

the freight tariff of the Illinois-Iowa-Colorado Railroad would enable corn to be grown at a profit on the Bishop's Cross estate. . . . As for Dainton—Sir Aylmer sometimes smiled as he drove far and wide through Sussex and Hampshire, idly counting the public houses consecrated "entirely" to Dainton's Melton ales; he could cripple Sir Roger and reduce Lady Dainton's self-esteem by inflating the price of glucose; it would be a costly lesson to administer, but he could afford it, while Dainton could not. Even his neighbour Dawson, an unpretentious bachelor dyspeptic, made a favour of recommending his name to the Lord Lieutenant for the Commission of the Peace—they had to be so careful in the Home Counties; Lancing half thought of describing the part that he had played, for purposes of his own, in getting Cleveland returned for the Presidency. But they would not understand; certainly they would not believe him. "Things," he had often been told, "must be so different out in America."

"Why didn't you stick out for a peerage?" Deryk persisted, his face flushed with the crude possibilities of the newly-discovered power.

"Why on earth should I?" his father demanded shortly. "I can't attend the House of Lords."

"My hat! I wish I'd known about it before!"

Sir Aylmer wheeled himself slowly back to his study. Deryk was talking like a schoolboy; it was a pity to have told him so soon.

"Don't be late," he threw back over his shoulder.

Deryk looked at his watch and strolled away to the library. If his father had spared him that reminder, he would have gone upstairs and changed his clothes at once, but he would not tolerate being ordered about; there was plenty of time, and he would not greatly care if he ~~were~~ late. The library was in calamitous confusion. . . . He stood in a deep bay, reading the titles of the books that surrounded him on three sides; it was here that he had gathered the material for what he once hoped would be the work of years, perhaps the study of a lifetime. In certain re-