

appear black at the first glimpse. His wide-set eyes were grey just warming to blue. His complexion was neither high nor low, his features were slightly irregular and in no way remarkable; and yet the general effect of hair, eyes, complexion, features, and expression was not only pleasing but distinguished.

For several seconds the two men regarded each other smilingly, but with lively curiosity in their eyes.

"So you took my advice," said Costin.

"Rather!" returned Beauchamp.

"Just landed, I suppose? Did you have a good crossing?"

"Docked at a quarter past nine. Yes, a good crossing, thanks."

"I am reading your 'Barry Newton' yarn. It scores a bull's-eye, it rings the bell, it brings a coco-nut to earth. But I want to ask you something. This Caroline person, now? She's about as convincing as a tobacco advertisement, and about as lively as a game of croquet. And so it was with Dolly Burchill of your 'Windy River' story. You handle your wild women and squaws and fisherfolk females as brilliantly as you do your men and dogs and ships and ice-packs—and more than that I can't say; but when it comes to the only kind of woman that you really know, I suppose, you go sidewise into a hole in the ground. What's the matter with you, that you can't make anything more