

and match-box, appealed to him. He selected a cigarette from an open box at his elbow, and, lighting it, sighed contentedly. In reaching back to deposit the burnt match on an ash-tray, his hand upset a stack of folded papers and spilled them on the floor.

"The devil!" he exclaimed, and, doubling up, scooped for the nearest.

What's this, he wondered, as a yard or two of narrow, printed matter unrolled from his hand. He was a stranger to galley-proofs. He looked at the top of the upper strip, and saw, in heavy, black type, "The Colonel and the Lady." Then he settled back in the chair, crossed his thin, tight-clad legs, and smoothed the proof. Ten minutes later Hemming's orderly entered and mended the fire; but the colonel did not look up. The orderly retired. The clock on the chimneypiece ticked away the seconds all unheeded. The shadows lengthened at the windows, and at last the colonel straightened himself, and replaced the papers. He smiled.

"Sly old Hemming," he remarked, and laughed outright. "He shouldn't show us up like that," he said, "but it's a good yarn. Wonder if he will lend it to me to finish to-night?"

Just then Captain Hemming entered.

By this time the room was dusk with the twi-