

cally in the colour of hope. The black cat of a rare thinness rose and stretched himself; then, with the diabolic intuition of his race, walked deliberately across the floor and rubbed his sides against the trousers of the gentleman of breadth, as the more fervent cat-hater. The breadth of view came automatically to the front, and the cat-hater nonplussed the subtle beast, and cleverly disguised his own disgust, by stroking its fur the wrong way and addressing it in sentences of idiotic pity.

The duel between cat and man was progressing, watched in a lordly manner by the gentleman of length, when Mr. Logan returned. He held two cards in his hand, and with an air of pleasantness bowed, saying "Mr. Rupert Grant, Mr. Gully-Swinburne?"

Both rose, and the gentleman of length said with swift directness, "I am Rupert Grant, and this is my friend, Mr. Gully-Swinburne. We have ventured to call upon you, Mr. Logan, well knowing, through your excellent magazine advertisements, the success you have had in unravelling the most uncompromising facts."

"Ah," said Mr. Logan, with the same pleasant look of alertness, "you mean Lang. Good old boy, he did start us off well. I see you hate cats," he went on, turning to Mr. Gully-Swinburne. "That one is called Gowmys. Queer name, is it not? Portmanteau for Gowrie Mystery—because he's lang, ye ken! I'm a Scot mysel'—and so are you, Mr. Grant, from your name."

Mr. Grant had evidently a good deal of the sensitiveness of the artistic temperament, for his face paled at the question, and he answered, with grave emotion:

"The romance of life is its unexpectedness. You are a poet, I perceive, Mr. Logan. What was I saying to you, Swinburne, as we came along?" (turning to the gentleman of breadth with a manner of swaggering success) "Didn't I bet you half a crown that before we had been ten minutes in this room Mr. Logan would have put his finger on the very reason