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down to his head. He regarded it now despondently. "Just had my hair ironed in Pwiccadilly, an' it wants doin' again." The other men eyed him critically, Wallsend with a flicker of contempt in his hard eyes. "Comes of wearing your hair so long, Detrich," said Bertie languidly; "get it cut, man, saves a deuce of a lot of worry." He looked complacently at his own short hair with its neat parting in the middle. The "Nut" shuddered, and his eyes dropped to Bertie's passionate silk socks of a vivid scarlet, shot with yellow, and then he transferred his gaze to his own white spats thoughtfully. "Bertie's afraid of getting his hair pulled by the divine Judy," sneered Wallsend, "that's why he keeps it short."

After the laugh which followed this sally, Bertie excused himself in order to keep an obviously fictitious appointment with his tailor, and sauntered out of the club. "F'ward of missin' the matinee an' a sight of the divine Judy's legs," giggled the "Nut," as Bertie disappeared. After an hour's idle gossip, the other men drifted into the street.

Later in the evening they all collected at Wallsend's rooms, and amid clouds of cigar smoke and innumerable whiskeys-and-sodas, gambled away the night, stopping only when a slant of sunlight, filtering through the blinds, paled the electric lights to a sicklier hue, and warned them that another day had dawned.

Lighter in pocket, two flushed and rather unsteady youths descended in the lift to the street. The "Nut," still anxious about his appearance, was enveloped in a long coat which entirely concealed his evening dress.

Wallsend turned into bed, and at once fell into a sound untroubled sleep.

It was well after eleven o'clock before his valet ventured to disturb his slumbers by intruding into his bedroom with a silver salver on which were the morning papers and his letters, together with a stiff "refresher."

Wallsend opened one eye, and consigned the valet and all his race to everlasting perdition for waking him. The man, accustomed to such valedictory vehemence from his master, looked unmoved.

SEEING the brandy-and-soda, Wallsend opened the other eye, and drank off a tumbler full, after which he tossed his letters over without opening them.

"Bills," he grunted; "they can wait!"

A dirty envelope caught his eye, addressed in an illiterate hand.

"Curse it!" he ejaculated, and separated it from the others.

"Can't be bothered with the papers," he said.

The valet ostentatiously removed the offending sheets.

"What the devil are you grinning at, you ass?" he asked, suddenly irate, as he caught a peculiar gleam in the man's eyes. "Anything special in the papers?"

"Yes, m' lord," replied the valet demurely. "Leastways o' course, unless it's one o' them roomors the press is so fond o' gettin' 'old of."

"What do you mean, man? What are you talking about?" Wallsend raised himself on one elbow, wide awake now.

"It's in the society noos, m' lord—I 'opes no offence if I offers me congratulations to yer lordship!"

Wallsend snatched at the paper, and glanced over the page placed conveniently to catch his eye. A sudden intuition of what he would find there flashed through his mind. He read the announcement of his engagement to Margaret Assitas. The Roman General had wasted no time; it was a master-stroke on her part to clinch the matter.

"Deucedly smart piece of work," he muttered, as a slow smile spread over his face. "Now, Peggy, my girl—that's one to me—what will you make of that?"

The silver clock in his bedroom chimed twelve strokes to the hour.

(To be continued.)

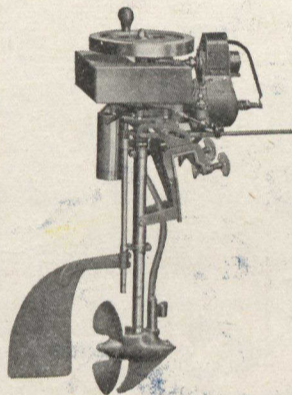


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