

“And here is the man,” exclaimed Seaton with a friendly laugh, “who finds that his life has been ruined because he has had a tiff with theology! But, my dear Rupert, “he went on, and his voice grew suddenly grave, “so far as women are concerned, your difficulty is of your own making. If you want to enjoy the charm of every woman that could charm you, there’s a simple way of doing so; and that is by loving one. Look in her face, and this thing or that will happen. You will either see the witchery of all the others there, or you will despise it.”

“Yes—yes,” replied Glanville, for the moment speaking gravely also. “I too know so much from experience. The worst of it is the experience does not always last. As for me, my dear Attar, under ordinary circumstances, instead of seeing the witchery of all beautiful women in one, I seem to see the witchery of one appealing to me out of the eyes of all. I find the same inspired volume bound in different bodices.”

Seaton looked at his friend with a twinkle of amusement in his eye. “How like you are,” he exclaimed, “to the you I have always known—and how unlike to something else, which I have only known this morning!”

“And who,” said Glanville, “may that be?”

“The disillusioned you,” Seaton answered, “which you have presented me with in your own analysis.”

Glanville, for answer, leaned back in his chair and laughed. “And so,” he said, lighting a cigar, “you don’t think the portrait’s like me?”

“It seems to me,” replied Seaton, “not a portrait at all, but a theoretical diagram of how parts of a man might work if we could—which we can’t do—abstract them from the man himself. Nearly everything which is peculiar to your own living self—yourself as I see you there laughing and talking—is left out of it.”

The expression of Glanville’s face underwent a curious change. “You are right,” he exclaimed vehemently. “You have hit the nail on the head. In that fragment of biography