

and saucers, like J. P. Morgan. Or I can sign cheques for free libraries half an hour a day, if I promise to stop when I'm tired. Or I can——" He stopped suddenly, and his voice leapt shrill and hoarse. "Gwen, I'm done for! They're never going to let me work again!!"

The next day, deaf to protests, he left the house at seven to begin collecting and tidying the work of fifteen years before leaving America for ever. Whatever happened, he must clear things up before the next stroke; Gwen and the boy must be provided for, and there was no one to help him, no one he could trust, no one who knew anything about the business. Since the earliest days he had worked alone, because he could not tolerate the system of yielding to a majority among his colleagues, when he knew them to be wrong; alone the work would have to be finished, but it was like punting with a sprung pole; the next thrust might well be the last. Some little minor help was forthcoming on the other side, and Hatherly was instructed by cable to make ready in England; Raymond Stornaway, passing through New York on his way to purge Panama of fever and, though he knew it not, to leave his health behind there, offered his brother's house in Sussex for the new home. (Raymond always bustled up with some fantastic project! What was the use of a dilapidated house to a man in his state? It was offered as a plaything, a distraction.) The offer was made at the beginning of dinner, when Lancing was wondering whether a man was justified in ending this sort of thing, putting himself out of his misery, as the phrase went. He drank a bottle of champagne, however, though his doctor had warned him that action and reaction were equal and opposite; gradually he felt better, later he knew that he was going to get quite well again. So the onlookers, who trooped into the office to say good-bye, were shewn an "A. L." as determined and as steady-eyed as ever; indeed, rather quicker in making up his mind and impatient with the inevitably slow formation of the Lancing Trust Corporation. *He* could make it no quicker; he was working ten hours a day for seven