

"So that, you will understand, it is necessary for me to go after their rights through the channels of superstition as well as through those that have a legal standing in court. I have two distinct battles on my hands—I may have a third."

He paused abruptly as though, at this point, his enthusiasm had nearly overcome a wiser sense of discretion, then he drifted off with an air of relief:

"My dear sir, there is so much I might tell you with regard to my people. But you have the essentials. Should you still be in the dark I shall be only too pleased to enlighten you further."

I thanked him politely both for the information and for his willingness to treat with me again, and I said I would not detain him longer. I had only one regret, I told him, and that was not having been able to meet one of his people personally and talk with him.

"Nothing so simple," he replied. "Stay with us to-night, and to-morrow we can visit the Colony of Anthropodia, where they live in great numbers."

I said I would be delighted, but would not care to inconvenience Mrs. Agnew and his daughter.

"Nonsense!" replied the Professor. "They shall be honored by the presence of such a distinguished guest. I assure you. Come, let's go out into the garden."

I could not hide my emotion. The hospitality coming just at the time when I most required the support, appealed to me in terms which defy words to explain. Was I not homeless, penniless, friendless? Was this roof, and this hand of welcome, not manna from Heaven to me?

"Florence will be more than pleased," he went on, surveying me with eyes that seemed to betray a mixture of cunning and encouragement.

His manner could have but one meaning. Still, was I not in a strange predicament? Here was a father selecting me as a suitor and prospective husband for his daughter, and I already a married man and the father of two children.

Should I accept the situation for what it was worth and enjoy the fun? Should I give and receive attentions which might lead

the girl to believe that I was still of marketable value? Or, should I disclose the awful truth and cheat Cupid of his prey?

What a beautiful woman Florence was! Was it up to me to deny myself the pleasure of moments in her enchanting society?

I argued myself into the road of least resistance by a division of personality and responsibility. Here in the land of dreams, perhaps thousands and thousands of years away into the future from my wife and family, I was at liberty to do as I pleased. I could not in this sphere be classified as a benedict, and at this distant date no doubt the bones of my better half were long ago converted into dust. I could "turn myself loose," so to speak, and encourage and enjoy an adventure with the beautiful Florence for the human joy that it might give.

Should I awake in the meantime, it would be up to me, for personal safety, to remain quiet on the subject, which would be a simple matter. What my wife did not know would not injure her. Should she believe me innocent, it mattered little whether I were guilty or not, especially since this was but a dream.

I would vamp Miss Agnew, and give her the opportunity to vamp me. This resolve was made without giving thought to possible consequences.

Suddenly I recalled the apparent innocence of this girl. Would it not be a crime to deceive one of such a delicate nature? Would it not be dangerous to myself? Who could tell what mischief might accrue to both or either of us.

Before leaving the office we refreshed ourselves with a drink of the rich wine which had been left there by Florence. And the Professor offered me a cigar.

I declined the latter, not being a smoker. The Professor did not smoke either.

I was conscious of an airiness about me as I left the office, walked along the wide hall, and down the triangle stairway. I could not account for it. Things had an inclination to vanish and become transparent. When we went into the grounds I could see Florence for a second, then she disappeared. I blamed it on the wine, but never knew of a beverage of this sort to play such antics with me before.

I fancied I could see Miss Agnew flitting away like a white-robed ghost, and with outstretched arms I called her name, but she disappeared even before the sound left my lips. Oh, how I regretted at that moment the silly and unmanly resolve to vamp the girl! Had some strange power conveyed my thoughts to her and warned her to avoid me?

The Professor had disappeared, and a blackness was all about me. Suddenly there was a voice from the opaque air speaking to me. Was it Florence?

"Say, wake up. Who is this Florence person you are always dreaming about?"

Regaining consciousness, I looked about in a dazed and bewildered sort of way that must have amused my wife. She was lying beside me.

I burst out laughing. This annoyed her, for she jumped from bed and left me.

"Oh, what a dream!" I enthused, following her in amazement.

"Oh, what a lovely dream!" she corrected. "You will explain this Florence business to me or I will know the reason why. You're hiding something, I know."

I laughed again:

"Why, it was only a dream," I explained.

"Funny, though, the same girl follows you in all your dreams," she persisted. "You've got to show me."

"Well, I can never show you, because she's not in the flesh," I said in an effort to escape and smooth things over with her.

"Well, don't dream about her again, I don't like it."

"Why, surely you are not jealous?" I said, trying to kiss her with about as guilty a conscience as ever husband had.

"Jealous!" she almost screamed. "Me jealous! Don't you ever think it!"

The person has never lived who will acknowledge being jealous.

Secretly and guiltily I longed to dream again that I might see Florence. Then, was I not promised a visit to "Anthropodia?" At the same time I had little or no desire to meet the Professor again. For some strange reason I had developed a fear and hatred of him.

(Next story, "William and Mary.")

## Corner for Junior Readers (Continued from Page 12)

Arrived at the railway station in good time, Robert bought the four tickets, and distributed them in case the little group could not hold together in the crowd.

Eighteen-year-old Robert was broad shouldered and made a capable escort, and he soon found the two girls good seats in the train while he and Denis stood.

It was almost dark when they reached Kingstown, so they made their way at once along the pier to sheltered positions.

Robert and Beatrice, although evidently contented, did not seem to have a great deal to say, but Ethel indulged in a succession of little screams of delight as rocket after rocket went up over the harbour and burst into coloured showers of glittering sparks. Denny admired the "Catherine wheels" and wished they would go on twirling twice as long as they did.

There should have been set-pieces at the close of the display, but instead there was an unrehearsed effect, when all the remaining fireworks on the barge accidentally went ablaze at one and the same moment.

The booming and banging that ensued cannot be described. The whole harbour, including the pier, was lighted up magnificently; every mast and spar and rope and rock stood out more clearly than in broad daylight.

Denny and Ethel clapped their hands, and Den shouted "Hurrah!"

When all was over there was a general rush for the train back to town. The crush on the platform was something to remember. Robert went first to make way for the other three, who followed in single file, "like ducks in a thunder storm" as Denny said when describing it to Kathleen, afterwards.

Robert's endeavours were successful in getting them all into a guard's van that had been added as an extra, and that was already almost filled with musical instruments and bandsmen.

One of the men politely invited the girls to sit on the edge of the big drum as it rested on the floor.

On reaching Westland Row station not even Robert's generalship could get them so much as standing room in any of the trams, so he hailed a jarvey whose jaunting-car was passing at the moment and they drove home in comfort and elegance.

## Suggestions Welcome

B. C. M. readers are reminded that while we do not at anytime expect readers to be in agreement with ALL the views expressed or expounded by our various contributors, we and they alike shall welcome friendly criticism and suggestions. You may care to send us a "filler." By the way what did YOU think of that (contributed) filler, "United in Death" in last issue?

In co-operating with us, the printers have suggested our testing the appeal of the NEW TYPE used in this issue. Let us know if you like it as well as that used in the previous issue.

We trust that the introduction of the three-column sections will be approved. That is done with development of our business department in view, and also because we wish to give readers as much literary matter as possible.