

little oftener." But he never did; for he found no time. Parker was busy, too. The other newspaper men told him he was killing himself, but he only laughed and staid closer to his desk, until he seemed almost a fixture to it.

At night he always bought roses—the deepest of red ones, for a girl of whom he thought things he dared not speak—not while he was sub-editor. One time he saw Poindexter give her some roses, and she blushed when she took them; she had never blushed when she took his roses; so Parker did not go to see her any more, until the day when she became Mrs. Poindexter, and he went as best man.

Several times after that he called at night to see Mr. and Mrs. Poindexter; but, somehow, things were vastly different from the college days. Poindexter was a perfect host—studiously polite; but it was a politeness that made Parker seem queer and uneasy; and he would go back to his rooms feeling tired and lonely. Poindexter found no time to return his calls; so finally Parker ceased to call, and they apparently drifted out of each other's lives.

One day Parker read of a deal by which Poindexter had cleared half a million. His little "cubby-hole" in the big newspaper building was dark that afternoon—so dark he had to light the gas. Nearly everything danced before his eyes, and the piles of manuscript jeered at him as he worked. He could not think, and he felt the need of fresh air and sunlight; but he did not care to leave the office. He longed for one afternoon, or a few hours, of the old life at Milford; but that was denied him; so he worked away, quietly awaiting for night to come. On the paper in front of him two large intertwined "P's" kept appearing. They were plain at first; but, as he looked, they grew dim and faded away. He wondered if the two letters still remained on the door of their room at Milford. Then he called himself a romantic fool for indulging in such fancies; and bent closer to his work. Of course, he was tired; and it would seem very nice to

live over old times—with Poindexter. But Poindexter was busy making money, so there appeared to be nothing to do except to peg away in the office and do what little good he could on the side.

When night came he laid his pen down wearily, as if it were a weight to be lowered, and started for his rooms, stopping as usual to buy some red roses—for the old lady who roomed across the way. To-night the streets seemed so dirty—accursed of heaven, almost; but he fondled the roses in his hands and strode along. Suddenly some one came up the dark street and joined him. At first he scarcely noticed that it was Poindexter, who commenced to talk about something of which Parker could not catch the drift. Poindexter urged him to call oftener and asked him up to spend the evening; but Parker thanked him, saying he was tired and needed sleep.

They walked together for a few blocks, when Poindexter turned and went up a side street. Parker stood still and watched him as he walked away, so straight and with such a quick, strong step. It was growing dark and chilly, but Parker did not notice it—until Poindexter was swallowed up in the distance. Then he almost staggered home.

There was an open fire in his little den, and it seemed to mock him. It was so bright and cheerful; and soon the arc light on the street corner began to glare. Everything was shining bright when it should be dark. He shut his eyes, so as to shut out the cruel light; and felt better; for he felt the kind warmth of the fire without being mocked by its laughing light. Then, too, he could see back over the years, and he fancied he could hear two boyish voices pledging a life-long brotherhood. He wondered if he had done anything to break the pledge; and accused himself of fickleness of heart. And then, away back in a dream, almost, it was so long ago, he heard himself repeat the promise he had made to the little woman with the large, bright eyes. "You'll be good to Arthur, won't you Jamie?" Ah,