

lect tickets and to the bunch of people waiting to meet their friends. It wasn't as if we expected anybody we knew.

But lo and behold! Over the heads of everybody else there I did catch sight of a well-known face. A fair, Jester-like sort of face, rather pale, but fairly beaming with sheer joy and devilry. Eyes darting this way and that on the lookout for somebody. Just over his shoulder showed a cheeky hat and another pair of eyes, girl's eyes, also on the lookout.

At once I spotted them. Phyllis Carteret and Charles Wolfe—otherwise "Slim" Grantham. *Together?*

As Slim caught sight of us, out shot that long arm of his as if it was going to haul the pair of us straight through the gates. Before we got near, I heard his hail.

"Hi! Jack! Julia!" he shouted past the ticket-collector's ear. "Get a wiggle on! Taxi's waiting. Regular bodyguard o' boys round in case somebody pinched it. I know what taxi-thieves they are at this station——"

Everybody within hearing laughed.

"Hullo!" I began, all at sea as I came up. But already Slim had had the audacity to grab my little Lady by the arm, and I was left to follow when I'd given up the tickets.

This, mind you—don't forget it!—was the Slim Grantham I'd been picturing, two hours ago, as a sort of broken-down penitent ready to spend the rest of his days in sack-cloth and ashes. Fed up with life, gloomy,