

instead of lighting a cigar and looking out of the window, he snatched a wad of typewritten pages from a drawer of his desk and began to read. As Miss Featherstonhaugh left the editor's presence by one door, another young woman entered it by another, and placed a small engraved card on the page under the great man's eye. That eye did not flicker. Neither did the other.

"Please show him right in," said Costin.

The young woman, who had read the card while in the act of delivering it, returned to the waiting-room.

"Please go right in, Mr. Bow-champ," she requested.

The young man whom she addressed complied with her request with an air of astonishment and confusion. Costin stood up and extended a hand.

"Here you are, Mr. Beauchamp!" he said. "I'm glad to see you."

The editor pronounced the name like a well-known patent pill, which seemed to have a soothing effect on the visitor.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Costin? Thanks very much," said Beauchamp.

His hat and stick were taken away from him, and he was invited to accept a cigarette. He was a pleasant-looking young Englishman of a somewhat diffident but decidedly engaging manner. His close-cut hair was so dark as to