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'Hush!' She stopped him.

There was the sound of a door closing and the turning of a key; then feet on the stairs. Arthur Forrest crept out of the room, and, looking over the banisters, was just in time to see Peterson, clothed only in his pyjamas, disappear into his bedroom.

'I tell you he's mad.' Mrs. Hewitt was by his side again.

'But he can't be,' said Forrest, rather annoyed, 'I know him so well; I've never known a truer——'

'He's mad,' repeated Mrs. Hewitt. 'It's in the family. I dare say you know that young Carl died in an asylum?'

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The next day Sylviane was obliged to stay in bed; she had a feverish cold, caught the previous night. Forrest and Peterson breakfasted together. The absence of Sims had, of course, been discovered, and Forrest, who had not yet decided on any definite course, contented himself with expressing an indifferent surprise when Peterson told him the news. Curiously enough, Peterson himself did not