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Soon after this Mrs. Loveday gave a party, and to it she invited Pillars of Institutions, and Pillars who thought they upheld the Blue Dome of Heaven, and Smelly Lamps in the Hall of Fame, and..... Messrs. Chaucer and deBere.

As Mrs. Loveday was universally loved and admired everybody came—everybody, that is, but an R. A. who had been suffering from a fit of the grumps for a week and would do nothing but eat cold oatmeal porridge in his bedroom.

When the evening was well advanced the hostess waved her fervent orchestra to silence and told her guests that, by their leave, she would tell their fortunes.

With subtle flattery she translated the lines of a dozen hands, and if the verity of her prophesies can be depended upon we need waste no time in praying that our leaders and governors be endowed with wisdom and understanding, for they are all as majestic as they would have others consider them, and their heads will be forever heavy with the laurel.

Then she told Mr. deBere that, according to his hand, he would soon come to a tragic end; and she foretold that Mr. Chaucer would commit a horrible crime before long.

The effect of this upon the distinguished gathering was such as may cause some surprise to those readers who walk in the light of reason and have not stumbled among the Shadows. In fact most of the guests treated the matter quite seriously, laughing and joking about it in a truly artificial manner, and looking at the two gentlemen with lively interest.

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A week after Mrs. Loveday's party, Mr. deBere was found dead on his bed-room floor. The corpse was clad in mauve pajamas, greatly discolored by blood which had issued from a clean knife-wound in the chest.

Four days elapsed before any clue as to who had perpetrated the crime could be found. The front-door, which his servants swore was locked every night, was found unbolted from the inside. Of course the servants were being held pending further information.

During these four days Mr. Chaucer called twice on Mrs. Loveday. He remarked several times upon Mr. deBere's death in a spirit almost of levity, but for the most part stuck to his inevitable subjects.

On the first of these occasions he was wearing an old brown lounge suit, the pockets of which must have been full of holes, for several bumps were visible around the bottom of the jacket, as if