

"I leave you to your consens. He may have been bad, but he was good to me!

"AGNES B."

The Colonel's eyes grew very soft.

"Poor little woman," he said to himself. "Wrayson, you'll look after her. You'll see she doesn't come to grief!"

There was the sound of a heavy fall in the room above. The Colonel's face assumed an air of intense irritation.

"It's that infernal window pole," he declared. "I had doubts about it all the time."

Wrayson looked at him in horror.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Perhaps you had better go up and see," the Colonel answered, taking up his hat. "A very commonplace tragedy after all! I don't quite see what else he could have done. He was penniless, half mad with disappointment; he'd been smoking too many cigarettes and drinking too much cheap liquor, and he was in danger of arrest for selling the landlord's furniture. No other end for him, I am afraid."

Wrayson threw open the door.

"Don't hurry," the Colonel declared. "You'll probably find that he has hanged himself, but he must have been dead for some time."

Wrayson tore up the stairs. The Colonel watched him for a moment. Then, with a little sigh, he began to descend.

"False sentiment," he murmured to himself sadly. "The world's full of it."