

found himself drifting toward the house on the hill.

It was there he saw Mary turning in at the gate. He stood for a long time looking at the lights in the windows and thinking those thoughts which can only come to the Ishmaels of the world—to those sons of Hagar who may never return to their father's homes.

"I was a fool for coming," he half groaned, tasting the dregs of bitterness. Unconsciously he compared the things that were with the things that might have been.

"She certainly acted like a queen to Rosa," he thought once.

For a moment he felt a wild desire to enter the gate, to see his home again, to make himself known—but the next moment he knew that this was his punishment—"to look, to long, but ne'er again to feel the warmth of home."

He returned to the pool-room, his eyes more tired than ever, and found a seat in a far corner. Some one had left a paper in the next chair. Paul was reading it when he became conscious of some one standing in front of him, waiting for him to look up. It was his acquaintance of the day before—the Russian traveller—and Paul perceived that he was excited, and was holding himself very high.

"Good evening, batuchka," said Paul, and