

an accident and those who said she had compassed her own death.

When Kan-zan had gone Yumoto leaned back in his chair and thought deeply. One fact remained clear, Mio-San was dead and would no longer prove a source of embarrassment to his honourable friend Somerville. The excellent cigars, the smoking of which he had often anticipated with pleasure, seemed very near now.

Whilst Kan-zan had been telling him the story he had felt a passing sense of keen regret, but the effect of this had soon worn off. Reduced to its elements—and Yumoto was fond of this process of logic—the situation amounted to little more than the death by her own hand, or otherwise, of a gardener's daughter at Ureshino, which only gained any importance in his mind by reason of the fact that by it an esteemed friend's embarrassment was largely alleviated. Then he suddenly remembered that he had forgotten to ask Kan-zan anything concerning the child. "But after all," he said musingly, whilst his eyes looked away out of the window absently at the throng on the sunlit *hatoba*, "it is just as well I was not curious enough to do so. I need not trouble my august friend Somerville with the matter."

Then Yumoto rose and went out along the Bund to the telegraph office, and cabled to Somerville in London.

Rodney Jefferson and Somerville were just finishing their breakfast on a brilliantly fine June morning,