

"Thank you," said the debonair spirit, rather carelessly — while Laurence Varney, off in another world, clutched at the invitation, fought for it, lied, thieved, prayed, lived and died for it — "I'm afraid I must go on now."

"There is something I wanted to say. And . . . a message."

A shuffling of the cosmos, a shrieking readjustment of the universe, and he found himself sitting on a blue upholstered seat staring at two great golden moons, which later on turned out to be, after all, mere burnished buttons upon a coachman's purple back.

So, not for the first time, the sudden meeting with a lady knocked from the young man's head all recollection of his enemy. And if their parting had taken place in the entire privacy of a country road, their re-meeting, certainly, was in the fullest view of the many. Only, luckily, nobody chanced to be looking, or within eavesdropping distance; and even the coachman presently removed himself to stand at his horses' restive heads. Tommy's carriage happened to be the last one in the line. Behind it the street was a desert. Before it was nothing but a packed army of backs.

"I did not know that you were here until Mr. Hare spoke. And they all began to look. . . ."

"Mr. Hackley especially invited me to share his porch . . ." and the other Varney, not the one who sat so stiff and mute, desperate eyes glued on the far horizon, but the easy, negligent Varney, gay dare-devil