

they were alone; "I think you will find her quite out of the common. She lives on a plane of high innocence and lightness of heart that cannot fail to influence those around her. That sounds silly, doesn't it?" he added quickly. "But . . . well, you'll see what I mean when you get to know her better."

Soon Mrs. Jones returned with Colonel Winterbottom, a handsome old man, rather typical of his class. One sees his like in all the military clubs of London.

"This is my daddy," she said, by way of introduction; "my dear old good-for-nothing daddy-kins."

Colonel Winterbottom patted her hand rather perfunctorily, and was soon explaining the object of his visit to Egypt.

This business of introduction took place in the mid-morning; and it was arranged that Robin should join the three of them at meals at a small table which Mrs. Jones presently managed to secure by a direct appeal to the heart and the pocket of the head steward.

"The table where we've been sitting," she said, "was perfectly horrid. There was a fat man opposite me, who ate his food like a cat eating a mouse. I think he was afraid that it wasn't quite dead and might snap back at him. And next to him was a fashionable lady-doctor, who terrified me. I am such an ignorant little country bumpkin that I can't stand the cold eye of worldly wisdom. I'm sure she doesn't believe in fairies. . . ."

"But what have fairies got to do with it?" Robin asked. "Why drag them in?"

"Oh, it's just my silliness," she laughed. "I always divide people into two classes: those who believe in them, and those who don't."

"There is a third class," said he. "Those who pretend they believe in them."