

nounced and advanced quickly. She was small, alert, sexless. She wore tailored clothes, and was utterly unadorned. She gave Lady Trask's welcoming hand a short, hard clasp and offered a curt greeting to the others.

"Where is he?" said she.

"Here I am," smiled O'Toole, advancing gallantly.

She gave him a scornful glance, and no reply.

"Late. He waits for an entrance." Bobs replied.

"Are we waiting for the King?" asked O'Toole.

"Lord Kendrick," announced Brooks.

The tall figure halted a moment at the threshold, swept the room with a quick glance, and advanced toward the group as toward a hateful duty. Lady Trask went to meet him.

"You are very welcome, Lord Kendrick," she said.

"Thank you."

She presented him to the others. He bowed formally, making no reply to their greetings. Mildred Downer advanced and held out her hand. He took it for a brief moment, looking at her keenly.