

"Your friend," said the Doctor reverently, "has been admitted to a better company than this. That's why all the boys are so quiet."

"If we could only see him," answered Brand, "he is here. I want you to have a seat reserved for him at one of the tables, and let us get this matter finished quickly. I may be arrested presently on a charge of murder. I killed three men last night."

The crowd parted on either side of the door, making way as six men came in, carrying Dick Straight upon a bed.

"Lay the bed here," said Brand, "before the curtains."

He took the sick man's hands in both his own. "We had an appointment this morning; we two—we didn't expect to meet here."

"No," said Straight. "If I'd been on the Other Side you wouldn't have kept the appointment, so"—he sighed—"I waited. Have you killed that Dragon? Ah, here is the Princess."

Hilda greeted him very shyly, very much embarrassed; then, to hide her confusion, began, nurse-like, to take charge of the patient while she shook the pillows and made things comfortable.

"Never mind the pillows," said Straight gaily; "you've shamed me, Miss Gault, for I'm to be Haraldson's best man to-day, and the pillows are not intended for the best man. His business"—he took a big bunch of orchids from a boy who had carried them—"is to bring flowers."

There were tears in the woman's eyes as she took the flowers, and one big tear fell upon his face as she bent down and kissed him.

"That tear," said Straight, "belongs to me, Miss Gault."

Straight looked up at them both with a derisive