## THE BRASS BOWL'S COMPANY.

worldish, even for London. He seemed "My good man," he said with subto know it subjectively, to have retained a memory of it from another existence, as the stage setting of a like? Or shall I take the trouble to invivid dream all forgotten will sometimes recur with peculiar and exasperating intensity in broad daylight. The houses, with their sloping, red tile roofs, unexpected gables, spondantly toward the nearer street corner. rimmed with green shutters and doorhauntingly familiar, and yet strange.
A corner sign, remarked in passing, had named the spot "Aspen Villas"; though he felt he knew the sound of

through this curious survival of teenth century London? Blindly staggering on, wilted with weariness, the horse stumbled in the shafts and plunged forward on its knees. Quick as the driver was to pull join the captain; who already, with it up, with a cruel jerk of the bits, Kirkwood was caught unprepared; Iurching against the dashboard, he lost his footing, grasped frantically at the tage, the comfortable elevation of his unstable air, and went over, bringing up in a sitting position in the gutter, ture had throughout been noisily up in a sitting position in the gutter, with a solid shock that jarred his very

"Run for it!" he begged her. "Don't stop to argue. You promised—run! I'll come. \* \*"

"Philip!" she pleaded. "Dorothyl he cried in torment. Perhaps it was his unquestionable distress that weakened her. Suddenly she yielded—with whatever reason. He was only hazily aware of the swish of her skirts behind him; he had no time to look round to see that she got away safely. He had only eyes and thoughts for Calendar and Stryker. They were both afoot now, and running toward him, the one as awkward "CHAPTER TVIII"

ning toward him, the one as awkward as the other, but neither yielding a of their malignant purpose. He d the picture of it oddly graphic in his memory for many a day there-after—Calendar making directly for him, his heavy featured face a dull red with the exertion, his fat head dropped forward as if too heavy for his neck with the exertion, his fat head dropped forward as if too heavy for his neck of a buil, his small eyes bright with anger; Stryker shying off at a discreet angle, evidently with the intention of devoting himself to the capture of the girl; the two cabs with their dejected for all the world like—"

"You turned up in the nick of time, for all the world like—"
"Herlequin propriets the "Herlequin propriets the capture of the "Herlequin propriets the sortews of rest in the middle of the "Herlequin propriets the strength of the capture of the capt screws, at rest in the middle of the quiet twillt street himself, standing stockily prepared, hands in his coat pockets, his idence that watches over children and

To his mental photograph another upon his shoulder. To his mental photograph another upon his shoulder. "Your simile seems succeeds, of the same scene an insingularly happy, Philip. Permit me stant later; all as it had been before, to suggest that you join the child in their relative positions unchanged, my study." He laughed quietly, with save that Stryker and Calendar a slight nod toward an open door at had come to a dead stop, and the end of the hallway. "For myself, that Kirkwood's right arm was lifted. I'll be with you in one moment."

A faint indulgent savillable to the same succeeding the same scene and instruction of suggest that you join the child in the same scene and instruction of the same scene and instruction of suggest that you join the child in the same scene and instruction of suggest that you join the child in the same scene and instruction of suggest that you join the child in the same scene and instruction of suggest that you join the child in the same scene and instruction of suggest that you join the child in the same scene and instruction of suggest that you join the child in the same scene and instruction of suggest and instruc and extended, pointing at the captain.

So forgetful of self was he that it required a moment's thought to convince him that he was really responting to the abrupt transformation.

So forgetful of self was he that it the shadow of his white mustache, he with an eloquent gesture. "Sir," he noiselessly in the doorway. "Young hearts!" to put a single question: Have you sin."

Incredulously he realized that he had sadly. "Youth! ."

Well, Wotton?"

But Brentwick—" he began.

But Brentwick begged his patience with an eloquent gesture. "Sir," ho noiselessly in the doorway. "Beg pardon, sir, they're waiting, to put a single question: Have you by any chance paid your cabby?"

Incredulously he realized that he had sadly. "Youth! ."

"Why—" faltered the younger man, "Yessir." drawn Calendar's revolver and pulled Stryker up short, in mid stride, by the mute menace of it, as much as by his

another picture to his mental gallery. Perhaps two score feet up the side-Perhaps two score feet up the sidewalk a gate stood open; just outside
it a man of tall and slender figure,
rigged out in a bizarre costume consisting mainly of a flowered dressing of wall space was occupied by towergown and slippers, was waiting in an
attitude of singular impassivity; within
it, pausing with a foot lifted to the
to the limit of their capacity with an
it, pausing with a foot lifted to the
amazing miscellany of objects of art,
doorstep, bag in hand, her head turned
the fruit of years of patient and dis-

imperative as his accompanying words. now waited, hesitant: "Come, sir-

Kirkwood choked on a laugh that ethereal

with this understanding that it was hard for him to adjust his perceptions

spended Brentwood briefly. His gaze, "Who," inquired the girl, lowering weary and wistful behind his glasses, her voice, "who is the gentleman in rested on the face of the girl on the the flowered dressing gown?" threshold of his home; and the faint, bensitive flush of her face deepened. Wick: an old friend. I've known him he stopped and honored her with a bow for years—ever since I came abroad. that, for all his fantastical attire, would curiously enough, however, this is the have graced a beau of an earlier decade. first time I've ever been here. I called

hardly care to hear."

Dorothy's hesitation was but transitory; Kirkwood was reassuring her did; and while I ran, I was conscious with a smile more like his wonted boyof the front door, here, opening, and ish grin than anything he had sucthis tall man in the flowered dressing. sh grin than anything he had a the common in the howered dressing ceeded in conjuring up throughout the gown coming down to the gate as if day. Her own smile answered it, and it were the most ordinary thing in with it a murmured word of gratitude the world for him to stroll out, dressed and a little, half timid, half distant bow that way, in the evening. And he for Brentwick, she passed on into the opened the gate, and bowed, and said,

tit, fat ingers fumbling with the latch, bis round red face, lifted to the house, darkly working with chagrin.

From his threshold, watching him with a slight contraction of the eyes, Brentwick halled him in tones of cloy-

"Do you wish to see me, sir?"

"Do you wish to see me, sir?"

"The fat adventurer faitered just considerately, entering the study. He within the gateway; then with a trubal discarded the dressing gown and outent swagger, "I want my daughter," he declared veciferously.

"The girl rose. Kirkwood turned."

glasses, first at Calendar, then at Kirk-The hansom was traversing a street wood. His glance lingered a moment

tile roofs, unexpected gables, spon-taneous dormer windows, glass panes set in leaded frames, red brick facades hastily in the indicated direction. A blue coated bobby was to be seen approaching with measured stride, diffusing upon the still evening air an im-

of graduated chins. pendulous cheeks quivered, slowly he failed to make them convey anything tangible to his intelligence. When had he heard of it? At what time had his errant footsteps taken

CHAPTER IVIII

Adventurers' Luck S the door closed, Kirkwood swung impulsively to Brentwick, with the brief, uneven laugh of fine drawn nerves.

Brentwick dropped a calming hand

hy. A long room and deep, it was "Stryker—not another foot—"

With this there chimed Dorothy's lighted only by the circumscribed disk of illumination thrown on the central desk by a shaded reading lamp, and the flickering glow of a grate fire set beneath the mantel of a side wall. At the back, heavy velvet portieres Perhaps two score feet up the side—closked the recesses of two long wingless and the side of it, pausing with a foot lifted to the doorstep, bag in hand, her head turned as she looked back, was Dorothy.

As he comprehended these essential details of the composition the man in the flowered dressing gown raised a hand, beckoning to him in a manner as sandal wood, myrrh and musk, remining the property of the limit of their capacity with an amazing miscellany of objects of art, the fruit of years of patient and discount and intensible exhalations of these insentient things, fragrance of hand, beckoning to him in a manner as sandal wood, myrrh and musk, remining the limit of their capacity with an amazing miscellany of objects of art, the fruit of years of patient and discount and discount and the limit of their capacity with an amazing miscellany of objects of art, the fruit of years of patient and discount and the flower of the limit of their capacity with an amazing miscellany of objects of art, the fruit of years of patient and discount and intensible exhalations of the source of the same and the flower of the flower of the flower of the limit of their capacity with an amazing miscellany of objects of art, the fruit of years of patient and discount and intensible exhalations of the same and the flower of th sandal wood, myrrh and musk, remi-niscent whiffs of half forgotten in-

running toward his friend. "Of all happy accidents!"

"You may call it that," retorted the elder man with a fleeting smile as Kirkwood slipped inside the dooryard. "A trace of hysteria in her manner Warned him, and he checked himself "Come," he said, "let's get into the house."

"But you said—I thought you went to Munich," stammered Kirkwood; and so thoroughly impregnated was his mind with this understanding that it was She sat down and he released her wands with a reluctance less evident. hands with a reluctance less evident than actual. "If ever I say another word against my luck-"

he sug- once, but he wasn't in-a few days ago

"He did!" exclaimed Kirkwood. "But

Brompton—a quaint, prim byway on the young man's honest eyes, and with dwellings singularly old swung back to Calendar.

sedate and self-sufficient, in its trim ing upon the still evening air an im-dooryard fenced off from the public pression of ineffably capable self-con-theroughfare—all wore an aspect tentment. Calendar's fleshy lips parted and closed without a sound. They quivered Beneath them quivered his assortment. His heavy and

pendulous cheeks quivered, slowly empurpling with the dark tide of his apoplectic wrath. The crose clipped thatch of his iron gray mustache, even, seemed to bristle like hairs upon the neck of a maddened dog. Beneath him his fat legs trembled, and indeed his whole huge carcass shook visibly, in the stress of his restrained wrath.

Suddenly, overwhelmed, he banged the gate behind him and waddled off to join the captain; who already, with

the middle of the trap?"

He seemed even trap?"

No!—an incarnation of the prov-

Kirkwood paused, eager eyes searching that isits somber shadows for a sign of Dor-

sien of gloomy richness and repose.
By the fireplace, a little to one side, up that revolver and stop this foolish-ness." And with a jerk of his head to-ward the doerway, in which Dorothy on the brass fender, her figure merging

beauty gaining an effect of elusive and ethereal mystery in the waning and waxing rucky glow upflung from the Kirkwood choked on a laugh that waxing ruddy glow upflung from the was half a sob. "Brentwick!" he cried, waxing ruddy glow upflung from the restoring the weapon to his pocket and bedded coals.

"Oh, Philip!" She turned swiftly to wish extended hands and a

"Will you be pleased to enter?" he suggested punctillously. "My house, such as it is, is quite at your disposal. And," he added, with a glance over his shoulders, "I fancy that a word or two may presently be passed which you would hardly care to hear."

Dorothy's hesitation was but transituded by the province of the

up in a sitting position in the gutter, with a solid shock that jarred his very teeth.

For a moment dazed he sat there blinking; by the time he got to his feet the girl stood beside him, questioning him with keen solicitude.

"No," he gasped; "not hurt—only surprised. Wait.

Their cab had come to a complete standstill; Calendar's was no more than 20 yards behind, and as Kirkwood caught sight of him the fat adventurer was in the act of lifting himself ponderously out of the seat.

Incontinently the young man turned to the girl and forced the traveling bag into her hands.

"Run for it!" he begged her. "Don't stop to argue. You promised—run! I'il

"I accept the apology in the spirit in which it is offered. . . I repeat, now for the adventure, Philip. If the story's long, epitomize. We can con-sider details more at our leisure." Kirkwood's eyes consulted the girl's ace; almost imperceptibly she nodded to him permission to proceed.

here, is Miss Calendar's father."
"Oh? His name, please?" George Burgoyne Calendar."

We came to your door by the merest "We came to your door by the merest to be re-enacted."

accident—it might as well have been Resolutely the girl repressed a gasp another. I understood you were in of dismay. Kirkwood stared moodily Munich, and it never entered my head into his cup.

"These men bore me fearfully," he

Instinctively the girel looked to Kirkwood; then shifted her giance to they
wood; then shifted her giance to they
can be a firmed to go and to be rule! And I're
the her growing arraid that the world
amost too good to be true! And I're
the proving arraid that the world
was setting to be a mean the shifted her give to be a growing arraid that the world
was setting to be a mean that the world
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"Not a syllable," he insisted. "I Before the door a motor car waited, protest I am devoured with curiosity, engines humming impatiently, mechamy dear boy, but I have also bowels nician ready in his seat, an uncouth of compassion. When we are well on with our meal, when you are strengthened with food and drink, then you street lights.

At one corner another and a smaller valet, "do your duty!"

Visite read lawshing with assessed in waiting, its lamps like

He heard the young man's footsteps adventitious bobby of the early even-diminish on the stairway; and again ing was now in evidence.

and consulted a telephone directory; perately afraid lest the house be but its leaves, at first rustling briskly stormed by the adventurers. at the touch of the slender and delicate Kirkwood to the right, Brentwick

unturned-the book resting open on his

into the fire. suspicion of moisture glimmered his eyes.

courage mounting high under the com-bined influence of generous wine, sub-aboard. stantial food, the presence of his heart's mistress and the admiration—which was unconcealed—of his friend, conhis savory, "is about all."
"Bravo!" applauded Brentwick, eyes

shining with delight.

shining with delight.

"All," interposed Dorothy in warm reproach, "but what he hasn't told—"

"Which, my dear, is to be accounted for wholly by a very creditable modesty, rarely encountered in the young men of the present day. It was, of course, altogether different with those of my younger years. Yes, Wotton?"

Exalted, excited, he turned around and looked back. A hundred yards to the rear four unwinking eyes trailed them, like some modern Nemesis in monstrous guise.

Brentwick sat back in his chair, inclining an attentive ear to a communication murmured by the butler.

Kirkwood's gaze met Dorothy's across the expanse of shining cloth; he depre-

cated her interruption with a whim-sical twist of his eyebrows. "Really, you shouldn't," he assured her in an traffic, Brentwick's motor car rolled, undertone. "I've done nothing to de- with resonant humming of the engine, serve . . " But under the spell of down the Crumwing of the engine, serve . . ." But under the spell of down the Cromwell road, swerved into her serious sweet eyes, he fell silent, Warwick road and swung northward

It with a little sigh. "It is one of the grim determination of leaving them no things, as Philip knows," he explained instant's freedom from surveillance, to to the girl, "denied me by the physician keep forever at their shoulders, watchwho makes his life happy by making ing his chance, biding his time with mine a waste. I am allowed but three sinister patience until the moment luxuries; cigars, travel in moderation, when, wearled, their vigilance should and the privilege of imposing on my relax.

friends. The first I propose presently To some extent he reckoned without to enjoy by your indulgence; and the his motor car. As long as they travsecond I shall this evening undertake eled within the metropolitan limits, luxuries; cigars, travel in moderation. by virtue of the third, of which I have constrained to observe a decorous pace just availed myself." in view of the prejudices of the county

"We came to your door by the merest to be re-marked."

"He ran us to the last ditch," Kirkwood continued; "Tve spent my last farthing trying to lose him."

"But why have you not caused his arrest?" Brentwick inquired.

Kirkwood nodded meaningly toward the girl. Brentwick made a sound indicating comprehension, a click of "We came to your door by the merest to be re-enacted."

from his constitutional with the news daries then the complexion of the business was suddenly changed.

Not too soon for honest sport; Calendar was to have (Kirkwood would have said in lurid American idiom) a cerning his whereabouts, for he re-enacted in good time and a motor car. lights of Southall were winking out to give the word to the mechanician.

Two came to your door by the merest to be re-enacted." to be re-enacted."

another. I understood you we'd find you at home."

"A communication from my factions detained me," explained Brentwick.

"And now, what do you intend to do?" bethought me of a counter stroke. It is my good fortune to have a friend as you'll permit. In the first-place, I—I want the use of a few pounds with which to cable some friends in New York, for money; on receipt of which is are a most irritating child. But I forgive you the faults of youth. You may proceed, bearing in mind, if you please, that I am your friend equally with any you may own in America."

Interval of the best men in the interval of the communication has a first place. Interval of the best men in the interval of the provided of the part of the same from the first few minutes in the passing into a sonorous and sustained pure.

Kirkwood and the girl were first is my good fortune to have a friend is countered. The passing into a sonorous and sustained pure.

Kirkwood and the girl were first is my good fortune to have a friend is a counter to counter troke. It is my good fortune to have a friend is a counter troke. It is my good fortune to have a friend is a counter to have a friend is a counter to c

s friends, who will receive and prowood; then shifted her glance to their
hest. "I think you are wonderfully
"Mm-mm," grumbled their host, medatively. "My faith!" he commented

scheme which we will discuss with our lest his daughter should turn against dinner, while the heathen rage and him. She would never dare that imagine a vain thing, in the outer darkness."

Before they left the house, while Dorothy was above stairs resuming her hat and coat, Kirkwood and Brentwick of such inflexible temper was his host reconnoitered from the drawing room that he bowed him into the hands of a windows, themselves screened from ob-

manservant without permitting him servation by the absence of light in another word.

"Not a syllable," he insisted. "I Before the door a motor car waited,

Kirkwood, laughing with exasperable eyes glaring through the night tion, retired at discretion leaving. In the shadows across the way, a Brentwick the master of the situation: lengthy shadow lurked; Stryker, beacharming gentleman with a will of yond reasonable question. Otherwise his own and a way that went with it. the street was deserted. Not even that

diminish on the stairway; and again ing was now in evidence. he smiled the indulgent, melancholy smile of mellow years. "Youth!" he whispered softly. "Romance! . . And now," with a brisk change of tone as he closed the study door, "new we are ready for this interesting Mr. Calendar."

Sitting down at his desk, he found a sham, beneath his icy exterior desend consulted a telephone directory; perately afraid lest the house be

fingers, were presently permitted to lie to the left of Dorothy, the former car-unturned—the book resting open on his rying the treasure bag, they hastened cnees the while he stared wistfully down the walk and through the gate

The watcher across the way Yes. "Dorothy!" he whispered moved to whistle shrilly; the other car And a little later, rising, he lunged forward nervously.

huskily. And a little later, rising, he lunged forward nervously.

Brentwick taking the front seat,

An hour and a half later Kirkwood, beside the mechanician, left the tonhis self-respect something restored by a bath, a shave, and a resumption of the American slammed the door, the clothes which had been hastily but car swept smoothly out into the midthoroughly cleansed and pressed by dle of the way, while the pursuing Brentwick's valet; his confidence and car swerved in to the other curb.

by the girl's side and for a few mo-ments was occupied with the arrange-ment of robes. Then, sitting back, he was unconcealed—of his iriend, on ment of robes. Then, sitting once, it cluded at the dinner table, his narration, ment of robes. Then, sitting once, it cluded at the dinner table, his narration, ment of robes. Then, sitting once, it cluded at the dinner table, his narration, of inscrutable night in the shadow of inscrutable night in the shadow of her hat.

"You aren't afraid, Dorothy?"
She answered quietly: "I am with

monstrous guise.

CHAPTER XIX

I-The Uxbridge Road At a steady gait, now and again and presently looked down, strangely through Kensington to Shepherd's abashed; and contemplated the vast Bush. Behind it Calendar's car clung as if towed by an invisible cable, nev-coffee was set before them by Woter, the impassive, Brentwick refusing fying to the adventurer's unrelenting.

"He is hounding us, sir, with the intention of stealing some property, which he caused to be stolen, which we—to put it bluntly—stole from him, to which he has no shadow of a title, and which, finally, we're endeavoring to return to its owners."

"My dear!" interpolated Brentwick gently, looking down at the girl's flushed face and drooping head.

"He is hounding us, sir, with the just sayailed myself."

Smilling at the involution, he rested in view of the prejudices of the county whatever to maintain his distance. But once they had won through Shep-weight on the proceeded gravely, "came to me from the seafaring plearoon (Stryker did you name him?) via the gently, looking down at the girl's flushed face and drooping head.

"He ran us to the last ditch." Kirk-

for the third speed—and the fourth. The car leaped forward like a startled

with any you may own in America."
"You're one of the best men in the world," said Kirkwood.
"Secondly, I want you to help us to escape Calendar tonight. It is necessary that Miss Calendar should go to Chiltern this evening, where she has friends, who will receive and protect her."

Not quite so far had they distanced Calendar's trailing Nemesis of the four glaring eyes; the pursuers put forth four fingers, "that, avoiding the hazards of cab and railway carriage, we motor to intervals during the first few minutes a heavy roaring and crashing could be heard behind them; gradually it subnecessary that Miss Calendar should go to Chiltern this evening, where she has friends, who will receive and protect her."

Not quite so far had they distanced Calendar's trailing Nemesis of the four glaring eyes; the pursuers put four fingers, "that, avoiding the hazards of intervals during the first few minutes a heavy roaring and crashing could be heard behind them; gradually it subnecessary that Miss Dorothy, what do you think?"

Instinctively the girl looked to Kirkwood; then shifted her glance to their as mile after mile was reeled off and heard benind them; gradually it sub-sided, dying on the wings of the free rushing wind that buffeted their faces as mile after mile was recied off and the wide, darkling English country-side opened out before them, sweet and wonderful.



sadly. "Youth! . ."

Beyond the threshold of the study, with a flaming face. "I—why, no—

The other quietly put his hand upon a bell pull. A faint jingling sound was at once audible, emanating from "How much should you say you owe

The shrewd eyes flashed their amuse-ment into Kirkwood's. "Tut, tut!" Brentwick chuckled. "Between gen-tlemen, my dear boy! Dear me! you are slow to learn."

e slow to learn."
"I'll never be contented to sponge in my friends," explained Kirkwood deepest misery. "I can't tell "Ten shillings-or say twelve, would be about right," stammered the Amer-

ican, swayed by conflicting amotions of gratitude and protound embarrassment. A soft footed butler, impassive as Fate, materialized mysteriously in the "You rang, sir?" he interrupted "I rang, Wotton." His master se-

lected a sovereign from his purse and handed it to the servant. "For the cabby, Wotton." "Yessir." The butler swung auto-matically on one heel. "And Wotton!"

"If any one should ask for me, I'm fresh air, Wotton?"
"I at home."
"Yessir, thank you, sir." t at home."
"Very good, sir." "Very good, sir."
"And if you should see a pair of disreputable sooundrels skulking in the neighborhood, one short and stout, the other tail and evidently a seafaring

"Thank you, sir." A moment later Brentwick turned with a little bow to the girl. "My dear Miss Calendar," he said, rubbing his thin, fine hands—"I am old enough, I trust, to call you such without offense—please be seated."

complying the girl rewarded him with a radiant smile. Whereupon, striding to the fireplace, their host turned his back to it, clasped his hands behind him, and glowered benignly upon the two. "Ah!" he observed in accents of extreme personal satisfaction. "Bomance! Romance! Romance!

ne!" "Would you mind teiling us how you as." "Not in the least, my dear Philip.
"It It is simple enough: I possess an now imagination. From my bedroom window, on the floor above, I happen to lous behold two cabs racing down the street, and the one doggedly pursuing the other. The foremost stopped, perforce of a fagged horse. There alights a young gentleman looking, if you'll pardon me,

How can it be otherwise?" coun on his toes and dropping back again; "so this world of ours wags en to the old, old tune! . . And I, who in my younger days pursued adventure

"The caitiffs, Works."

"Yessir."

"Where waiting?"

"One at each end of the street, sir."

"Thank you. You may bring us
some sherry and biscuit, Wotton."

"Thank you, sir." The servant vanished.

Brentwick removed his glasses, rubbed them, and blinked thoughtfully at the girl. "My dear," he said suddenly, with a peculiar tremor in his voice, "you resemble your mother remarkably. Tut—I should know! Time was when I was one of her most ardent admirar."

"You-y-you knew my mother?" cried Dorothy, profoundly moved.
"Did I not know you at sight? My dear, you are your mother reincarnate for the good of an unworthy world. She was a very beautiful woman, my dear."

Wotton entered with a silver serving tray, offering it in turn to Derothy, Kirkwood and his employer. While he was present the three held silent ne girl trembling slightly, but with er face aglow; Kirkwood half stupe-ed between his ease from care and his growing astonishment, as Brenthimself outwardly imperturbable and complacent, for all that his hand shook as he lifted his wine glass.

"You may go, Wotton-or, wait. Don't you feel the need of a breath of

"Then change your coat, Wotton, light your pipe, and stroll out for half an hour. You need not leave the street, but if either the tall thin blackguard but if either the tall thin blackguard with the seafaring habit or the short stout rascal with the air of mystery should accost you, treat them with all courtesy, Wotton. You will be careful not to tell either of them anything in particular, although I don't mind your telling them that Mr. Brentwick lives here, if they ask. I am mostly concerned to discover if they nurses here. cerned to discover if they purpose be-

Wotton."

"Quite so, sir."

"Now you may go. . . . Wetton,"

continued his employer as the butler
took himself off as softly as a cat,
"grows daily a more valuable mechanism. He is by no means human in handy to have around the house. . . And now, my dear," turning to Dorothy, "with your permission I desire othy, "with your permission I desire to drink to the memory of your beau-tiful mother and to the happiness of her beautiful daughter."

"But you will tell me—"

"A number of interesting things, iss Calendar, if you'll be good enough Miss Calendar, if you'll be good enough to let me choose the time. I beg you to be patient with the idiosyncrasies of an old man, who means no harm, who has a reputation of an eccentric to sustain before his servants.

And now," said Brentwick, setting aside his glass, "now, my dear boy, for the adventure."

Kirkwood chuckled, infacted by his Kirkwood chuckled, infected by his cost's genial humor. "How do you now..."

"But, Mr. Brentwick-

"But, Mr. Brentwick—!"
"Sit down, sir!" commanded Brentwick with such a peremptory note that the young man, who had risen, obeyed out of sheer surprise. Upon which his host advanced, indicting him with a long white forefinger. "Would you, sir," he demanded, "again expose this little lady to the machinations of that corpulent scoundrel, whom I have just had the pleasure of shooing off my had the pleasure of shooing off my premises, because you choose to resent an old man's raillery?"
"I apologize," Kirkwood humored

"Briefly, then," he began haltingly, "the man who followed us to the door

! An American: I remember, Continue, please."