The Devil

By FERENC MOLNAR

Dramatized by OLIVER HERFORD

Adapted by JOSEPH O'BRIEN

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CHAPTER VIII.

OLGA felt herself yielding to the devilish insinuation of Millar. She made no effort to withdraw her hand from Karl's. She was completely under this sinister, dominating influence. Karl's will seemed equally impotent. He could not shake off the mysterious obsession. This man was more than a mere physical presence; he was a part of their very selves—the weaker, sensual impulses against which they had fought, but which now seemed gaining the mastery. The struggle went on in the soul of each as Millar's voice fell melodiously on their ears:

"The most important thing to you in life is to find your proper mate. Generations of conventional treatment will try to prevent you from doing so by pretending it is impossible. But down in your hearts, in their depths, where truth is not perverted by the veneer of convention, I know and you know that it is the simplest thing on earth. Here Karl in two years. We chatted, and the time flew past. It was an extremely interesting conversation, and madame was so kind as to invite me to the ball this evening."

"You will accept, I trust," Herman said, with ready hospitality.

"Yes, thank you," Millar said. "I have come direct from Odessa, where I have had a talk with the Russian wheat magnate."

"Ah, I know. I shall lose money. The wheat crop is bad," Herman said impatiently.

"Oh, isn't that good for us?" Olga asked.

"No, dear, it is not. I am short on wheat."

"What does short on wheat mean?" Olga asked.

"It means digging a pit for others and falling into it yourself," Millar remarked cynically. "However," he went on, "things are not so bad. I have reliable information that the later crop will be abundant."

"Good! I am delighted to learn this," Herman said, very much pleased with Millar, who now spoke pleasantly and ingratiatingly.

Karl had paid little attention to the colloquy between Herman and Millar. He tried to speak to Olga, but could not catch her eye. She seemed to wish to avoid him. She watched her opportunity, however, and managed to whisper to Millar:

"I want to speak to you alone."

Millar brought his subtlety into instant play. Turning to Herman, he asked:

"By the way, have you seen the sketch of madame Karl made yesterday? It is atrociously bad."

"No. Where is it? I would like to see it," Herman cried eagerly.

"It is in the studio," Millar said.

"You must show it to me, Karl," Herman said, walking toward the studio door with the young artist. "I am sorry you didn't start on the picture today, but I suppose it can't be helped. What in the world were you talking about all that time?"

As they went out talking Olga followed slowly. As she passed Millar he said.

"I will await you here."

Olga went with Karl and her husband. She had hardly left the room when the door from the hall opened and Mimi entered. As Millar turned toward her with his ironical bow she drew back, affrighted.

"Oh, excuse me!" she murmured.

"You wish to see the artist?" Millar said.

"Yes, please."

He walked over, took her by the shoulders and coolly pushed her through the door into the hall.

"Wait there, my dear," he said. "He is engaged just now."

The artist turned to meet Olga, who entered suddenly, looking suspiciously around the room.

"I thought I heard a woman's voice," she exclaimed.

"The scrubwoman. I sent her away," Millar explained.

"I wanted to speak with you alone," Olga began, turning toward him and speaking very earnestly, "in order to tell you"—

"That is not true," Millar interrupted her cynically.

"What is not true?"

"What you wanted to tell me," he said, with exasperating suavity. "You really want to talk with me because you regret that my sermon was interrupted by Mr. Moneybags."

"No, no. I simply want to tell you the truth," she protested.

"You may want to tell the truth, but you never do. I might believe you if you told me you were not telling the truth."

"Must I think and speak as you wish?" she cried desperately.

"No, not yet. What may I do for you, madame?"

"Please do not come tonight," she implored.

Millar smiled deprecatingly. She went on rapidly, speaking in a low tone that she might not be overheard by Herman and Karl.

"I am myself again—a happy, dutiful wife. Your frivolous morals hurt me. Your words, your thoughts, your sinister influence that seems to force me against my will, frighten me. I must confess that I had become interested in your horrible sermon when, thank God, my good husband rang the bell and put an end to it. He came in at the proper moment."

"Yes, as an object lesson," Millar sneered. "I observed you closely. We three were beginning to understand one another when he came in."

"Won't you drop the subject?" Olga asked.

"Are you afraid of it?"

"No," she answered coldly, "but please don't come tonight."

Millar bowed deeply, as if granting her request, but he replied coolly:

"I shall come."

"And if my husband asks you not to come?"

"He will ask me to come."

"And if I should ask you in the presence of my husband not to come?"

"I will agree to this, madame," Millar said, looking at her, with amusement. "If you do not ask me in the presence of your husband to come tonight I will not come. Is that fair?"

"Yes. That is more than fair. It is the first really nice thing you have said," Olga said, greatly relieved.

She wanted to be rid of this terribly sinister influence, to be out of reach of the being who seemed to compel her thoughts to link her present with the past. She wished to feel again the sweet, wholesome purpose that had inspired her yesterday, to go ahead with her unselfish plans for Karl's future. Now that he had given his promise she was eager to be away, and as Karl and Herman entered she suggested to her husband that it was time to go.

"Yes. Put on your coat." Herman you are full of talent and longing; here is a woman, beautiful, passionate"—

Karl made a last struggle against the inevitable consequence of this demon's urging, drawing Olga away from him.

"I beg of you, don't!" he cried. "When I look at you I fear. Please don't speak of it. For six years we have lived peacefully."

"Say what you will," the soft, even voice persisted. "I can read your eyes, and they are telling me. Don't believe him. He lies," he went on to Olga. "He dreams of her—you—every night and you of him, and he knows it, and you know it. Ah! I understand the language of your eyes. No matter what you say, that little love light in your eyes discredits you, reveals your inmost thoughts, and I read them through."

"Let me speak," Karl pleaded. "For six years we have lived quietly, in peace, good friends, nothing else. Olga has not the least interest in me, and I—I am quite, quite indifferent."

"Any one who thinks Karl capable of a base thought must be base and contemptible himself!" Olga cried.

The two were almost hysterical as they stood beside each other, warding off the evil that seemed to emanate from the mysterious person who towered over them from the pulpit backed chair. Karl held Olga's right hand in his. His left hand was on her shoulder protectingly. Millar spoke quickly, leaning far down toward them:

"It is not a base thought; it is a beautiful thought, a thought shedding happiness, warmth and joy upon your otherwise miserable lives. But happiness, warmth and joy have a price that must be paid. He who loves wine too well will go to a drunkard's grave, but while he is drunk with wine angels sing to him.

"Whatever the price, his happiness is cheaply bought. The poet sings his greatest song when he is about to die and is a poor, weak human mortal to live without wine and song and women's lips. A little stump of a candle shines its brightest ere it goes out forever. It should teach you that one glow of warmth is worth all this life can give. Life has no object but to be thrown away. It must end. Let us end it well. Let our raging passions set fire to everything about us, burning, burning, burning, until we ourselves are reduced to ashes. Those who pretend otherwise are hypocrites and liars."

The two listened spellbound to this amazing sermon of sin. Karl's arm slipped down to Olga's waist. He felt himself drawing her closer to him.

"Don't be a liar," Millar urged, his eyes still burning into them; "don't be a hypocrite. Be a rascal, but be a pleasant rascal, and the world is yours. Look at me. All the world is mine, and what I have told you is the honest confession of all the world. We are baptized not with water, but with fire. Love yourself, only yourself. Wear the softest garments, sip the sweetest wine, kiss the prettiest lips."

No subtler tempter ever spoke to the hearts of a man and a woman. Karl was leaning over Olga now. He saw her eyes, her lips, soft, warm, rose colored; he felt her arms as she clung to him, while over them both gloated the sinister figure of Millar, the devil, triumphant, confident that his work was done.

There was a crashing ring at the doorbell that acted like an electric shock on the group. Karl and Olga came to their senses, dazed, trembling thankful. Millar stepped down from the chair, baffled, and turned his back upon them.

"My husband!" Olga gasped.

"Mr. Moneybags," Millar sneered contemptuously.

CHAPTER IX.

OLGA and Karl quickly drew apart. Both were relieved. Olga felt as if she had stepped back from the brink of a terrible precipice over which she had almost fallen. Her face was colorless, and there were lines of agony across her brow. The two unhappy people stood staring at each other for a full minute before Heinrich entered and announced Herman.

It had been growing dark in the studio during the remarkable discourse by Millar, but so absorbed had both his listeners been in their own tremendous emotions that they had paid no heed. Now, as Herman entered his first exclamation was:

"How dark it is in here! I am sorry I am late."

Heinrich turned on the lights, and the apartment was suddenly illuminated. Karl and Olga had not yet recovered their self possession, but Karl managed to indicate with a wave of his hand his strange visitor.

"Dr. Millar," he said.

Millar nodded absently and barely replied to Herman's cordial greeting. He was still enraged at the interruption which had prevented the success of his infamous plan. Herman turned quickly to Karl and Olga.

"Well, children, where is the picture? I am anxious to see it," he exclaimed.

"There is no picture," was all Karl could say. Olga, filled with apprehension at she knew not what, was silent.

"No picture!" Herman exclaimed. "What have you been doing all this time?"

"It has been dark for an hour," Karl explained.

"Yes, but Olga has been here two hours," Herman said, looking at his watch.

There was an instant of silence that threatened to become painfully embarrassing. Olga was about to speak when Millar unexpectedly stepped forward briskly and politely:

"My dear M. Hoffmann, it was my fault," he explained. "I came a moment after you left. I had not seen said, turning to talk to Millar, whom he found interesting. Karl helped Olga on with her coat, and the touch of it brought back the feeling that had surged over him when he had leaned down to kiss her a few minutes before.

"Now I see how unworthy is my sketch," he said softly.

"Do not look at me like that," Olga protested.

"Why not?" Karl asked hopelessly. "Even when I don't look at you I see you just the same."

Olga covered her face and turned away from him.

"Karl, you shall not do my portrait," she said. "Come, Herman, let us go home," she called to her husband.

Herman and Millar were deep in the discussion of a subject on which the stranger seemed to me amazingly well informed. The business instincts of Olga's husband were uppermost, and he did not like to be drawn away, but he said:

"We shall continue this talk this evening then."

"No. I regret to say that I can't come. I have made my apologies to Mme. Hoffmann. I had forgotten an engagement with the Russian consul for this evening."

"Ah, the Russian consul will be at our house! Olga, dear, add your entreaties to mine. Persuade M. Millar to come."

In dreadful embarrassment Olga turned to the smiling, cynical mask of a face that looked at her triumphantly. She could not refuse.

"I hope we may have the pleasure of seeing you this evening," she said and turned wearily toward the door.

"Thank you, madame," the fiend replied. "I shall be more than delighted."

Karl interrupted to say that he would not reach the house that evening before 11 o'clock. He explained that he expected an art dealer. In reality he had just recalled his promise to stop at the house of Mimi. Herman, suspecting his design, made some jesting allusion to it, which caused Olga to ask what he meant. He evaded her question, and Millar, seeing another excellent opportunity to point a moral, declared that he heard a knock.

He walked over to the door, opened it and to the amazement of the others ushered the embarrassed little model into the room.

"The art dealer," he said sarcastically.

Olga felt instantly consumed with jealousy. As she and her husband walked out Millar said to her:

"I will repay you for your invitation. Madame, I shall manage to forget my overcoat, and in five minutes I shall return for it and break up the chat which you anticipate with such displeasure."

Olga could not deny the insinuation. She did feel jealous of the pretty model; she did wish that the girl and Karl might not be left alone, and she felt almost grateful to Millar for his promise. Karl had ushered Mimi into the studio, casually explaining that she was a model, and then he bade his guests goodbye. Left alone, he threw himself face downward on the sofa, where Mimi found him a few minutes later.

CHAPTER X.

KARL paid no attention to Mimi until she walked over to him and touched him on the shoulder. Then he sat up impatiently.

"Did I not promise to call at your house?" he asked angrily. "Why did you come here?"

"Are you ashamed because I came while all those people were here?" Mimi asked, hurt and drawing away from him.

"Oh, no; not at all. I promised to call, and I can't understand why you did not wait," Karl answered.

Mimi timidly leaned down and put her arms around his neck. Then she said pleadingly:

"Oh, Karl, dear, please don't get married."

"Don't; you'll spoil my collar," Karl exclaimed, trying to avoid her embrace. Mimi began to cry softly.

"Before I saw these people I hardly ever thought of your marriage," she said, "but now, Karl, dear, my heart aches. Please don't get married."

Karl was touched by her grief in spite of himself. He reached over and patted her cheek.

"There, don't cry, dearie; please don't cry," he said. "It makes you homely."

Mimi brightened instantly, and her tears vanished, leaving her face smiling.

"I am a silly little girl," she said.

"Yes, you are, but I like you very much," Karl said, taking her in his arms. "Now, Mimi, suppose we talk over our marriage quietly and sensibly. You may as well stay, now that you are here. Take off your hat and your jacket."

He arose and was helping her off with her red woolen jacket. Then he hugged her and said as he kissed her lips:

"I am your best friend, after all, Mimi, and you are my"—

The door opened silently, and Millar entered, taking up Karl's speech with: "My overcoat. It is here somewhere. Your servant gave me yours."

Karl and Mimi drew away from each other, and Millar looked at them, smiling.

"It's very singular," he said, "but each time I enter your studio I find a lady disrobing. You might think this was a ladies' tailoring establishment."

Mimi looked at Karl jealously as he glared at Millar. Then she burst into tears and ran out of the room. Karl watched her, and as she slammed the door he turned to Millar and quietly said:

"Thank you very much."

"Oh, don't mention it."

"I will get your overcoat, and don't let me detain you," said Karl, with significant emphasis.

"I broke the hanger. Your man is mending it and will bring it here," Millar said coolly, ignoring the marked impoliteness.

Karl said nothing more, and after a few minutes of silence Millar resumed:

"I just saw something that touched me deeply—Mme. Hoffmann clinging to her husband's arm as if she were begging him to protect her."

"Protect her!" Karl exclaimed angrily. "You don't mean to protect her from me?"

"Look here, Karl, do you think you are wise to be a fool?"

"I prefer not to discuss this subject," Karl answered coldly. "You don't seem to understand my position. Why, it is absurd. I have seen this woman every day for years; met her and her husband. We have been good friends. That's all absolutely, and had I thought of anything else I should laugh at myself. In wealth, position, everything, she is above me."

"No woman is above her own heart," Millar replied cynically. "Look at her. She is yours if you want her. Just stretch out your hand, my boy, and you have your warmth, your happiness, your joy—unspeakable joy, the most supreme joy possible to a human being—and you are too lazy to reach out your hand. Why, another man would toil night and day, risk his life and limb, for such a woman, yet she drops into your arms unsought, a found treasure."

Karl laughed bitterly.

"A found treasure," he repeated. "Perhaps that is why I am indifferent."

Millar moved over to where the young artist was seated on the couch and sat beside him. He leaned toward Karl and spoke low and earnestly, keeping his big, black, glittering eyes fixed on him.

"Last fall, on the 6th of September—I shall never forget the date—I had a singular experience," he said. "I put on an old suit of clothes, one I had not worn for some time, and as I picked up the waistcoat a sovereign dropped out from one of the pockets. It had been there no one knew how long. I picked it up, saying to myself as I turned the gold piece over in my hand, 'I wonder when you got there.' It slipped through my fingers and rolled into some dark corner.

"I searched the room trying to find it, but my sovereign had gone. I became nervous. Again I searched, with no result. I became angry, took up the rugs, moved the furniture about, and I called my man to help me. I grew feverish with the one thought that I must have that sovereign. Suddenly a suspicion seized me. I sprang to my feet and cried to my servant, 'You thief; you have found the sovereign and put it back in your pocket.' He answered disrespectfully. I rushed at him. I saw a knife blade glimmer in his pocket, and I drew a pistol from mine."

He drew a shining revolver from his hip pocket and laid it on the table at Karl's elbow.

"And with this pistol I nearly killed a man for a found sovereign which I did not need," he finished quietly.

Karl was profoundly stirred by the story, although he could hardly tell why.

"I give found money away," he said, laughing uncertainly and adding, "for luck."

"So do I," said Millar quickly, "but it slipped through my fingers, and what slips through our fingers is what we want. We seek it breathlessly. That is human nature. You, too, will seek your found treasure once it slips through your fingers. And then you will find that worthless thing worth everything. You can find it sweet, dear, precious."

Karl turned away from him, trying not to listen to him.

"Kill a man for a found sovereign," he repeated.

"That woman will become sweeter, dearer, more precious to you every day," the malignant one went on, his words searing Karl's soul. "You will realize that she could have given you wings; that she is the warmth, the color—her glowing passion the inspiration of your work. All this you will realize when she has slipped through your fingers. You might have become a master, a giant, not by loving your art, but by loving her. Oh, to be kissed by her, to look into her burning eyes and to kiss her warm, passionate mouth!"

Karl covered his face with his hands. Millar picked up the delicately scented shawl which had covered Olga's bare shoulders.

"This has touched her bosom!" he cried, twining it around Karl's head and shoulders so that its fragrance reached his nostrils.

The boy lost control of himself and caught the drapery, pressing it to his lips.

"Both so beautiful," Millar persisted in his soft, even, melodious voice. "Oh, what you could be to each other! What divine pleasure you would find!"

Dropping the shawl, Karl started to his feet.

"Be quiet! You are trying to drive me mad!" he cried. "Do you want to ruin me? For God's sake, man, be still!"

"Afraid again, oh, Puritan!" Millar sneered. "Why, boy, life is only worth living when it is thrown away."

"Why do you tell me that?" Karl demanded. "Why do you hover over me? What do you want? Who sent you?"

"No one. I am here."

He again touched his forehead significantly, and Karl shuddered. "I won't do it! No, no, no! Do you hear? I won't!" the boy cried hysterically. "I have been her good friend for years. We have been good friends. We will remain good friends. I don't want the found sovereign."

"But if it slips through your fingers!" Millar cried. "Suppose another man runs away with her?"

"Who?" Karl demanded.

"Myself," Millar replied coolly.

"You!"

"Tonight, this very night!" Millar cried, laughing satanically and triumphantly. "Tonight I shall play with her as I please. Oh, what joy! What exquisite joy!"

"What's that?" Karl cried, taking a step toward him.

"She will do whatever I wish—tonight, at her home. You will see, when the lights are bright, when the air is filled with perfume—before day dawns you will see."

"Stop! Stop!" Karl cried warningly.

"Be there and you will run after your lost sovereign," Millar went on tauntingly. "Every minute you don't know where she is she is spending with me. A carriage passes you with drawn blinds, and your heart stands still. Who is in it? She and I. You see a couple turn the corner with arms lovingly interlocked. Who was that? She and I—always she and I. We sit in every carriage, we go around every corner, always she and I—always clinging to each other, always lovingly. The thought maddens you. You run through the streets. A light is extinguished in some room high up in a house. Who is there? She and I. We stand at the window arm in arm looking down into your maddened eyes, and we hold each other closer, and we laugh at you."

"Stop, damn you, stop!" Karl cried, beside himself and trying to shut out the terrible monotony of Millar's voice.

"We laugh at you, you fool!" the fiend cried again hoarsely. "And her laughter grows warmer and warmer until she laughs as only a woman can laugh in the midst of delirious joy."

With a maddened scream of rage Karl reached the table with a bound and snatched up the revolver. But Millar, with a spring as lithe and agile as a cat, was there beside him, holding the arm with which he would have shot down the man who was pouring insidious poison into his ears—into his soul.

Millar smiled as he looked at the helpless boy before him. Karl released the revolver, and as he replaced it in his pocket Millar said quietly:

"You see, Karl, a man may kill a man for a lost sovereign."

CHAPTER XI.

KARL'S paroxysm of rage and pain over, he threw himself into a chair and buried his face in his hands. He did not even look up as Millar, his cynical glance fixed on him, walked out, closing the door softly behind him. His departure seemed to clear the atmosphere of its oppressive burden of evil, however, and Karl jumped to his feet. He made a few turns up and down the studio and then changed his velvet studio jacket for a greatcoat and plunged out of doors into the storm.

A brisk walk through the snow and gathering darkness revived him, and he turned back to the studio with a clearer brain. His old servant, Heinrich, met him at the door.

"Monsieur, the gentleman has returned and is dressing," the old man said in an awestruck whisper. "I think he is the devil," he added vindictively.

Heinrich had been terrified when Millar, returning to the studio in Karl's absence, had taken possession with the utmost coolness of Karl's guest chamber and proceeded to change to the evening clothes which had been sent to him there from the tailor's. Unwilling to meet the man again, Karl hurried into his own room and locked the door. He did not emerge again until long after Millar had completed his dressing and had left the studio.

Karl tried desperately to drive thoughts of Olga from his mind. But the terrible flame of passion which had grown from the tiny, buried spark of boy love that lurked in his heart, under the sinister suggestion of Millar, tortured him. He could hardly keep himself from rushing off to Olga's house in advance of the ball to beg her not to proceed with her design of bringing him and Elsa together, to tell her that he loved her and that in all the world there lived no other woman for him. Desperately at last he remembered his promise to see Mimi, and he hurried out and made his way afoot to the tattered little building in which she lived, hoping there to find forgetfulness. But go where he would the haunting black eyes, the cynical smile, that even, persistent voice, the insidious suggestions of Millar, the devil, followed him and would not be shaken off.

In a state of mind even more desperate than that of Karl, Olga went home with Herman. Their journey was as silent as their carriage was silent. Herman was absorbed in contemplation of the information Millar had given him regarding business affairs in Russia, in which he was heavily interested. Olga was torn by conflicting emotions. The man had roused in her the dormant love for Karl which she believed buried forever. She could not deny to herself now, as she had denied for six years, that she loved him. She knew now that during those six years it had been to Karl, not to Herman, that she had turned for sympathy, for understanding, the knowledge maddened her.

Deep in her heart Olga exalted before every other virtue, and the of a loyal wife before every duty. She could feel now the crumbling away of all her principles, convictions, the ideals she had cherished. She had believed for six y that she had given to Herman ev bit of her love and loyalty, and she was forced to the self confes that she had lived a lie even to self. She loved Karl.

But, away from Millar's influe she resolved that she would yet tle with and overcome the terrible pulses he had aroused. She would ahead with the ball. She would Karl and Elsa together. She make the artist love the beautiful complished girl whom she herself selected for his bride. She make him happy; make them both py, even if it meant that she crush out her own hopes of happ in doing so.

"That is a very remarkable man, friend of Karl's," Herman said they had driven some time in silen

"Yes. He is very disagreeable," replied.

"Oh, I don't think so!" Herman tested. "To me he seemed very able. Where does he come from? seems to have been everywhere know everybody."

"And everything," assented wearily. "I cannot tell you about him. Karl met him a year at Monte Carlo."

"I am glad you persuaded him come tonight," Herman said. "He going to give me information that be of great value to me."

Olga was on the point of telling man all about the terrible sermon stranger had preached to them, wicked insinuations and of her dread, but she checked herself. man seemed fatuously delighted Millar, and she could not bring to talk to him now. They conti the ride in silence until home reached.

Herman and Olga occupied the finest residences in Park lane had been built by a wealthy man and completed with a princely regard for expenditure. It stood the center of a considerable park, rounded by trees and gardens.

Preparations were already going ward for the ball when Herman Olga reached home. Decorators putting the finishing touches magnificent ballroom. Florists banking ferns and potted plants the stairs and halls. All was and preparation. Herman delight went forward and examined every tail of the work. Olga, who ordi would have taken the same keen est in the preparations, turned away and went to her own room dined alone under the plea of a ache and did not again appear the guests began to arrive in the ing.

"You look very beautiful, my Herman said to her when she en the drawing room.

Her mood had changed. Her seemed unnaturally bright. She self could not tell what had caused change. When she reached home had looked forward with shudder aversion to her second meeting Millar. Now she was impatient him to arrive. She wanted to talk him, to hear again the soft, persua voice, the insidious harmony of words that seemed to frame for the thoughts she had never dared press.

She was bright, alive, witty, cha ing in the beauty of her fresh her glorious hair, her splendid set off charmingly in an evening of white satin brocade. She stood the head of the winding stairway ing to the drawing room when Mi came.

The man seemed more suggestive malignant purpose in his even clothes than he had been in the af noon. Immaculate in every detail his dress, his very grooming sugg wickedness. He walked slowly up stairs, feasting his eyes on Olga as stood with hand extended to gre

"Madame, I am charmed to greet again," he said. "I congratulate on the wonderful transformation. I need not ask in what way it effected."

"It may be that I owe it to you m sieur," Olga replied gayly, her frankly meeting those of Millar as looked at her with admiration he not attempt to disguise.

"I trust we are soon to have pleasure of seeing Karl again."

"He will be here—later, I bel Olga answered. "Meanwhile, m sieur, I am going to ask you to yourself agreeable to some of guests."

"Madame, I can only make my disagreeable to them," he replied c ically. "It is not they whom I came see and entertain."

"But you must be entertained Olga said. "Soon I hope we may ta

"We shall talk," Millar assured bowing.

He passed on to greet Herman was presented to others in the rap growing throng. Wherever he w Olga heard exclamations, usually surprise or dismay, from her guests, and the number that bly gathered around him at first ly diminished. He seemed bent making himself disagreeable as had promised.

One elderly spinster to whom he presented greeted him with an ed lisp, drooping eyes and an mark about the terrible cold.

"Yes, mademoiselle, your teeth chatter tonight—on the dresser."

To another, a portly lady who fected the airs of a girl, he said in most silken tones:

(Continued next Saturday.)

"I COME FROM NOWHERE; I GO EVERYWHERE; I AM HERE."