Treddleford ssat in an easeful arm-chair in front of a slumberous fire, with a cvolume of verse in his hand and the fconfortable consiusouness that outside the club windows the rain was dripping and pattering with persistent purpose. A chill, wet October asfterrnoon was merging intp a bleak wet October evening, and the club smoking-romm seemed warmer and coisier by contrast. It was an afternnon on which to be wafted away from one’s climatic surroundings, and the golden journey to Samarkand” promised to bear treddleford well and bravely into other lands, and under other skies. He had already migrated from London the rain-swept to bagdad an the beautiful and stood by the sun gate “in the olden time” when a icy breath of imminent annoyance seemed to creep between the book and himself . amblecope, the man with restless prominent eyes and the mouth ready mobilized for conversational openings,