## & DOUBLOONS



CHAPTER I.

The Watchman. That monster, London, was just lying down to rest. The clocks of the Strand churches and the Strand hotels, keeping nocturnal vigil, showed a quarter to one under the autumn moon. Through the closed windows of closed public-houses could be barmen, who, with sleep in their eyes and dusters in their hands, were endeavoring to wipe away the last stain from their counters. The Strand was mhabited chiefly by policemen engaged in the examination of shop doors, and omnibuses that had the air of hurry- to make up his mind to accost the ing home for fear of being late; a Carter Paterson van, obviously out for the night, rumbled along at leisure. In the courtyards of the two great hotels a few cabs, with their glaring yellow orbs, waited, waited for august patrons, while haughty commissioners ignored contemptuous cabmen. On the pavements between Aldwych and Charing Cross, there were perhaps, not more than twenty pedestrians, instead of the twenty thousand that jostled one another at noon. The monster seemed to expel a fatigued sigh, as one saying: "I'll try to get a little sleep, but I'm not at all sure that I shall."

Among the score of pedestrians was Philip Masters, a young, large-boned moment in front of a jeweler's which a wanderer by his gait and eyes. was illuminated to tantalize burglars, he crossed from the south to the north ! side of Wellington street, and then turned up the splendid curve of Ald-The vast and ornate architec- the fire a-goin, and a bob's yours, ture of that region rose above him in its pearly whiteness that the breath of monster had not time to soil; and Philip wondered, as people in Philip's in the watchman's own dialect. "And condition are apt to wonder, where the money had come from to rear with the rapidity of a dream these blanched places devoted solely to luxury and pleasure.

For Philip was at his final sixpence; he carried all that he posessed on earth in a little black bag; and no one was more surprised than Philip to find himself in the midst of a city that spends twelve thousand pounds a day on cab fares, with no home and no prospect of adding to the sixpence. Philip once had gutte the habit of flinging half-crowns to cab drivers in a grand, careless manner. He had lost his mother at birth and his father in the shape of a tea can and a red some months earlier, and his effective parents had been a couple of trustees

some sound advice. common sense, had been careful to man of his bread. Still, in two minutes alley."

keep him out of public schools and Philip was eating—all digestive appar"Tha resorts; had procured him a place in the office of a flourishing publisher, and, in general, had done their best for him. But they had not taught him how to take advice, nor how to acquire a real liking for publishing, nor how to lose money on the Stock Exchange. So that within six years, besides having shown his heels to publishing and acted contrary to their advice in almost every particular, Philip had contrived to part with nearly the whole of his six thousand pounds. He was a man of many remarkable qualities; he was even a philosopher of singular enlightenment, but he happened to have been born with a hole in his pocket which nothing could

At 27 he had made away with every thing except his peace of mind and his faith in human nature. He had essayed various vocations,

from insurance to the secretaryship of a club, and had not found the right one. He might have succeeded in the colonies, but circumstances had not sent him hither. Not everyone goes to the colonies who might succeed there. Piccadilly is full of colonists who ought to be in Canada. He had stayed longest in his last situation as half-assistant manager, half-professor in a flu-jitsu school, for he had the frame and the proclivities of an athlete. Among the pupils of the jiu-jitsu school (Jermyn street) had been a fluke. In an encounter Philip had locked the duke's arm, and it was the the corner of Strange street and duke's part to yield at peril of a broken

The duke, however, possibly on seen fit to yield, and somehow the arm had gone off crack. Now, when an assistant manager of a jiu-jitsu school fractures the arm of a duke, who is making the fortune of the school, the fault is clearly that of the assistant manager. Philip saw the had survived many propriety of a resignation, and he resigned, so as to avoid further risk to many more.

That was a fortnight ago. Thenceforward he had sought in vain another acquiring a sort of philosophic desnealed to his sense of humor, now truck him as a merely unpleasant

His thought ran: "It can't be me who am 'going under' in London. It surely can't be me who will starve or beg." so run the thoughts of all men who

He passed into Kingsway, the im created, but through which the blood has not yet learned to flow. Its double ine of lamps stretched imposingly to orn, flanked on one side by the rs of every theater and medicine as of the street he hesitated

of a watchman burned a bright red to the trench with noble condescen- young man, also rising, but with more and found that the window was open under the yellow glare of the gas lights, and a little system of red lanterns, resembling toy railway signals, showed that Kingsway itself, despite its tender age, was already "up." He could see two gesticulating figures thing else sufficiently conspicuous to vaguely silhouetted against the radi- catch the eye of a policeman, seized ance of the brazier. As he walked slowly on he demanded of himself whether he would have the courage to ask the watchman as to the lodging ular trench, with sewer pipes lying in house. His diffidence about this simple it irregularly. At the further end, matter was such that when he approached the brazier, he crossed over the bottom was two feet higher than the road, away from it, while trying elsewhere, and at the junction of the

The watchman, however, had a sur prise for Philip Masters. "Matey," called out the watchman,

"Here! Half a mo'!" cried

"Do I look like a tramp," Philip's mental question, "that this fellow orders me to come over to him?" of the overcoat, and two mufflers.

"Want a job?" he inquired of Philip, abruptly, after having scrutinized man of 30 years, who had already had him. He had been a night watchman some trifling experience of life and was in main thoroughfares for many years, destined soon to have considerably and the comparative richness of what ore. He loitered from the direction remained of Philip's clothes did not of Charing Cross, and having stopped deceive him for a moment; he judged

"Well," said the watchman, "sit in my cabin for three hours and keep

matey." "Right oh," Philip agreed, determined to be jovial with the watchman it all the blooming way to Blondeswhat are you going to do, mate?"

my poor old woman's took ill at her finely. 'What's up, Charley?' she scheme, sir, is philanthropic. It aims "They've just come for to tell me as desbury, and I'm going to foot it says. up there. I should ha' gone, anyhow, ubstitute or no substitute, but seeing

as you'll take it on. . . No hankeypankey, now matey.' "Leave me the sack," said Philip.

What have I got to do?" "Watch," said the watchman, cross-

Philip, his shoulders enveloped in a sack, thus found himself in charge of ly out. You can move on, matey; that's Kingsway. He had his little house and his hearth; and he chanced on a larder handkerchief certainly containing sustenance. But the larder was not his; furnished him with 6,000 pounds, and was the property of an honest and in- House?" he asked the watchman timgenuous mortal in two mufflers, a hus- idly. band in the midst of domestic calamommon sense, had been careful to ity; to take it would be to rob a poor of Strange street and Little Grinlers atus and no conscience! So true is it pause, that a hungry man, though he won't

Me. will steal. A cab glided swiftly down the street while Philip was warming the tea. "Don't burn your fingers, Charlie," shouted the cabman, imitating a wo-

man's voice, as he flashed by. "Go and bury yourself," Philip, feeling that he must be a watchman to the life or perish in the attempt. As the cabman made no response, he was conscious of pride. He drank the tea. Then a policeman came above the horizon, and Philip thought would bandy gossip with the policeman. But the aspect of the policeman awed him, and he retired into his little house and pretended to be

It might have been the sedative influence of half a pork pie, half a loaf, and a pint of tea, or it might have been Philip's fatigue, but he did not keep up for more than 30 seconds the pretense of bein asleep; he really slept. And after an interval not to be measured in time, he awoke with a guilty start. He had slept while on duty, and deserved to be taken out and shot-especially as he had an intuition that in the immediate neighborhood things had been happening which ought not to happen. Also, the

He straightened his hat, adjusted the sack, and crept out of his residence to reconnoiter. His residence was at Kingsway, and a trench had been dug along the south side of Strange street and nearly a third of the way across count of his ancient lineage, had not Kingsway. The trench was guarded by a rope-iron fence, and dully illuminated by lamps, in the established manner. It was part of Philip's domain. There was nothing but unoccupied ground; to the north was a row schemes, and would probably survive

Now, as Philip gazed along the trench, he saw a dim form clamber out of it at the far end, at a distance profitable outlet for his talents; and of perhaps a hundred yards, and though he had as yet neither opened shuffle across Strange street and discabs at the theater doors, nor sold appear, but whether it disappeared inevening papers, nor enlisted, or done to a house or into a possible allay any of the approved things for a per- Philip could not decide. Nor could son in his predicament, he was rapidly he decide whether the form was that of a big dog, a lion escaped from the The idea of not having Hippodrome, or a human being on all

He gave forth an exclamation. "What's up?" muttered a deep

He jumped violently. It was a pohind the cabin. "I-I thought I saw someone climb out of the trench there," Philip stam-

"Oh-you did, did you?" said policeman, approaching the fire.

trol his thoughts better than that. But Philip was not to be beunced "Yes, I did," he insisted. "It's funny, as I saw nothing," the liceman remarked with cold irony.

"Oh, you are, are you?" sneered that

trench to be full of infantry or anya lantern as soon as the policeman was out of sight, and jumped into the trench. It was a nice, clean, rectang where the pipe had already been laid,

two levels the end of the sewer pipe came out of the earth. Lying close by was a broken section of pipe, and lodged by accident just in the mouth of the laid pipe was a small fragmen who appeared to be alone now, and of the broken section. Philip picked it up and examined it. There was clearly stamped on it a

finger-mark in some dark substance. He carried it away; it might be the imprint of a workman; it probably was: but, on the other hand, it might But he went over. The watchman slightest interest. Before returning was middle-aged and rather thin; he to the cabin he ascertained that an wore an overcoat and a sack on top alley named Little Grinlers ran north of Strange street, nearly opposite the end of the trench. A single was utterly lifeless.

"And my breakfast master? He was thus greeted on his arrival at the cabin. The watchman, his em-Philip could not tell a lie, so he told ployer, had come back breathless, and in a stormy tempe "I've eaten it," said Philip. "I'm aw-

> "Being sorry won't do," replied the watchman. "That breakfast will cost trically lighted, furnished with frail, you a bob, and no less. Here I foot green furniture and adorned with rebury expecting my old missus at her last gasp, and she ain't even ill. Sleeping like a child, she is, and I startles

"'Why,' I says, 'they told me you was dying, Sarah,' I says.

"Then it was a false alarm?" "A false alarm it was! Someone trying to make a fool of me. Spite There's often spite against a watchman. Then I comes back and finds my breakfast eat up and my tea drunk, and my fire jiggering well nearwhat you can do. There's no bob for you in my pocket."

Philip was silenced. He picked up from the cabin his little black bag. "Can you tell me where there's a it formed no part of the bargain; it lodging house called The Corner

'Yes. It's just there, at the corner

A terrific thunder assailed his ear from the south. In a moment a flying squadron of newspaper vans swept up Kingsway from Fleet street toward Euston-swept past and was gone. No clatter of hoofs on the hard road-no cracking of whips; nothing but the the odor of petrol. The monster had roused itself before the dawn, before the moon had paled.

> CHAPTER II The Corner House.

The house indicated to Philip by the watchman was like the other houses in the row, except that it possessed a double frontage. It had five stories, a flat plain face of dark, soiled crimson. and some nineteen windows on Strange street alone. In common with nearly all similar houses between the Strand and Euston, it seemed to have lost its ing the end with the cold dignity of a proud, unattractive woman. Little had it dreamed, in its Georgian youthof the unique fate in store for it at the hands of Mr. Hilgay.

The light still burned in the hall and the moonbeams caught the nineteen sombre windows with a peculiar theatrical effect when Philip mounted the cipher in discreet letters on a discreet copper plate on the door the following

> THE CORNER HOUSE. Residence and Board Adrian Hilgay, Manager

The front door, he perceived, was not quite closed. He pushed it open and encountered another door whose of tail, eighteenth century houses that upper part was of ground glass. On improvement this ground glass he saw the sharp. moving shadows of two figures engaged in what was evidently a serious struggle; and he could hear the sound of battle and the hard breathing of door with a rapid movement and be- spectable enough. I guessed it. Yet he been a man of ample means, with the combatants. He opened the second held a well-dressed, slightly-built I give you my word of honor I do not a regular income of 25 shillings or so young man in the fatal embrace of an eat peas with a knife." elderly well-seasoned navvy.

choking, with a frantic appeal in his

eves. "Certainly," said Philip, enchanted

by the novelty and painfulnesss of the attack, the navvy flung his victim to! He jumped up, deprecating Philip's his back between the two doors. If step was heard in the hall. the navvy had even the slightest acquaintance with fiu-jitms he would opening the door. "I will give inhave recoiled before this master-posi- structions about you. Make yourself tion in the greatest known art of self- at home here. defense. The navvy, however, had thanks again." never heard of flu-jitsu, and the con- The bookmaker's son passed suave sequence of his rash ignorance was ly, with his rather melancholy smile, that after getting his wrist ingenious- out of the little office. ly sprained, he was propelled in a And Philip took the little artistic graceful curve by the upraised flat of green armohair and slept under the Philip's left foot, clean into the street. taggered away, beaten.

ought so. am excessively obliged to you."
"Oh, that's nothing," said "Have you a bed to let? I take it you are the manager.'

"You don't know me?" exclaimed the "No," Philip answered. "How should I? But as you appeared to be trying to chuck someone out I naturally assumed-

"You don't mean to say you don't recognize me from my portraits?" The young man's surprise was becoming almost a hurt surprise.

"What portraits?" "Why, in the press! I've been in-London. I'm Hilgay. You've heard of Hilgay, the bookmaker?" "Never!" said Philip, smiling.

see, I'm-"Not heard of Hilgay, the maker, my dear sir! But he was a nearest to him. It seemed not to lie not. He saw nothing else of the gret to have to say it, since he was my uneven; to have been disturbed and orable. He used to say he had lost workmen were moving pipes at the a hundred thousand pounds in bad other end of the trench, near Kings-debts to the House of Lords alone. He way, their figures vaguely mingled in light died and left me extremely wealthy, the uncertain and feeble light. A milkburned in the entrance hall of the and as I had the misfortune to dis- man passed by, one arm weighted by house at the angle of Strange street approve of bookmaking I was obliged a heavy can and the other stretched and the alley; otherwise the street to do something to satisfy my con- horizontally. As Philip stared into science. Hence my scheme, sir." "What scheme?"

Mr. Hilgay controlled his astonishment at Philip's surpassing ignorance, and then said: "Come into my office and I'll tell

you all about it." And he drew Philip into a tiny office to the left of the hall. It was elec- suggested, diffidently, pointing. productions of pictures by G. F. Watts. They sat down.

"Take some cut Cavendish?" suggested Hilgay?" offering a pouch. "My to do well for the distressed, respect- soom?" able and well-connected what is done by Lord Rowton and others for the lower classes. I have no prejudices against the lower classes, but their habits are not ours. And it has always struck me that one of the worst hardships of a genteel person (excuse the word), down on his luck is his natural disgust at the clothes, the spectable. manners, the accent-er-odors of provide a boarding-house (I will not think?" call it a lodging house) for the respect-

"That is my case," Philip put in. howed and continued with eagerness. "It is called the Corner Holborn. He had his next meal House, because there is a corner for find. everybody-of decent appearance and

demeanor." "And who settles what is decent appearance and demeanor?" Philip

"I do sir, alone. When I am satisfied I say we are full up." "Pou are always here, then?"

ways here. I sleep from 5 a.m. to man. Bill scratched his head. "This house is my hobby, I am alnoon; and from noon to 2 p.m. I take exercise. Between these hours new guests are not admitted. My difficulty with the person whom you so kindly threw out was caused by his refusal to believe my formal stateperson would have been impossible in a leg, then the whole dead body of a the Corner House, where the standard of manners is high, if the house is We eat off marble-topped tables, sir, but we do not eat peas with a illusions early in life, and to be await- knife, and we allow ourselves Japanese serviettes, and we do not make noises, and we do not swear. The ladies leave the dining-room first"-

"There are ladies?" "Most decidedly. Why not? A distressed gentlewoman, sir, is one of

a night?" asked Philip, filling the roomlet with fumes of cut Cavendish. is rigidly economized, but not ventil- will turn towards the stable, even vided into two, or even three cubicles west end he had always lived, and he -but by sound-proof partitions. They scarcely felt at home east of Mudie's. are very cheaply furnished, but each He thought of no device for getting of masterpieces on every wall in the upon that sixpence for the promised fifth floor, had not yet brushed his house." He waved his hand. "In days room, to say nothing of Raphael An- hair. deri Madonna' can be bought for gard to the singular way in which threepence"-

have one of your sixpenny rooms?"

full up," replied Hilgay.
"Ah!" said Philip. "I am not re-

"Help me," sputtered the young man, gay, "that we are really full up. The Hilgay, and looked on it all as a great Corner House is a colossal success, joke and picnic. Philip was a phil-digestion"-However, one of our guests, Mrs."he consulted a large book, open on the prodigy; and in social matters he was desk-"Mrs. Upoterry, told night that she would leave this morning. I will reserve her room for you. hand, hardened by special training, And in the meantime you will do me Philip gave one cut just under the the favor of resting in the armchair. navvy's ear. Shocked into attention I consider myself deeply in your

the floor and sprang forward to slay expressions of gratitude. A clock west, hurriedly, with a certain gloomy struck 5 at the same moment and a "My sub-manager," said Hilgay,

And Philip took the little artistic

gious din outside in the street. The British workman was commencing his

ion dawn was competing with the electricity in the room. He rose, turn- nigh. ed off the light and went into the hall.

health and a cheerful mind. And then he approached the trench above the laid portion of the pipes had a peculiar appearance on the side very great bookmaker, indeed. I re- quietly; it seemed to be somewhat father. However, he was strictly hon- to have been replaced. The group of the trench a regiment of suspicions,

> membered circumstances of the night, took possession of his brain. A foreman approached him along the trench. Philip addressed him. "You notice nothing remarkable about the lie of the earth there?" he Still I accept."

"I notice as it's been badly filled," replied the foreman, who was munching a piece of bread. "I told them about it yes'day arternoon. But I

Philip broke into his imperturbable smile. "I was only thinking it had been disturbed in the night," he said.

"Not it," said the foreman. "Going to have them do it again? Philip asked.

At that instant his face being in the that he is forced to adopt the habits direction of the street so that he comand endure the society of his social manded both the trench and the Corinferiors. Imagine the feelings of a ner House, he saw in the tail of his well-refined individual, sir, whom ill- eye a blind lifted and let fall momenluck or unwisdom compels to lodge, for tarily in one of the windows of Mr. example, in a Rowton House. Imagine Hilgay's establishment for the re-

"Not much," said the foreman. "This those with whom he must associate. I is a contract job. What do you "I see," said Philip laconically.

able person who is reduced to his last regiment of suspicions fled before the ganger's matter-of-fact tone. He left the foreman and strolled in-

> But the foreman, visited in his turn by some disconcerting notion, contin-"Bill!" he shouted at length. An old man in the gang at the

> and the foreman summoned him with a jerk of his head. "Look at that, Bill," said the

"Funny, ain't it?" murmured Bill, in a guttural voice that indicated ber, and for a year or so a club passage to a Sheraton apartment,

received orders to remove the earth. now Tony had a stake in the country In another five minutes there was a and an income of fifty pounds a day. score of "The Spring Chicken," was a high commotion. First a boot, then Sundays excluded. man had been brought to view, laid Philip murmured. flat against the sewer pipe. The group Oh, quite easily. What are you doof laborers stood around it, awed by ing?" the pathetic dignity of death, waiting for a policeman.

"That was luck, that was!" mured the foreman, holding in his hand the half-eaten bread. "If I hadn't just where you're mistaken." looked at it curious like, he'd ha' lain there till-goodness knows how long he would ha' lain there."

> CHAPTER III. Sixpence.

when a reminder of Raphael's 'Ansi- sidei Madonna. Doubtless having rethey had become acquainted Mr. Hil-"Exactly," said Philip. "Now, car. gay had probably given instructions about a breakfast. But, simply be-"It grieves me to say that we are cause he really had need of it, and for no other reason, Philip did not wish to accept Mr. Hilgay's hospitality. Had tumbling in every week, he would have "I beg you to believe," returned Hil accepted a meal and a bed from Mr. osopher, but he was not an unnatural me last apt to be excessively human.

The curbstone of Holborn was dec- Philip. orated with dustbins at regular intervals, and all the shops, except Pearce and Plenty's, were closed so secret that Sir Anthony was wearing thoroughly that they looked as if they would never reopen again. A stream of people passed from the east to the the men had their collars turned up and their hands in their pockets, while the women, mostly young, used their feminine pride to keep themselves warm. The Tube Railway threw up quantities of the same sort of people out of the earth. They were the vanguard of the black-coated workers. place at a particular minute; they had the air of trying to catch trains, but they were only trying to avoid fines. Philip alone had no rendezvous with Capital. He was a loafer; knew he was a loafer; and the workers knew and it, too. They obviously scanned him Masters to the other bathroom." Tony fact. with superciliousness as a part of the fied. "Certainly, sir. One moment, sir,"

A magnificent automobile swept down Two boys were cleaning the floor. Bloombury street into the main thor-They had apparently received their oughfare. It was driven by an august orders, for one of them touched a being in furs, and its freight was forelock and directed him to a lava- another august being in furs. Philip, tory which was microscopic, like the who, like many improvident persons, managerial office, but very complete loved and understood motor-cars, at in detail. From the lavatory he saun- once perceived that it was a fourtered to the street, where a chill and speed, eight-cylinder Panhard, sixtytonic wind was blowing eastward. The horse power, with coach work by Vedsane simplicity of the early morning, rine, and that the chauffeur was imprutranquilizing the feverish pulses of the dently running on the fourth speed. amples of fancy trousering (all in night hours and dispelling their wild He stopped to behold it. There is stretchers), his hundred and eighteen thoughts, made him feel that, despite nothing surprising in a man stopping cravats, his thirty-three walking sticks his misfortunes and his unenviable to gaze at a motor-car; but when a and seven umbrellas, his quadruple situation, it was an excellent and a motor-car stops to gaze at a man, row of boots, shoes, slippers and terviewed by nearly every paper in goodly thing to be alive, with sound there may be a fair matter for stupe- pumps, his thirteen overcoats, his as the automobile jerked itself back on of shimmering braces, his safe and looked over the ropes. The earth its haunches exactly in front of him may therefore be excused.

furs smiled a youthful face, with blue it was just as well for a young man eyes and a long fair mustache.

"Phil, isn't it?" "Hallo, Tony!" They shook hands. "What are you doing up so early?" Philip demanded.

"Well, come and breakfast with me, created out of innumerable half-re-

"Where?" "My rooms. The Devonshire Mansion. You're bound to breakfast somewhere.

"I don't know that I was bound to. "Go ahead," said Tony to the chauffeur, as Philip embarked, "and shove her along."

"Yes, Sir Anthony." don't know as that's any concern o' Philip no more formed part of the yours. You ain't his majesty the submerged; in an instant, by the magic you?" chairman of the county council, I pre- of the car and the furs he had been And without waiting for an answer

"It's three or four years since I lost touch with your stupendous calm," said Tony, after a short silence. "Five," said Philip. There was

pause, such as frequently occurs be- sure you. And he's quite right about tween friends after a long separation. my indigestion." "I notice your talent for small talk is as striking as ever," said Tony. "Why talk, when others will talk for you? And why does your man address

you as Sir Anthony?" "I'm almost ashamed to tell you, Phil." replied Tony. "But really these he's good for me. And his taste in accidents will occur even in quiet respectable families. I'm a baronet-a twelfth baronet. My cousin died two

"Never knew you had a cousin." "That's because you never ask his chair. enough questions. So I got the title." "A pretty toy! Anything useful is arranged."

"Fifteen thousand five hundred Philip paused; the philosopher in him had enough to do to maintain his If you've finished, Phil, let's go into other end of the trench glanced up. Tony Didring, then aged twenty-two, ence to literature. was beginning a career of cheerful and "Well, my den-my whatever you contrast between their characters had thing. helped to draw them together at the friendship had mightily flourished be-In another minute four laborers had tween these two needy nobodies. And

"You're spending it, I suppose?" to suits; all round the pack was a wide

border of green cloth, and at one end "I'm a man of leisure." "The duece you are! You don't mur- look it."

"Yes, I do," said Philip. In no time the car drew up at the Devonshire Mansion on the confines of latest machine for having a flutter. Hyde Park. The vast pile, which com- It's just out and it'll be all over the prised its eleven floors a hotel, a res. Riviera next season. It's called card taurant, a cafe, several clubs, Chre- roulette. It's better than roulette-no istopoulos's cigarette shop, a barber's, ball spinning, no noise. You simply When Philip Masters got into Ho!- a billiard academy, a circulating lib- shuffle and cut a pack of cards, and "It just pays current expenses. Space born he turned westwards, as a horse rary, a post and telegraph office, and put your money on either a particular some scores of flats unsurpassed for card, or a suit, or a number, or a ation. The old rooms are each di- when the manger is empty. In the elegance, had not yet commenced its color.' brilliant day. The remnant of commissionaries on duty in the great hall where three tape machines are, were differently and with art furniture; and breakfast. It is true that he still in the mufti of sleeved waistcoats, and of thirty-three cards. We were play-I could not deprive myself of the possessed the sum of sixpence, but he the lift-boy, who lifted Sir Anthony pleasure of putting inexpensive copies considered that Mr. Hilgay had a lien and the gentleman of leisure to the never tire of it."

An oldish, clean-shaven, iron-gray man received them gravely at Sir An-

thony's door. "Good morning, Sir Anthony." "Morning, Oxwich. Breakfast for two. Cavaire, kidneys." "I have ventured to order grapenuts, Sir Anthony." "Ridiculous, man! Mr. Masters has in the home."

not come all the way from Bloombury to eat grape-nuts." "Your digestion after these nights, sir-or, rather, I should say, your in-"You're quite right, Oxwich.

this gentleman"-"I insist upon grape-nuts," sald The portly Oxwich took charge

hats and furs, and presently it was no evening dress. "You see," he explained apologeti-

cally, "we had a bit of a flutter here spades. last night-must enjoy life-and two of my friends, jolly chaps, missed the age," Sir Anthony commented, emptylast train far Manchester. Didn't miss ing his pockets on to a corner of the it; forgot it. So I promised them they table. "Now, Oxwich." should catch the first. Why Manchester, of all places, I don't know! But it seems they had an important appointment. I shan't change before breakfast, Oxwich. I'm too hungry. Besides, I'm more comfortable as

"I have ventured to prepare your bath, Sir Anthony, and your new gray lounging suit, with the sapphire necktom of the waistcoat altered." "Oh, very well, very well! Take Mr. Masters to the other bathroom."

lenge their eyes with a denial. When said Oxwich to Philip, and picked up and also that the pale luster of a Lon- one is submerged, one feels it and the end of the speaking tube and shows it. But Philip's revenge was whistled. "Nother grape-nuts," he whispered into the tube. "One kidney

en brochette.' Then he permitted himself a discree

smile at Philip. "Not for me," Philip protested

"Yes, sir, for you," Oxwich insisted. 'This way sir.' Guest and host met again in the latter's dressing room, and when Philip had seen Tony's thirty-three waistcoats, his eighteen suits, his seven frock coats, his forty-one sublime exfaction, and Philip's mild astonishment twenty scanfpins, his four drawers full jewelry, his gold-backed brushes, and his unique assortment of hats and caps, he came to the conclusion that, even over the side of the car; out of the with an income of fifty pounds a day,

> grape-nut breakfast. In the distinguished Chippendals apartment, where breakfast was laid. Oxwich assumed control of the proceedings. He put Sir Anthony, resplendent in the sapphire tie, at one end of the table, and Philip at the other, and he kept their meals strictly

> who had taken up the expensive and

difficult profession of being a dandy to

economize from time to time with

"Oxwich," said the Baronet suddenly, "these grape-nuts are delicious. Will you go to the telephone and retain my usual table in the restaurant for tonight?" "Now, sir?"

"Quick, Phil, my boy!" Tony jumped up as soon as Oxwich had, in his sen-The car swam arrogantly away, atorial manner, quitted the apartment. "Give me one of your kidneys, will

transformed into the envy of all Ox- he robbed his guest of a kidney and began to eat it. "Afraid of Oxwich?" Philip ques-

> "Only morally," said Tony. "His empire over me is purely moral, I as-"How did you get hold of him?"

"I didn't. He got hold of me. He

was my cousin's valet, and seemed somehow to go with the estate." "I like him." said Philip. "So do I. He resembles grape-nuts-

neckties-amazing!"

Tony gulped down the last of the stolen kidneys as Oxwich senatorially returned. "Done it," said he, sinking back into

"Yes, sir," Oxwich murmured; "It "No, thanks-excellent as they are.

sang froid. Five years ago, when my study, eh? Oxwich, the cigarettes." Philip was helping to mismanage a "Your study?" Philip repeated, surpropietary club in St. James' Square. prised, knowing Sir Anthony's indiffer-

ir esposible failure as a barrister. The like to call it. I'll show you some-Followed by Oxwich bearing nine club, of which Didring was a mem- kinds of cigarettes, they crossed the larger and richer than the other. In the middle of the room, next to a grand plane on which lay the vocal peculiar oblong table, the top of which was painted to represent a pack of cards laid out in four rows, according

> was marked a circle with the mystic word "joker" in the center of it. "What's this?" Philip demanded. "This is it." was Sir Anthony's reply, and his face brightened. is what I wanted to show you. The

"And instead of zero, you have a joker in the pack, eh?" asked Philip. ing till five o'clock this morning.

"Did you win or lose?" "I won. I was banker. How much did I win Oxwich?" "When I retired to rest the bank was too hundred and eighty pounds in hand, Sir Anthony," said Oxwich, striking a match and holding it for

Philip. "I could enjoy this game, I fancy," Philip remarked. "It's Monte Carlo "Yes, isn't it?" Tony agreed enthus-

iastically. "Why not have a flutter "It's a fifty to one chance against any card you see. Three to one against any suit, and twelve to one against

any number. Will you bank, or shall "Oh, you'd better bank," said Philip "Right. Oxwich shall shuffle and cut, eh? Oxwich, the cards." "Philip drew sixpence from his

"You're getting cautious in your old

Oxwich majestically shuffled and cw the queen of spades. "Good for you," said the Baronet "Better than bridge, isn't it? Oxwich

-fifty-one times sixpence? "One pound five and six, sir." "Leave all the money on the queen of spades." said Philip.

again." "We have a limit of a couple of quid on the big chance," Sir Anthony ex-plained. "Now Oxwich." Oxwich shuffled and once

the queen of spades.