

The Prodigal Husband

recall it, they said it in a very odd way too. In fact, one of the clerks asked if I had it in for you too."

"You were here all night?" murmured Constance in plaintive misery.

"Well, not precisely all night, Connie. Half of it," replied Roxbury. "Brock, you ass, I telegraphed you I was coming and asked you to meet me at the station. I telegraphed twice from London and—"

"Don't call me an ass," grated Brock. "Why did n't you send 'em to me as Medcroft? I have n't been Brock until this very morning."

"Pon my soul, Brock, it was rather stupid of me," he confessed sheepishly. "But, you see," with an inspired smile, "one of 'em was to congratulate you on winning Connie. By Jove, you know, I *could n't* very well address that one to myself."

"But — but he had n't won me," stammered Constance Fowler.

"Edith," said Roxbury, deep reproach in his voice, "you wrote me that a week ago!" Edith merely squeezed his arm.

Odell-Carney came forward and extended his hand. "Permit me to introduce myself, sir. I am George Odell-Carney. It has given me great pleasure to serve you without knowing you. In my catalogue of personalities you have posed intermittently as a demmed bounder, a deceived husband, a betrayed lover, a successful lover, and a lot of other things I can't just now recall. Acting on the presumption that you might have been a friend in distress, I worked hard in your interest. Now I discover, to my gratification, you are a perfect stranger whom I am proud to meet. Permit me to offer my warmest felicitations and