

himself this morning. You must have heard me scolding him when you entered. A graceless, idle, playgoing imp! I found him sleeping when I came."

"Better have slept for weeks than enter a playhouse once," said Mr. Sharp somewhat wearily. "Heaven knows we've had enough and to spare of player-folk on our minds of late, Sycamore."

"Aye, enough and to spare, sir, as you say."

The lawyer went to his desk and, seating himself before it, began methodically to arrange the accumulation of papers thereon. Presently he glanced across at Sycamore.

"You carried my two messages yesterday?" he asked. "The one to the Lady Eleanor Beaumont, the other to—" he hesitated, sighing a little, "to the new Lord Brandon?"

"I did, sir."

"And both will be here this morning?"