

picked them up as they fell, and sorted them, at the same time doing her best to quiet the baby who sprawled all over her, as she sat on the floor. They stood up when I came in, and the novelist tried to apologise for the disorder, but the baby howled so loudly that it was impossible to hear him.

"Take it out!" he shouted to the girl, and she obediently picked it up and carried it out of the room.

"That was a very good essay of yours, young man, and I thank you for it. I scarcely thought you would be as young as you are. How young are you?"

I told him.

"Fortunate fellow. Old enough for wine, and too young for liqueurs. The best of all ages. I hope you thank Jupiter every morning for your youth. Ah me, what it is to be young! I was a strapping fellow when I was as young as you. And now! Oh, you fortunate young dog!" He thumped his broad chest, that was covered with thick black hair, as I could see, for the dressing gown had fallen partly open. His big eyes twinkled under their strong dark brows, and he suddenly buried a huge unwashed hand in his curly black hair.

"Aha! You are thinking that it is not worth while to be a success, if this is all it leads to. Eh! What? Yes. I am right. I can always