

Although half the world had done half a day's work, the energetic Mackeller found, as he expected, that the easy-going young nobleman had just finished breakfast.

"Ah, Peter," cried his lordship, "there is little use in wishing you the top of the morning, for you have always transmuted the early golden hours into coin of the realm before one sees you! As the old adage says, 'Satan finds some mischief still'—no, no, that's the wrong one. Truth is, I'm hardly awake yet. What I wished to lay my hands on was, 'How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour,' and gather money all the day, etc., etc. You've come in the nick of time for a sweet-when-the-morn-is-grey cigarette; or perhaps you prefer a fragrant Havana?"

"No, thank you, Stranleigh. I've knocked off smoking."

"Really! Since when?"

"Since ten o'clock this morning. I have just come from a Harley Street specialist in heart disease. My own physician made an appointment with him for me at half-past nine. He is a man with more patients than he can rightly look after, and grants consultations at odd hours as if he were conferring a favour."