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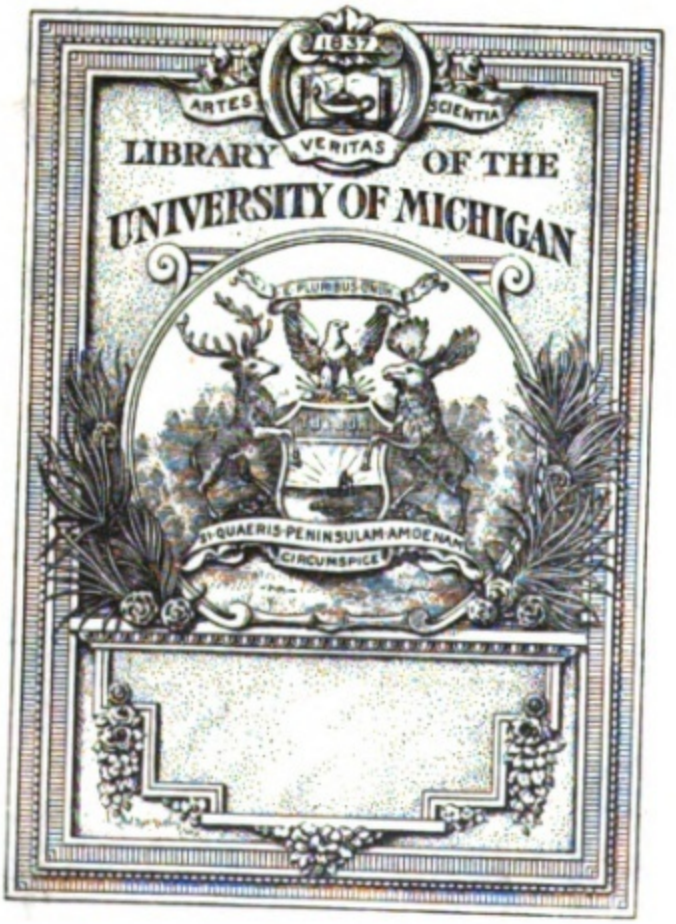

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sought to tighten upon his shoulders its bony grasp; but Kirkwood resolutely shrugged it off and went in search of man's most faithful dumb friend, to wit, his pipe; the which, when found and filled, he lighted with a spill twisted from the envelope of a cable message which had been vicariously responsible for his introduction to the Shade of Care.

"It's about time," he announced, watching the paper blacken and burn in the grate fire, "that I was doing something to prove my title to a living." And this was all his valedictory to a vanished competence. "Anyway," he added hastily, as if fearful lest Care, overhearing, might have read into his tone a trace of vain repining, "anyway, I'm a sight better off than those poor devils over there! I really have a great deal to be thankful for, now that my attention's drawn to it."

For the ensuing few minutes he thought it all over, soberly but with a stout heart; standing at a window of his bedroom in the Hotel Pless, hands deep in trouser pockets, pipe fuming voluminously, his gaze wandering out over a blurred infinitude of wet shining roofs and sooty chimney-pots: all of London that a lowering drizzle would let him see, and withal by no means a cheering prospect, nor yet one calculated to offset the disheartening influence of the indomitable Shade of Care. But the truth is that Kirkwood's brain comprehended little that his eyes

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"Permit me to introduce an old friend." Page 37

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"I'm waiting your explanation," she said coldly. Page 92

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The boat gathered impetus. Page 115

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He helped the boy to his feet, and stood waiting. Page 148

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Eccles

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Having exhausted his repertoire of rudenesses, Kirkwood took to twiddling his thumbs.

"I want to ask you if you think it fair to me or my son, to leave us in ignorance of the place where you are to meet the thieves who stole our — my son's jewels?"

"Mrs. Hallam," he said soberly, "if I am going to meet Mr. Calendar or Mr. Mulready, I have no assurance of that fact."

There was only the briefest of pauses, during which she analyzed this; then, quickly, "But you hope to?" she snapped.

He felt that the only adequate retort to this would be a shrug of his shoulders; doubted his ability to carry one off; and again took refuge in silence.

The woman abandoned a second plan of siege, with a readiness that did credit to her knowledge of mankind. She thought out the next very carefully, before opening with a masked battery.

"Mr. Kirkwood, can't we be friends — this aside?"

"Nothing could please me more, Mrs. Hallam!"

"I'm sorry if I've annoyed you —"

"And I, too, have been rude."

"Last night, when you cut away so suddenly, you prevented my making you a proposal, a sort of a business proposition . . ."

"Yes —?"

"To come over to our side —"

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