

ous of visage, and flushing hot and cold, — in fact, with all the worst symptoms of a recruit going into action, — entered the long and formal drawing-room, he was received by Mrs. Travers. This was a long way from what Pollin had led him to expect. He stood aghast; he got a grip on himself, and, bowing low, extended his hand. Mrs. Travers ignored his hand. But, for all her awe-inspiring front, she, too, was agitated. She knew that she was about to play a desperate game. Fear and rum had made the Brazilian colonel's game seem feasible. Conceit, stupidity, and love of money were her excuse for making a fool of herself.

“Mr. Hemming, I believe,” she said.

This was too colossal for Hemming. He could not pass that, however eager he might be to get this unexpected interview over with. He lifted one brow close to his face and stared at it intently for several seconds.

“In my word,” he said, “I believe you are right. May I ask if you recognized me by my eyeglass or my feet?” His smile was politely inquiring. He looked as if he really wanted to know.

“You will leave this house immediately,” cried the lady, as soon as she could command sufficient