

"You say Earl Stranleigh of Wychwood is a friend of yours?"

"Yes."

"Well, if any man in England can afford monetary aid without feeling it, it is his wealthy lordship. I should be glad if you would bring him here one day, when I could discuss your case with him more freely than I can with you."

"There has been no lack of definiteness about your statements to me," said Mackeller, looking up. "You need not reproach yourself on that score."

The great man smiled for the first time. He had been visibly impressed by the friendship with Lord Stranleigh, for, after all, even the Royalties he attended were paupers compared with the youthful earl, and money talks in London as is its garrulous habit elsewhere.

"You see, it's like this, Mr. Mackeller. Your heart is racing along at ninety-five beats to the minute, when it should be contenting itself with from sixty to sixty-five. Roughly speaking, every four beats of the heart require one inspiration of air to the lungs. Your conservative lungs are vainly endeavouring to keep pace with your radical heart. The late Sir Henry Irving did me the honour to call