

The Success of Failure

CHAPTER I

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST

IN addition to the driving wind and the density of the night, a heavy rain was falling when the last train for the day pulled into the little station of Peterstown. Its only passenger, a man, alighted and made his way to where the station-agent was standing upon the platform, and immediately inquired of him where he could secure a conveyance to take him out to his shack, a distance of about three miles.

"I'm sorry, sir," informed the agent, "but I don't know of anyone who would be willing to hitch up and drive you out on such a night as this."

"Then, I shall have to walk," said the man, and he raised his hands and adjusted the collar of his coat more securely about his neck.

"Why not put up at the hotel for the night?" suggested the agent. "You will find little trouble in getting someone to drive you out in the morning."