

"You have come to say good-bye? Well, if you are going, then I must say a queer thing for me. I want to say that you have meant a lot to me. I once called you a sentimentalist and thought you a comical, quixotic character. Now I don't. You've done me a world of good. You've made me see life with new eyes and I'm grateful——"

"Oh—please——" began Henry.

Jukes had his return to a whimsical smile.

"Well," he said, "here you are," and opened his desk, "a final offering. It tells what you have made me see." And he drew forth a piece of paper, put on his *pince-nez*, read the words on the paper to himself, then handed it to Bliss Henry with a little bow, the jolly, irrepressible twinkle in his eyes.

Henry stared.

"I'm serious," said Jukes.

On the paper, in the colonel's admirable handwriting, were the words :

"Bliss Henry was not a sentimentalist. He sought but for what he knew he could get—and having got it was satisfied. This do I believe—George Jukes."

Henry read the odd document and then looked up at Jukes. Jukes took off his *pince-nez* and threw them away from him. They dropped with a

tinkle  
like.

Her

Has  
in silen

The

"Al

the pe  
of nega  
a blend

"Go

gospel  
tell you  
is, it is

up his h  
gospel—  
is no ne

"Ah

"Somet  
dered yc

"I us

you see,  
true, I v  
have bee  
have bec  
due to th