

knocked clean off their base, and if we give them time to get on again they'll stay there. One can't expect such a combination of circumstances again—thank the Lord!"

Surrey had been tried more than a little himself. But he passed one and another with his frank smile, finally extricating Wylde, giddy and blind with nervousness, and sending him stumbling down the Long Gallery, where rows of his painted ancestors looked down on him without recognition, and into the dim library beyond.

The ordeal had fully come up to Wylde's expectations; and the noise, the lights, the tension in his brain had stupefied him. He crossed the library where on the thick carpet his feet made no sound, and fumbled along the book-cases, not knowing what he had come for.

Then he looked over the room, seeing Peggy on the floor with her golden head down in the wreath of her bare arms on the seat of the Colonel's chair. And, quite suddenly and surprisedly, he knew what he had come for. He crossed the room and lifted her. And Peggy, trying hazily to make her world stop spinning and sit steady on its axis, felt his lips on hers, and gave up the attempt.

THE END