

the press on that point," replied Hemming. "He was related to Mrs. Travers," he added.

The major moved uneasily in his chair.

"By the way," continued Hemming, with a poor attempt at a casual air, "how are Mrs. Travers and Molly?"

"I believe they are very well," replied his friend.

"See here, Dick," cried the man of adventures, with a vast change of manner, "I must show my hand. Why should I try to bluff you, anyway? Tell me, old chap, do you think I have half a chance?"

The colour faded from the major's ruddy cheeks, and he looked forlorn and pathetic, despite his swagger and size.

"Half a chance," he repeated, vaguely, — "half a chance at what?"

"You used to know well enough," cried the other. "Damn it, are my affairs so soon forgotten?"

"I thought you had forgotten them yourself. It is a long time since you went away, you know," replied Anderson, scarcely above a whisper. Drops of sweat glistened on his face.

"A long time, — yes, I know," murmured Hemming.