

terrible to-do the gentleman was making about it downstairs. He was used to having all the best rooms in the place at his disposal. Mrs. Trenholme's courier-maid had ventured before this to deplore the gentleman's advantage in knowing where he meant to stop and being able to telegraph ahead. The said courier-maid had even tried to ferret out these plans. All she discovered was that telegrams met the English couple every two days addressed to "St. Amant"; and once a letter forwarded from the last place for Lady St. Amant. When Mrs. Trenholme heard not only of these discoveries, but of the "frightful scene" Sir Something, or Lord, St. Amant was making downstairs, she looked round her dingy acquisition with a melancholy sense of the perversity of Fate. Shared happiness would make even this place shine. Those people had it. Mrs. Trenholme found herself longing, more, as she herself recognized, out of boredom than good-nature, to give up the sitting-room. Partly to show how little she cared about it, partly to taste while she could the mixed pleasure of watching people so sufficient to each other, so blithely independent of all the rest of the world, she ordered her *déjeuner-luncheon* to be served in the general dining-room. On her way thither she stopped to look in the visitors' book. She had done this already in one or two other places, with the same result. No new comers set down, save herself and maid. On reaching this place, Mrs. Trenholme had done her own registering, the aforesaid maid being keen on the scent for best rooms, while everybody else was discussing the block a few miles further on. Acting upon an impulse that visited her now and then in moments of home-sickness, Mrs. Trenholme had written down her American address.

In a remote corner of the coffee room, sat Miss Blood with a book propped in front of her, pretending to read. Miss Blood never read. She sometimes wrote something in a little book she kept in her handbag.