

service in honour of them. I don't think she'd get many breeders to go to it. Well—life's a rum thing. Men are like animals, and animals just like men. After all—Rupert, just chuck us the cigar-cutter—after all, I suppose we're all of us in the same box. If the Bishop could prove that we were not—by the way, I daresay he's proving it to my wife now—if he could prove that we were not, to me or any sensible man, I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd bring in a Bill in the House of Commons to increase his salary by five thousand a year."

When the *séance* at the dinner-table broke up, as it did presently, and those who had assisted at it made their way to the terrace, Lord Restormel put his arm within Glanville's, and began to loiter with him by the orange-trees whilst the others sought the portico, where lamps from the drawing-room mixed their rays with moonlight, and women's voices murmured from a flower-bed of skirts and draperies.

"I remember," he said, "once trying a very curious experiment—not designedly, but by accident. I tried to make love to a woman after I'd been reading a modern book on psychology, and when I was steeped in the idea that what we call our will is merely a passive consciousness of the activity of the physical organism—an activity which we can no more control than we can that of the planets. Well, I found that under these conditions to make love was impossible. Whatever course I took I was brought up against a stone wall. When the lady talked of some passages in her own past life, which she wanted me to wonder at, to condemn, to deplore, to pardon, I had nothing to tell her except that she did what she did because it was quite impossible that she should have done anything else. You never heard anything so flat in your whole life. I made some notes of this conversation, but, unfortunately, I lost them at Simla. God bless my soul; look there!"

This pious ejaculation was elicited by the spectacle of two figures—a male figure and a female—who were slowly walking past them, not, indeed, arm-in-arm, but still in pleasing