been doing?" she asked after a moment. "I thought I was quite forgotten." She moved across to the couch, picked up the kitten and kissed it. "Isn't this sweet?" she added.

She looked very graceful as she turned, holding the little animal up. She was a woman of twenty-seven, but she looked a girl. The outline of her face was pure, the pale gold of her hair almost ethereal, and her tall, slight fgure still suggested the suppleness, the possibility of future development, that belong to youth. She wore a lace the room and with the delicacy of her skin.

"Now sit down and rest or walk it so strong of you not to wear rings about the room. I shan't mind which." She nestled into the couch and picked looked down at her own fingers, glitup the crystal ball.

"What is the toy for?" Chilcote never defined the precise attraction lay between them. that Lillian Astrupp held for him. Her shallowness soothed him; her in- novel, of course?" consequent egotism helped him to for- She smilled. "Of course, Such a fanget himself. She never asked him tastic story-two men changing identihow he was, she never expected im- ties!" possibilities. She let him come and go Chilcote rose and walked back to the and act as he pleased, never demand- mantelplece

and stretched his hands to the blaze; my age," he added, "little social luxu- eyes seemed to pierce through his lids, then, with his usual instability, he ries don't seem worth while. The so- almost through his eyeballs. The cold

Lillian raised her delicate eyebrows. Chilcote picked up the ball and held if The sentiment was beyond her percep-

into its place and caught the kitten's | fully, "when you have such nice hands.



"'Other Men's Shoes,'" he read.

colored gown that harmonized with know, that first appealed to me." She sighed gently, with a touch of sentimental remembrance. "And I thought

> It must be such a temptation," She tering with jewels,

But the momentary pleasure of her looked at her from the mantelpiece, touch was gone. Chilcote drew away against which he was resting. He had his hand and picked up the book that

"'Other Men's Shoes,' " he read. "A

Chilcote started and opened his eyes. confusedly.

Fraide smiled his dry, kindly smile. "A fatal admission for a member of

this Persian affair. I believe it to be place had a cheerless look. a mere first move on Russia's part. worth watching."

Chilcote shrugged his shoulders, "Oh, smoke."

the feeling down at Wark?" he asked. Cromwell table, and on the plain deal "Has it awakened any interest?" "At Wark? Oh, I-I don't quite know. I have been a little out of Ical and historical. There were no curtouch with Wark in the last few tains on the windows and a common weeks. A man has so many private | rending lamp with a green shade stood affairs to look to"- He was uneasy on a desk. It was the room of a man under his chief's scrutiny.

Fraide's lips parted as if to make re- who existed because he was alive and ply, but with a certain dignified reti- | worked because he must, cence he closed them again and turned RWRY.

himself. He glanced down the crowd- ing. ed, lighted house to the big glass

his walstcoat pocket.

Usually he carried his morphia tablolds with him, but today by a lapse of memory he had left them at home. He knew this, nevertheless he continued to search, while the need of the drug rushed through him with a sense the business of the house; unconscious-

ly he half rose from his seat. The mar next him looked up. "Hold paper. your ground, Chilcote," he said. "Ray-

forth is drying up." With a wave of relief Chilcote dropped back into his place. Whate er the caught his attention and he raised his confusion in his mind it was evident-

ty not abvious in his face.

sophically on the treetops, forgetting the uneven pavement and the worn 'I-I believe I was dozing," he said railing that hemmed them around. In the landing outside the rooms his name

appeared above his door, but the paint had been solled by time and the letters the opposition," he said. "But I was | for the most part reduced to shadows, looking for you earlier in the day, so that, taken in conjunction with the Chilcote. There is something behind gaunt staircase and bare walls, the

Inside, however, the effect was some You big trading people will find it what mitigated. The room on the right hand as one entered the small passage that served as hall was of fair size. I don't know," he said, "I scarcely though low celled. The paint of the believe in it. Lakely put a match to wall paneling, like the name above the the powder in the St. George's, but outer door, had long ago been worn to 'twill only be a noise and a puff of a dirty and nondescript hue, and the floor was innocent of carpet. Yet in

But Fraide-did not smile, "What is the middle of the room stood a fine old bookshelves and along the mantelpiece were some valuable books-politwith few hobbles and no pleasures.

Three nights after the great for John

Loder sat by his desk in the light of Chilcote leaned back in his place and the green shaded lamp. The remains furtively passed his hand over his fore. of a very frugal supper stood on the head. His mind was possessed by one center table, and in the grate a small consideration - the consideration of and economical looking fire was burn-

Having written for close on two across the room. Reaching the mantelpiece he took a pipe from the pipe rack and some tobacco from the jar that stood behind the books. His face looked tired and a little worn, as is common with men who have worked long at an uucongenial task. Shredding of physical siganess. He lost hold on the tobacco between his hands he slowly filled the pipe, then lighted it from the fire with a spill of twisted

> Almost at the moment that he applied the light the sound of steps mounting the uncarpeted stairs outside head to listen.

Presently the steps halted and he

"What will you have, or, rather, will you have a whisky? I keep noth

Chilcote shook his head. "I seldon drink. But don't let that deter you. Loder smilled. "I have one drink in the twenty-four hours-generally at 2 into speech. o'clock, when my night's work is done. A solitary man has to look where he

is going." "You work till 2?"

"Two or 3." Chilcote's eyes wandered to the desk.

"You write?" he asked. The other nodded curtly.

"Books?" Chilcote's tone was anx-

0118 Loder laughed, and the bitter note

showed in his voice. "No; not books," he said.

Chilcote leaned back in his chair and passed his hand across his face. The strong wave of satisfaction that the times exhibit. words woke in him was difficult to conceal.

"What is your work?"

Loder turned aside. "You must not companion with his restless glance. ask that," he sold shortly. "When a "I am quite sane-quite reasonable." man has only one capacity, and the capacity has no outlet, he is apt to run again he put up his hand. to seed in a wrong direction. I cultivate weeds, at abominable labor and a very small reward." He stood with something of mine. You'll be the his back to the fire, facing his visitor. first person, man or woman, that I His attitude was a curious blending of have confided in for ten years. You pride, defiance and despondency.

Chilcote leaned forward again, "Why I have treated myself shabbily, which speak of yourself like that? You are a man of intelligence and education." He spoke questioningly, anxiously,

"Intelligence and education!" Loder laughed shortly, "London is cemented with intelligence. And education! What is education? The court dress necessary to presentation, the wig and

gown necessary to the barrister. But ed, lighted house to the our glass doors; he glanced about him at his cot- hours, he pushed back his chair and briefs or the court dress royal favor? leagues, indifferent or interested; then stretched his cramped fingers. Then Education is the accessory. It is influence that is essential. You should know that."

Chlicote moved restlessly in his seat. "You talk bitterly," he said.

The other looked up. "I think bitterly, which is worse. I am one of the unlucky beggars who in the expectation of money have been denied a profession-even a trade, to which to cling in time of shipwreck-and who when diaster comes drift out to sea. I warned

you the other night to steer clear of me. I come under the head of flot-Sam?"

Chilcote's face lighted. "You came a cropper ?" he asked.

"No. It was some one else who came

began. essential to a country's staying pot Loder took his pipe out of his mouth. You have every reason to be proof a 'I am not so presumptuous," he said your father."

uietly. For a space the other eyed him siently, as if trying to gauge his thoughts. Then once more he broke

me to climb to his pedestal." "Look here," he said. "I came to-Loder's eyes questioned. In his newnight to make a proposition. When I ly awakened interest he had let ha have made it you'll first of all feer at pipe go out. me, as I jeered when I made it to my "Don't you grasp my meaning self. Then you'll see its possibilities Chilcote went on. "My father died and as I did. Then," he paused and glane I was elected for East Wark. You may ed around the room nervously, "then say that if I had no real inclination fa you'll accept it, as I did." In the un-

the position I could have kicked, but easy haste of his speech his words tell you I couldn't. Every local inter broke off almost unintelligibly. est, political and commercial, hung up Involuntarily Loder lifted his head on the candidate being a Chilcote. to retort, but Chilcote put up his hand. did what eight men out of ten would His face was set with the obstinate have done. I yielded to pressure." determination that weak men some-"It was a fine opening!" The words

escaped Loder. "Before I begin I want to say that "Most prisons have wide gates I am not drunk-that I am neither mad Chilcote laughed again unplease "That was six years ago. I had start nor drunk." He looked fully at his on the morphia track four years earlied but up to my father's death I had it m Again Loder essayed to speak, but der my thumb, or believed I had, and in the realization of my new response bilities and the excitement of the po "No. Hear me out. You told me something of your story. I'll tell you litical fight I almost put it aside Fo

several months after I entered parlie ment I worked. I believe I made on speech that marked me as a coming man." He laughed derisively. "I even married"is harder to reconcise. I had every

"Married?" "Yes-a girl of nineteen, the ward of a great politician. It was a brilland marriage, politically as well as socially but it didn't work. I was born without the capacity for love. First the social life palled on me, then my work get irksome. There was only one factor a make life endurable-morphia.

that?" he asked sharply. six months were out I had fully similar The other smiled. "It wasn't guessing. It wasn't even deduction. You ted that." told me or as good as told me in the "But your wife?" "Oh, my wife knew nothing-knows fog when we talked of Lexington. nothing. It is the political business You were unstrung that night, and I-

well, perhaps one gets overobservant the beastly routine of the political is from living alone." He smiled again. that is wearing me out." Chilcote collapsed into his former nervously, then hurried on again seat and passed his handkerchief tell you it's hard to see the same faces to sit in the same seat day in, day on across his forchead.

Loder watched him for a space. Then knowing all the time that you are he spoke. "Why don't you pull up?" hold yourself in hand, must keep rot he said. "You are a young man still.

chance, and I chucked every chance

"Morphia?" he said very quietly.

again Loder lifted his head.

There was a strained pause, then

Chilcote wheeled around with a

scared gesture. "How did you know

away.'

Why don't you drop the thing before the Chiltern Hundreds."

Continued next week.

He stopp

Chilcote returned his glance. The Subscribe for the Guard. surgestion of reproof had accentuate"

it gets too late?" His face was unsympathetic, and below the question in his voice lay a note of hardness.



