

Committed to his Charge

"Gad! If it were not for you"—with a nod towards the glass—"I should lose the use of my voice. I have *no use*, as some of them say here, for that wish-wash composite, the Canadian."

As he sat, still smoking, the excitement of the street and the noise of the hotel lobby penetrated the blue of his little sanctum.

"My usual luck—I never yet tried to earn my living but Providence put a stone in my path. Providence," he murmured, as he struck another match, "is always inconsiderate." Then he rang his bell and ordered a fresh hot-and-hot.

"'Pon my word, I was almost sorry when I saw the poor beggar carried out to-day. How that big, mannish woman did howl!" Mrs. Forby's cup would have been full had she heard herself described as mannish.

Below, a knot of men had gathered round the public doorway.

"I opine he was somewhat weak in the upper region," drawled the United States Consul.

"I opine you are a thundering idiot," was Mr. Forby's hot retort.

And so the talk ran, till sympathy, criticism and dissection left not one fibre resting on another of the Reverend Thomas Huntley's character.