

## Would Put His Dreams to the Proof 313

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a jealous hag's. Hemming stared, and stared, in pained astonishment. Then, by some flutter of his companion's eyelids, understanding came to him.

"Dick," he said, "Dick, I am sorry."

By this time Anderson looked thoroughly ashamed of himself. "For God's sake, Bert, get out and leave me alone," he cried, huskily. "I've been drinking too much, you know."

Without another word, Hemming paid his bill and left the place. Beyond the fact that Anderson was in love with Molly, he did not know what to make of that honest soldier's behaviour. Perhaps Molly loved Anderson, and Anderson was too loyal to his old friend to further his own suit? That would make the mildest man act like a drunken collier.

Hemming had been striding along at a brisk pace, but, when this idea got hold of him, he turned in his tracks and went back to the Trocadero, eager to tell his friend to go ahead and win the happiness in store for him. But when he reached the place, one of the waiters informed him that Major Anderson had gone. He immediately returned to the club. By this time, he had made up his mind to write to Miss Travers, and say good-bye — for ever. On the club stationery he wrote: