

"It was at one time," and again Reynolds smiled. "But I have struck it rich, so I want you to come and have a blow-out with me to-night. You will come, won't you? I shall feel badly if you don't. The car is waiting."

Harmon could not very well refuse, although he much preferred to remain where he was, and hear the young man's story in the quietness of his own room. He was surprised at Reynolds' animated face and happy manner. How he had changed since he had seen him last. He could hardly believe it possible that this was the young man who but a short time before had been so listless and indifferent to life.

Little was said as the car sped onward through the city, until it at length drew up before the big hotel. With the air of one who had the full right of way, Reynolds at once conducted Harmon to a door on the first floor, which he opened and entered. It was one of a suite of rooms, Harmon could tell at the first glance. It was luxuriously furnished, and to live here for even a short time would be most costly.

He had little time, however, to think of such things, for a curtain was suddenly drawn aside, and Redmond and his daughter appeared. Although years had somewhat changed the former, yet Harmon recognized him at once. He stood as if rooted to the floor, so great was his surprise. What happened next he was never able to tell with any degree of certainty. He knew that Redmond seized him by the hand, and presented to him his daughter. He felt that he made a fool of himself, for his eyes grew very misty and his words became confused as he tried to express himself. He saw Reynolds smiling at him good-naturedly as he stared first at Redmond and then at his daughter. He longed to get away to the quietness of his own room that he might think it all over. But there was no chance for