

roe might miss his young chum, and while there were friends a-plenty for the seeking, one of Thompson's game dinners, followed by what he called an old-fashioned evening in his sportsman's den, was indeed rare good medicine for a lonely man. Monroe the more readily agreed, because for once in a long while he almost shrank from the certain meeting with the good fellows who would be only too happy to do their utmost to make the time pass pleasantly. He and Thompson thoroughly understood each other, while the hostess was one of those wonderful wee women who really master the fine points of their husband's hobbies. In fact, as her big lord often declared, she was as good a sportsman as he was, and liked nothing better than to entertain a scientific Nimrod like Monroe.

"Where in the world are you going? Your baggage is upstairs. The man was sent after it two hours ago," she demurely informed the guest when he attempted to say good night. "Now you sit down in that chair and finish telling about that writer-girl. The boy and his father are all right, but I want to hear the rest about that young woman. You haven't half told me about her, so go ahead."

"I think you're a pair of trappers, but the trap's a mighty pleasant place to be," retorted Monroe, laughingly, "but, honestly, there's nothing more to tell about the young lady. That is—er—um—unless I invent a few facts, an—and of course, you wouldn't have me do that," he concluded weakly, for a pair of exceedingly mischievous eyes were scanning him