unearthed. So it was with Raymond as he lay there looking into the past. All the pictures as they presented themselves to his view in those waves of smoke floating above him were pleasant ones.

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He wanted to find a tangible reason for going abroad; yet no displeasing pictures, illustrating the mode or manner of life that he was now living, would appear to his vision.

I had often heard him say, "I am no better off than a slave; such a life is not worth living."

Quarter nights when the balance comes wrong, many bank clerks are apt to feel dissatisfied with their lot about 12 p.m. Two or three days afterwards they are quite happy again. All is forgotten until the fifteenth or last day of the month, when, if invited to play tennis with a