

the bestowal under St. Amant's superintendence. No, *he* couldn't, after all, be St. Amant. Who was he, then—flying away from the wrath of "Michael"? Miss Blood came out, hatless, with a travelling bag, and that was put in. Then Lady St. Amant appeared. And the man who couldn't be her husband handed her into the carriage! The lady's brother, his cap pulled over his eyes and the collar of his dust coat turned up, came hurriedly out of the hotel and got in beside the lady. The other gentleman climbed up to the box seat. The lady waved a gay farewell to poor abandoned Miss Blood. "Don't forget to bring the walking sticks!"

Camilla turned from the window wondering.

The courier-maid, too, had heard the new gentleman call the other man Harborough.

"I always thought there was *something*," said the courier-maid.

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Eight weeks later Aliee, puffing cigarette smoke at Camilla's ceiling, pointed out that the finger of Fate was plainly "in it," or why, after posting about in little places most people never heard of, should they all turn up at Lugano?"

Camilla confessed then that somebody at the hotel had said the other travellers had gone to Lugano, "and I—I couldn't think of any other place. Then, too, I wanted to go where I wouldn't need that courier-maid."

"Why?" Aliee paused an instant in her envisagement of more important issues to say: "We thought that woman a treasure. Lionel and I both said how competent she was."

"She didn't have a nice mind, that maid."

"Who expects a servant," Aliee demanded, "to have a nice mind?"

"I do," said Camilla.

"Well, any way," Aliee persisted, still on the track of occult stellar influences, "the hotel people may have put