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when she sees you," replied Mr. Pollin, with some show of uneasiness.

"And what about Anderson?" asked Hemming.

"Dick Anderson? Ah, he is exceedingly stupid, or he would have given up long ago. He never had the ghost of a chance," replied the beaming match-maker.

Hemming stood up, and grasped the other warmly by both hands. "I got along without your letter," he said, "but I don't know what might have happened by now if you'd not stumbled over me to-night. I saw Anderson, you know, and somehow got the idea into my head that I was out of the game."

"Out of the game," laughed Pollin. "No fear of that, my boy. Come over to my diggings, and we'll have a smoke on it."

As he led the prodigal from the club, clinging affectionately to his arm, he warned him of Mrs. Travers. "Don't pay any attention to her, — unless she happens to be polite," he said.

Late that night, after Hemming had returned to his hotel, Mr. Pollin sat up and penned a note to his niece.