

"They seem very happy," Katharine observed, watching them as they left the room.

"Crawshay's a good fellow enough," her brother remarked, "and the girl's all right, although at one time —"

He stopped short, but his sister's eyes were fixed upon him enquiringly.

"At one time," he continued, "I used to think that she was mad about Jocelyn Thew. Not that that made any difference so far as he was concerned. He never seemed to find time or place in his life for women."

They finished their luncheon and made their way up-stairs once more to Katharine's sitting room. Richard stretched himself in any easy-chair and lit a cigar with an air of huge content.

"I am to be transferred when our first division comes across," he told her. "Our Squadron Commander's going to make that all right with the W. O. We've had some grand flights lately, I can tell you, Katharine."

There was a knock at the door, a few moments later. The waiter entered, bearing a card upon a tray, which he handed to Katharine. She read it with a perplexed frown.

"Sir Denis Cathley.— But I don't know of any one of that name," she declared, glancing up. "Are you sure that he wants to see me?"

"Perhaps I had better explain," a quiet voice interposed from outside. "May I come in?"

Katharine gave a little cry and Richard sprang to his feet. Sir Denis pushed past the waiter. For a moment Katharine had swayed upon her feet.