

M O T H A N D R U S T

with an actress with a past. Lord Lossiemouth married his daughter's maid last week."

"I don't know what I've done," said Mrs. Trefusis, "that my only son should marry a pretty horse-breaker."

"I thought it was her brother who was a horse-breaker."

"So he is, and so is she. It was riding to hounds that my poor boy first met her."

"She rides magnificently. I saw her out cub-hunting last autumn, and asked who she was."

"Her brother is disreputable. He was mixed up with that case of drugging some horse or other. I forget about it, but I know it was disgraceful. He is quite an impossible person, but I suppose we shall have to know him now. The place will be overrun with her relations, whom I have avoided for years. Things like that always happen to me."

This was a favourite expression of Mrs. Trefusis'. She invariably spoke as if a curse had hung over her from her birth.

"What does it matter who one knows?" said Anne.