

you, I stand out from this moment, and wish 'ee luck!"

'Bias stood up, stiff with wrath.

"And the Lord knows, Cai Hocken, how at this moment I keep my hands off you! . . . Wasn't it bad enough before, but you must stand patronisin' there, offerin' me what you don't want? First I'm to ship in your sarvice, eh? When that won't do, I'm to marry the woman you've no use for? And there was a time I called 'ee friend! Hell! if you must poison this garden, poison it by yourself! Let me get out o' this. Stand aside, please, ere I say worse to 'ee!"

He strode by, and up the garden path in the gathering twilight.

Poor 'Bias!

Poor Cai, too! His renunciation had cost him no small struggle, and he had meant it nobly; but for certain he had bungled it woefully.

His heart was sore for his friend: the sorer because there was now no way left to help. The one door to help—reconciliation—was closed and bolted: closed through his own clumsiness.

It had cost him much, a while ago—an hour or two ago, no more—to resign his pretensions to Mrs Bosenna's hand. The queer thing was how little—the resolutions once taken—Mrs Bosenna counted. It was 'Bias he had lost.

As he sat and smoked, that night, in face of Mrs Bowldler's fire-screen, staring at its absurd decorations, it was after 'Bias that his thoughts harked—always back, and after 'Bias—retracing old friendship faithfully as a hound seeking back to his master.