

be awfully glad to see them; great stuff they were.'

'But, I don't know, Graeme; you see—well—hang it!—you know—you're different, you know.'

He looked at me curiously.

I hope I can still stand a good supper, and if the boy's can't stand me, why, I can't help it. I'll do anything but roar, and don't you begin to work off your menagerie act—now, you hear me!'

'Well, it is rather hard lines that when I have been talking up my lion for a year, and then finally secure him, that he will not roar.'

'Serve you right,' he replied, quite heartlessly; 'but I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll feed! Don't you worry,' he adds soothingly; 'the supper will go.'

And go it did. The supper was of the best; the wines first-class. I had asked Graeme about the wines.

'Do as you like, old man,' was his answer; 'it's your supper, but,' he added, 'are the men all straight?'

I ran them over in my mind.

'Yes; I think so.'

'If not, don't you help them down; and anyway, you can't be too careful. But don't mind me; I am