

book Mr. Gully-Swinburne is going to write about him is to be a birthday surprise, and it would spoil it all if he knew."

Rupert Grant looked wistfully at Logan, who smiled like the sympathetic Scot that he was at the fascinating donkey, and said, "You want us to undertake to collect the data for the genealogical part of Mr. Gully-Swinburne's book, is that it? But pardon me, do you think you need trouble about Mr. Justice Grant's parentage? Such a man is his own ancestry," he finished up grandiloquently, but wondering what he really meant.

"O yes, yes!" said Mr. Gully-Swinburne and Mr. Rupert Grant in quick syncopation.

"Mr. Emmanuel Burden's life began that way, and I cannot have Basil's family and mine considered of less importance than his," said Rupert Grant with simple dignity.

"As you will," said Logan. He took up his note-book and wrote hurriedly, as they do on the stage. Then he pushed the writing across the table to Mr. Gully-Swinburne, who, having balanced his glasses on his nose, read it and passed it on to Rupert Grant.

"That's the situation in two lines, Mr. Logan," said the latter. "'Father Florizel Grant, dead, Edinburgh judge two back, mother unknown, Mr. Kay of Chesterton in Essex distant relative.' I can add one fact, though. Our mother's origin is as yet unknown to us, but I must tell you the painful fact that shortly after my birth she left my father."

"Ah," said Logan with more vivid interest than he had hitherto shown, "any tangible reason?"

"Basil once told me," said Rupert Grant reluctantly, "that she was eccentric and had a peculiar passion for mysticism and the open air. Basil is like her in the first, but he hates open air life. He says it's made up of rude birds and fiendish hedgerows."

"Hysterical, I suppose," said Logan in a businesslike tone. "When did your father die, and where?"

"May 24, 1888—Bohemia," answered Rupert Grant with