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'that's my advice. Fifty things may have occurred to keep him away, and Sims isn't the man to let himself come to any serious harm.'

Peterson concurred ; and so it happened that Forrest had another day in which to form a plan of action.

Just before dinner there came a telegram addressed to Mrs. Forrest ; Forrest opened it. The message was : 'Your mother seriously ill ; you had better come to-morrow. Colpus, Hotel Cecil.'

Instantly Arthur Forrest seemed to see a way clear. Sylviane could not go to London ; he would go alone, and seize or create an opportunity to come to grips with Colpus. As for the illness, it did not interest him ; he admitted to himself he wished Mrs. Colpus might not recover ; that would be a tremendous simplification.

That night, half an hour after he had said good night to his host, Forrest crept out through the conservatory to the back of the house. Sticking close to the wall, he went forward till he came to the well. Looking up, he descried the projecting pipe above him ; there was a splash at his feet. Almost mechanically he