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member paused to glance with curiosity at the roughly clad angler making his way up stream. For Kent judged it wise to absent himself now, foreseeing the advent of one keener-eyed than the mourners, whose scrutiny he did not desire to tempt. Shortly Gansett Jim came to the grave. Hastily and carelessly he pitched in the earth, tramped it down, and returned. Carriages rolled to the door of Hedgerow House, and rolled away again, carrying the mourners to their train. Not until then did Kent snug up his tackle and take the road.

No sooner had he reached the hotel and changed into dry clothes, than he made haste to the Nook, and thus addressed Sedgwick. "Now I'm your man for that tennis match."

"Kent, I don't like your looks," observed his friend, remarking the scientist's troubled eyes.

"Don't you? Where are the implements of warfare?"

"Here they are," said the other, producing rackets and balls. "You look to me done up."

"Well, the great game is always something of a gamble, and being usually played for higher stakes than money, is likely to get on one's nerves."

"The great game?" repeated Sedgwick inquiringly, giving the words Kent's own emphasis.

"Yes. The greatest of all games. You know the Kipling verse, don't you?"

"Go stalk the red deer o'er the heather.

Ride! Follow the fox if you can!

But for pleasure and profit together

Afford me the hunting of Man."

"So, we're man-hunting, then, to-night," said the artist quickly.

"Far from it," replied Kent, with fervency. "Let's drop the subject for the time being, won't you? I've had a morning none too pleasant to look back on, and I've got an evening coming none too pleasant to look forward to. Therefore, I shall probably give you the licking of your life on the tennis-court."

"As to the evening," began Sedgwick, "while I'm—"

"Frank," cried Kent, "there's a query trying to dislodge itself from your mind and get put into words. Don't let it!"

"Why?"

"Because at one single question from you I'll either bat you over the head with this racket or burst into sobs. It's a toss-up which."

He threw the implement in the air.

Kent played as he worked, with concentration and tenacity, backing up technical skill. Against his dogged attack, Sedgwick's characteristically more brilliant game was unavailing, though the con-

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