

train back, going, of course, to a different hotel, a most dreadful little place —”

Varney shouted.

“It’s just as Peter said, I declare! You’re the noblest plotter of them all, Mr. Higginson. Dear old Hunston will not look upon your like again.”

The two enemies came out into the corridor arm-in-arm, and advanced in utter amity to the doorway. And as they walked, Varney’s tongue unloosed, and he spoke his still incredible happiness aloud: only, because he was not Latin and exuberant, he spoke it according to the indirect uses of his race.

“That man we passed standing in the hall — the one with the face of incredulity and chagrin — was old Callery — horribly miffed because you and I failed to lock in mortal combat. He’s a fine fellow, Callery is, only I imagine he’s had a lot of hard luck. Did you ever see a prettier little hotel than this — I mean, of course, for a town of this size? *Look!* That’s the clerk behind the desk there. An amazingly clever fellow — you just ought to have seen how sharp he was in knowing where you were — and that’s a *Cypriani* cigar he’s smoking, if you’d like to know. Jim Hackley’s house is just over on the other corner — why, you can *see* it from here. I want you to know Hackley, sir! A great big whimsical fellow with a fist like a ham and a heart like a woman’s. . . . Ah! . . .”

They emerged from the hotel upon the noisy street, still lively with the rush of home-goers; and now the two men stood side by side before the waiting carriage, and Varney’s flow of talk had ceased.