

You're lookin' better 'n we expected, and I tell you Hunston 's mighty glad to see you up and about again."

Varney marveled how he had ever formed such a mean opinion of the clerk, whom he now saw to be a decidedly likable young man.

"Thank you — thank you! It's a wonderful little city — Hunston — wonderful! Try a few of these cigars — that's right; fill your pocket. And would you be good enough to send my card up to Mr. Higginson? Perhaps I'd better write just a line —"

"Mr. Higginson's in the small parlor, Mr. Varney — straight down the corridor. Yes, sir! Just came down and went in — I think he saw you coming —"

"And ran away again? Why, bless me, what's the old chap afraid of?"

He started gayly down the dim hall to the right of the desk, swinging his stick and humming to himself; and presently became aware that a man was following silently at his elbow.

"It's me — Callery," said the man apologetically, as Varney turned. "I—I'll just be here, Mr. Varney, you know, if anything's wanted."

Varney laughed again. "You're mighty good to me, Mr. Callery," he said cordially — "you and Mr. Stobo — I can't tell you how much I appreciate it. But it is n't a bit of use, you know! I'm positively not going to kill anybody to-day."

"Yes, sir," said Callery. "Here's the door, Mr. Varney."

"This one?"

"Yes, sir. He come runnin' down the steps, spoke