

"Tony, or shall I?" Cyril said presently in his normal voice.

"It doesn't matter. We needn't go till after lunch. I've looked up the beastly trains, and I find that, if we go into Newcastle from Hexham at two-fifty, we can catch the four-thirty, landing us in London not too late. We can dine on the train."

"And go down to Wreford next morning—right you are," said Cyril, and he took himself off to see about his own packing.

During that journey these two men, of such different habits and upbringing, came nearer understanding each other than they had yet done, and each conceived a new respect for the other.

The flat was shut up, and they went to the chambers which Charters had in the Albany, and which were always ready for him. There they spent the night.

Cyril went down to Haslemere by the ten-fifteen next morning, but Charters declined to accompany him.

"I haven't got my bearings yet, Cyril. Besides, if I'm to see Kitty at all, it can't be in a crowd. But if you can put in a word for me, old boy, I'll be grateful."

Cyril nodded. They shook hands warmly, and he went off to Waterloo in the taxi.

Charters loafed about for an hour or more, and about noon he proceeded in somewhat leisurely fashion to St. John's Wood, walking all the way. He went first to Ambrosia House, where he was interviewed by Eliza Inman.

"She's very bad, Mr. Charters, and the doctor, I can see, doesn't think there's much hope," she said, and the genuine sorrow in her voice touched Charters, who was in a chastened mood.

"You don't think she would see me?" he said anxiously.

Eliza shook her head.