

wanted to see what your successors would do; it was like leaving a room and wishing yourself back there to hear what people were saying about you. He *would* like to see what kind of show old Raymond would put up. At least—he was really not sure whether Raymond was still his heir. He *had* been, in the will drawn up before the Hellenopolis expedition—(God! how long ago that was! And what unreal nonsense it seemed now, when nations were going to war and he was gambling with his own life!); then, when the engagement took place, Hats was instructed to draw a fresh will, though of course that would not be signed until after marriage; presumably, therefore, Raymond's title remained. Where had he got to? Oh, yes, it would be fun to see what Raymond would do with the money. . . Of course, if the old will had been cancelled, every penny would go to the Crown. It was a wonderful thought, that! All that his father had slaved to accumulate, all that he had inherited, their pictures and furniture, the books and collections, their houses, the very roof on which he was pacing—all would go with its glamour and temptation, like the Rajah's diamond when it left Prince Florizel's hand and described an arc of dazzling light before dropping to the unrevealing mud of the Seine. (It was no good: if he were fated even to *think* like one of the rather precious middle articles that he used to write for George Oakleigh at the very beginning, well, it could not be helped. By the way, poor old George would be rather upset! Still—) It would disappear, this monstrous engine of wealth, as silently as it had come into existence; it would become a memory, a legend, finally it would be utterly forgotten: you would have to refer to the Sussex guide books to find how, when and why the nation became possessed of Ripley Court. For a moment one small tremor had been felt in a corner of the world; the tempo had been accelerated half a bar, but with the restoration of the money to the vast, indeterminate "public" from which it had come, the tremor would cease, the time would become regular again. All that the Lancings had been or done would be wiped away; wiped away,