

stood precariously erect before toppling into a pile of cushions, they were content to whisper endlessly of the life that they would prepare for him. He was to be educated in England; Aylmer Lancing still hated English public school education, but he hated democracy more—he had found so many opportunities of despising it; they would make a new home for him as soon as his father could set his affairs in order; and for an hour they would discuss where the new home was to be and how Deryk was to be better taught and trained than any boy of the past—as was fitting. . . .

The affairs were not in order when Raymond Stornaway called at the big stone house on Riverside Drive in 1891. He was being transferred to Rio, and the moment seemed opportune for breaking with the Diplomatic Service and trying his luck elsewhere before all initiative had died within him. The Lancings entertained him at dinner and picked up the threads of discussion where they had been dropped three years before. Stornaway had grown maturer in practical judgment, but was as voluble and full of theories as ever.

"You'll never use your money till you're compelled to," he told Lancing airily, as dinner drew to a close. "But I've a theory that you'll have to before long. For one thing, your financial interests extend to pretty well every country in the world: well, there's bound to be political or industrial trouble in one of them, and you'll have to settle it, if you don't want to lose your money. What I want out of you at the moment, though, is a job. I'm young, intelligent, honest and extraordinarily ambitious; I want you to give me an opening, and I'll shew you what I'm made of."

A few enquiries and an introduction gave Stornaway his chance with a firm of contractors in South America. When they met four years later, Stornaway had travelled far and fast and was in a position to demand a partnership, which he got. Lancing's mind was preoccupied with other thoughts that season. The news of the Jameson Raid had disturbed two important markets, and he had a feeling that one lawless Britisher, backed by a handful of mine-owners