

honor almost completely from the view of the ladies in the gallery; and if they shift, he is more completely hidden by one of the two absurd Corinthian columns, made of flowers and bearing huge lanterns upon which glow the club monogram; so the ladies stay where they are, and get such glimpses as they can of the bald spot at the radial center of Harrison Stuart's gray hair. Sometimes he moves and then they can see a part of his face. Once he leaned far back, and they saw his silver Vandyke. It was a thrilling moment!

Now the toastmaster. Ainsley Pulham, of course. He raps for order, with a gavel the head of which is naturally from the cross section of a T-beam; and he drones along for half an hour, with many an elaborate joke, and many a sentimental quotation about their beloved and distinguished fellow member, who has come back to them, out of the great sea of oblivion, to take his rightful place in their hearts. A toast, gentlemen, to our beloved and distinguished fellow member, Harrison Stuart, the most valuable jewel in the glittering diadem of the profession! (Prolonged applause.)

With a will, they drink that toast to Harrison Stuart, and he drinks with them in sparkling water, untroubled by the glass of yellow champagne