

The Honorable Milton glanced at the clock on the mantel and gave an exclamation.

"It's time you and I were in bed. I hear Stinson just coming in. Everything's all right. I'm going to turn in now."

At the foot of the stairs he paused to lay a hand on his nephew's shoulder and there was unwonted gentleness in his manner.

"Good-night, Philip. And thank you for the—the 'flower of folly,' " he said awkwardly.

For a moment Kendrick stood watching the Honorable Milton Waring as he mounted the stairs slowly, a heavy hand upon the banister rail. The gray head was bowed. There was an air of dejection in the whole figure as of one who tastes the bitterness of defeat.