

if you should see Dick before he speaks, don't tell him I am in the House."

"But why not? It would help him," said John bluntly.

The colour wavered in Estelle's face.

"I would rather you did not tell him. Why, there is Eugene Woods crossing over! I must wait and shake hands with him. His book is a success, John. Have you read it?"

"No. But Dick says it is good stuff."

"And look at him! Hasn't he changed? Why he even walks differently! He seems taller, more dignified, different altogether."

"Success works wonders," said John Glide, and he wondered whether Estelle was aware that Eugene, too, loved her.

A variety of motives sends men to literature—or, at least, to voicing their thoughts upon paper. When there is acute personal experience at the back, very often the power to move and to grip is there with it.

Eugene Woods had written a powerful, moving book in clear and simple language, so shorn of the flowers of rhetoric that the critics were rather baffled by it. The highest praise that they could give it was that it did not contain one superfluous word. And they gave that praise without stint. Eugene had arrived!

His eyes glowed as he saw Estelle standing by John Glide and waiting for him to approach.

Estelle had changed but little, though refined surroundings and simple clothes, exquisitely cut and made, had slightly added to the distinction of her looks. She was a gracious, attractive woman. Many called her beautiful because her soul's expression was in her face, because her sympathy and her interest were all flowing in the wide, gracious channels most calculated to deepen and accentuate them. Her manner, so free from affecta-