

They read of this infinitely remote world as they sat side by side in a lamp-lit room, and the printed words stirred their memories vaguely, but could not flash a strong thought-picture to their minds. The mental presentment was blurred and shadowy, never bright and clear.

They read—in the Fashionable Intelligence that cared no more for them—of the Darmstadt Hotel, its major-domo, and its titled guests. "Monsieur Girasol, yielding to the wishes of his clientele, has this season introduced a popular innovation in the shape of a ten-and-sixpenny dinner, served to music in the oriental banquetting hall. Amongst those lately partaking of this *recherché* repast have been the Duke of Newport, Lady Edward Hershaw, etc. etc. . . . Monsieur Girasol has deserved and already attained such a reputation for the studied and refined elegance of his menus, that it goes without saying the new Darmstadt dinner will be a phenomenal success." Memory, sluggishly stirring, suggested to Seymour that Girasol wrote all that rubbish himself. The other scoundrel—what was his name?—Nicolas—used to be the author of exactly similar paragraphs. But the banquetting hall? That must be the room in which the annual lies were told to the shareholders.

In Fashionable Intelligence they read also of a party at Andover House, and their memories made them laugh. "Last night Andover House was *en fête*, the occasion being Mrs Baumer-Prentice's second evening-party." It was exactly like a Gladys party—and yet the mental presentment was only just strong enough to make them laugh at it. "Mrs Baumer-Prentice received her guests at the head of the grand staircase, and they passed on to the suite of reception rooms, which were tastefully decorated with roses and malmaisons. . . . Drayton's white orchestra played in the gallery. . . . Supper at separate tables was provided till a late hour in the library and the adjoining apartments." Who had been engaged by this good Massachusetts lady to do the party for her? Memory, working faster, supplied the probable name of Marlow. Let us hope that he will not corrupt or lead astray his employer—let us trust that Mrs Baumer-Prentice is fat and old, and safe from temptation. Mr Marlow is a dangerous ally.

Twice the printed words spoke of Irene. Once they read of her in Sensational News, and once in Fashionable Intelligence.