

Chapter Six

THE roseate rays of a but lately risen sun shone on a semi-conscious world, when in a corner room of a big house on G street there was a sudden upheaval of bedclothes, arms, head and tousled hair, and John Belden, in a final struggle with Morpheus, landed on his feet beside the bed. Then, rubbing his sleepy eyes, he tried to think who or what it was at the door of his consciousness so persistently proclaimed its arrival. For the shadows of Morpheus' retreating form obscured the face, and his sleep-sodden mind could not recall the name; only its warmth, and cheer, and glory reached him, as it clamored for admission.

"Come, John, wake up, wake up," it called.

The importuned one, in blue and white pajamas, sat on the edge of the bed, looking