

remained. They kept awake more than forty-eight hours to follow Allan's journey. A good many had taken rooms in the hotels and lay down to get a couple of hours' sleep, having given orders to be awakened immediately "in case anything should happen."

Allan was on his way.

The train dashed through the galleries. In the curves it heeled over on one side like a yacht: it sailed. When the track went upwards it rose as easily and quietly as a flying machine: it flew. The lights in the obscure tunnel were clefts in the dark, the signal lamps multicoloured stars, the lights of the stations meteors whizzing past. The Tunnelmen—fortified behind the iron shutters of the stations—hardy fellows who had looked on the October catastrophe with dry eyes, shed tears of joy when they saw "old Mac" flying past.

Lloyd had given orders to be awakened at eight o'clock. He had his bath, breakfasted and smoked a cigar. He laughed—this was what he liked. At last he was undisturbed, at last he was far away from people and in a place where none could get at him! Now and again he walked through his brilliantly lit compartment, twelve state rooms, and filled with pure fresh air. At nine o'clock Ethel telephoned to him and he talked with her for ten minutes. ("Don't smoke too much, Pa," Ethel said.) Then he read the telegrams. All of a sudden the train stopped. They were held up at the big station in "the hot galleries." Lloyd looked through a peep hole and saw a group of people in the middle of which Allan was standing.

Lloyd dined and slept and again the train stopped, the windows of his saloon were open: he looked through a glass wall out into a blue sea and on the other side he saw a boundless crowd of people who shouted and cried, mad with enthusiasm. The Azores. His servant told him they were delayed forty minutes on account of an oil tank having sprung a leak.

After this the windows were again shut. The train rushed into the depths and old dried-up little Lloyd began to whistle for joy, a thing he had not done for twenty years.