

CHAPTER II

THE ONE-MAN SECRET

WITH the giving of a few orders relative to his departure in the morning, the brevity of which showed the character of service he demanded, Edestone permitted himself to relax. He dropped into an arm-chair, after lighting a long, black cigar, and pouring out for himself a comfortable drink of Scotch whisky and soda.

For a few minutes he sat looking into the open fire, while blowing ring after ring of smoke straight up into the air. The well-trained servant moved so quietly about the room that his presence was only called to his attention by the frantic efforts of the smoke rings to retain their circular shape as they were caught in the current of air which he created and were sent whirling and twisting to dissolution, although to the last they clung to every object with which they came in contact in their futile struggle to escape destruction.

Edestone loved to watch these little smoke