

tunity to study her face, and the more he studied it the more it impressed him. He thought to himself with a sigh that Jarvis would be a lucky fellow should his little romance turn out happily.

He would have been glad to talk with Jarvis, but that was out of the question now; to-morrow would do as well. So he sat in the library and smoked his pipe, finding some very good tobacco in an old cigar-box on the table, and heard the Twentieth Army Corps go tramping by, the noise the troops made harmonizing well with the dull roar of the November wind as its gusts went through the tree-tops outside. Strangely enough, it all seemed to emanate from the flames in the fireplace. After a while, he leaned his head against the cushion on the back of his chair and closed his eyes.

When he opened them again night was falling. On one side of the fireplace Plato sat prone on the floor. On the other side sat O'Halloran. Plato was nodding, his head falling from side to side. The big Irishman was leaning forward, gazing into the fire, his elbows on his knees and his chin on his hands.