

that very special deerstalk for which it was the business of Lord Weyford's keepers to secure a hecatomb. Lady Weyford and her fair guests thus found themselves abandoned to their own resources—"rotten arrangement," Lady Penelope, the very modern daughter of the Duchess of Hampshire, had declared when discontentedly surveying the strictly feminine lunch table.

A very select party it was: "representative," as Miss Bradles, who took the rôle of Greek *choros* in the daily drama of Lady Weyford's social life, would often be heard to remark.

"She's worse than the pianola," said Lady Brooksbury to her special friend, Mrs. Markham.

They had drawn together in front of the hearth, and Lady Brooksbury was stretching languid feet to the blaze. Great logs were always kept burning, summer and winter, night and day, on the mound of white ash within the cavern of the mock mediæval chimney. Miss Bradles was fond of drawing attention to the picturesque detail as a part of the baronial traditions of Glenorchar Castle—this in spite of the fact, known to everyone, that twenty years at most had seen the development of the original little shooting-lodge, lost on the margin of Loch Warroch, into the imposing structure at first called Orchar House, the residence of Sir Warren Hanks, and more latterly (with the rising status of its owner and after the addition of turrets and corbie-steps) as Glenorchar Castle.

"Worse than the pianola," said Lady Brooksbury, turning haunted eyes upon her companion. And indeed, through every pause between one strident ragtime and another, Miss Bradles' pattering tones, interspersed with little explosions of irrelevant laughter, rang to the echoes of the great hall.