

of the simple life. He was a great reader, and at one time possessed a very fine library. This article which I wish you to read tells the story of his life, how he built up his business, and of his sudden disappearance."

"How do you know he wasn't killed?" Reynolds asked.

"Because of this," and the editor laid his forefinger upon a small separate clipping at the bottom of the larger one. "A short time after Redmond disappeared, and when the excitement of all was intense, this was received and published. Although it bore no name, yet we well know that it was from Redmond, for it was just like something he would do. This is what he wrote:

"I go from the busy haunts of men, far from the bustle and worry of business life. I may be found, but only he who is worthy will find me, and whoever finds me, will, I trust, not lose his reward. From the loopholes of retreat I shall watch the stress and fever of life, but shall not mingle in the fray."

"Queer words, those," Reynolds remarked, when the editor had finished reading. "What do you make of them?"

"I hardly know, although I have considered them very carefully. I believe they contain a hidden meaning, and that the finding will consist of more than the mere discovery of his person. It must refer to something else, some quality of heart or mind, that is, the real personality behind the mere outward form."

"A double quest, eh, for anyone who undertakes the venture?"

"It seems so, Tom, and that makes it all the more difficult. But what an undertaking! How I wish I were young again, and I should be off to-morrow. I was a fool not to make the try fifteen years ago. I would not now be chained to this desk, I feel certain of that."

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