

of women, but he did not find it good policy to offend the susceptibilities of their menkind.

Robin's own interests being wide, he led Mr. Blake to discuss occult phenomena in the privacy of their cabin, and much that he said was of considerable significance; but ever there seemed to be a baffling variety of emotions in the man as he conversed. At one moment he spoke as though he were appealing earnestly to Robin not to harden his heart against him and his sincere beliefs; at another moment he appeared to be anxious to convince himself by convincing his listener; and at yet another moment Robin could have sworn that there was laughter behind his words, as though he were saying "What bosh I am talking!—but, as one scoundrel to another, you will understand that this is my stock-in-trade." In consequence, it was very hard to say whether he were a mountebank or an honest man; and, indeed, it might well be that he did not quite know himself which he was.

There was a woman on board to whom Augustus Blake paid devoted attention. She was a rich young woman, presumably a widow, of the name of Jones, who was going out to Egypt with her aged father, Colonel Winterbottom; and it appeared that for some time she had sat at the feet of the mystic and had freely imbibed his mysteries. Mrs. Jones had the appropriate Christian name of Daisy; for indeed it was apparent that she regarded herself as a simple little flower of the fields. She was rather pretty, with charming yellow hair, innocent blue eyes, and nice little white teeth; she was small and plump, and was daintily dressed, though in an unfashionable style; and her manners were dewy, blithe, and gay. Robin rapidly formed the opinion that she regarded herself as a ray of sunshine in a grey world; and he was sure that she was sure that she loved a good romp with the children.