

## THE CONVENTIONALISTS

his emotions better if he'd had time ; but—— Well, it doesn't matter."

"He'll give Algy a good send-off," I said rather drearily.

As we stood waiting there for the old man's return, once more I began to meditate. I saw very plainly what would happen. Opposition was dead ; that is to say real opposition ; though, of course, it was plain that the whole thing was not exactly to Mr. Banister's mind. But I saw that there would be no more real trouble. Algy would come down here in a few days ; his father would meet him with chastened affection, would treat him as a spiritual invalid who needed humouring, and would despatch him at last, sufficiently cheerfully, to St. Hugh's. Then he would settle down again to what was to him the real business of life, to which all other considerations were secondary, to the cultivation of the Banister Family and Estate. Derr me ! What a deal of Conventionalism there was in the world !

I looked at Dick.

"Well ?" I said.

Dick groaned softly.

"Yes ; and now for the girl," he said.

I had completely forgotten Miss Maple. Then I remembered the girl's face I had seen for one instant look through the hall-door.

"And she's here ?" I said. "You're certain ?"

He nodded.

That set me off again ; and I sat down this time