

"Yes—all your old friends—your teachers—and many others."

She ran through the names. Otto choked. He knew them all, and some of them were among the most illustrious in French music.

But while Connie was speaking, the stream of sound in the distance sank into gentleness, and in the silence a small voice arose, naïvely, pastorally sweet, like the Shepherd's Song in "Tristan." Otto buried his face in his hands. It was the "Heynal," the watchman's horn-song from the towers of Panna Marya. Once given, a magician caught it, played with it, pursued it, juggled with it, through a series of variations till, finally, a grave and beautiful modulation led back to the noble dirge of the beginning.

"I know who wrote that!—who must have written it!" said Otto, looking up. He named a French name. "I worked with him at the Conservatoire for a year."

Connie nodded.

"He told me you," she said, her eyes full of tears. "He told me you were the best pupil he ever had."

Falloden stood, and Mrs. Mulholland's white head appeared with Falloden and Sorell behind.

"Otto!" said Mrs. Mulholland, softly.

He understood that she called him, and he went with her in bewilderment, along the passage to the studio.

Falloden came into the sitting-room and shut the door.

"Did he like it?" he asked, in a low voice, in which there was neither pleasure nor triumph.

Connie, who was still sitting on the stool by the fire with her face turned away, looked up.