

"It is extremely kind of Mr. Cosmo Burden—" began Logan.

"Not at all, not at all." Rupert Grant waved his hand in the air with a hawk-like hovering of his long fingers. "To come to the question. As a matter of fact—" here he stopped. "What the deuce does that mean?" he said distractedly. "Swinburne, what is Basil always saying about facts?"

"Then sighing said the Queen hersel',
'That thing's too high for me!'
But she applied to an auld woman,
Who had mair skill than she,"

murmured Logan, while Mr. Gully-Swinburne circuitously extracted a notebook from his coat-tail pocket, and read aloud with ponderous emphasis, "'Facts obscure the truth. Facts point in all directions, like the thousands of twigs on a tree. It's only the life of the tree that has unity and goes up—only the green blood that springs, like a fountain, at the stars.'"

"Marvellous, Mr. Logan, marvellous!" commented Rupert Grant eagerly.

Logan, who had sat with a dazed expression, assented, and murmured politely, "Family tree, I presume, or else perhaps the Golden Bough?"

"Just so!" cried Grant in a delighted way, "didn't I tell you you were a poet? As I was about to say, our father's name was Florizel Grant; that much we know for certain. There is a vague echo in my mind that we have an Edinburgh judge in the family, two back. Oh," he cried in distress, "if I could only ask Basil! He knows everything worth knowing by intuition, and would make you a genealogical tree as soon as look at you—correctly, too. No trouble at the Heralds' Office—in fact, Scott-Gatty has sent Americans to him before now. But you see," he went on with that impetuous earnestness which, together with his romantic appreciation of every situation, was his greatest charm, "I can't ask Basil, for the