

Presently he said: "Dick, you have not answered my question."

Anderson cleared his throat, fingered his moustache, and glanced about uneasily. But he made no reply.

"You don't think I have any chance? You think she does not care for me?" questioned Hemming, desperately.

He reached over and gripped his friend's wrist with painful vim. "Tell me the truth, Dick, and never mind my feelings," he cried.

Anderson withdrew his arm with a jerk.

"Can't you see? Are you such a damn fool!" he muttered. "You come along, after you have had your fun, and expect me to produce the joyous bride. — the blushing first-love."

"What the devil is the matter with you?" asked Hemming, aghast.

"So you imagine the world stands still for you, — Mr. Commander-in-Chief? You had better hurry back to your nigger troops, or they'll be having another revolution."

Hemming looked and listened, and could believe neither his eyes nor his ears. Was this the same man who, once upon a time, had been his jolly, kindly friend? The once honest face now looked violent and mean. The once honest voice rang like