

was the same as a hundred-dollar bill to the average man. Yet his uncle had thanked him for his good intentions and tactfully had made him feel that the appreciation was sincere. At no time had the two been in closer sympathy than during this unexpected interview. His uncle was not given to sentiment. Perhaps the liquor——

Phil paused in the act of lacing his boot to frown out the window. The Honorable Milton Waring undoubtedly was greatly worried about something—financial affairs maybe. Or was that only one side of it, incidental to something not so simple of adjustment? The searching look, the solemnity of the words which had followed that sudden outburst against political conditions of the day, that reference to one man fighting a pack of wolves—what about that? No matter what happened he wanted his nephew to continue believing that he had tried to do his duty.

No matter what happened! It was this remark, more than any other, which fostered Kendrick's disquietude. Something was liable to happen, then?—something calling for a blind exercise of faith in his uncle; something which on the surface might seem to question his—his what? Integrity? Political honor? Social standing? Or was it merely an emphasis of speech with no special significance? Phil shifted uneasily on the chair as he thought of his aunt's position if some catastrophe befell his uncle. If any trouble of that kind were likely to develop,