

## CHAPTER XXXI

### OUTWARD BOUND

IT was Saturday night and Andrew Harmon, editor of the *Telegram* and *Evening News*, was sitting in an easy chair in his bachelor quarters. It was a cozy room, and the pictures on the walls and the well-filled book-shelves revealed the artistic and literary taste of the owner. The large shaded electric lamp on the table cast its soft light upon Harmon's face as he sat there with his right hand supporting his firm, clean-shaven chin. It had been a trying week, and he was very weary. He was thankful that it was Saturday night, as he would be able to rest the next day, and think over a special editorial he was planning to write.

Harmon was really a lonely man. Of a reserved and retiring disposition, he had no desire for publicity. As editor of one of the leading papers in the city, he could express his views and remain unknown to most of the readers. His editorials were always written with great care and thought, and they were eagerly read by friends and opponents alike. Such work had always given him considerable pleasure as he felt that he was doing his part in moulding the thought of the community along true and strong lines. But to-night it all seemed of little avail. He had labored, but what had been the result? The only one upon whom he had lavished his affection had disappointed him, and was almost a stranger to him now. Mechanically he picked up a telegram from the table and read it again.

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