

HENRY OF NAVARRE, OHIO

leted her way to his elbow, "and, Henry — are n't we progressive? — mahogany 'cylinders' for the table! And there's a mahogany dressing-table from Helen Richmond's father —"

The pompous young lawyer, who had tried for twenty minutes to get a hearing, at last succeeded in catching Henry's eye. He had written out his speech two days before and did n't want it to be sidetracked.

"Mr. Chalmers," he began, "in behalf of your sincere friends in our fair city —"

The guest of honor should n't have returned thanks until the oration was finished, but he was in no mood for convention. "Friends!" he faltered. "Friends —"

"Everybody out!" said Graham, sensing his emotion. "Cut out the speech, Mr. Advocate; we'll give you leave to print! Clear the house! Give 'em a chance, everybody!"

Laughing, congratulating, they massed around him for a final handshake, a final welcome and a final invitation to come over and see them some time, and be sure to bring his wife; and then slowly they melted away,