

will be fabulous, and she will squander more in her lifetime than would restore the whole of Belgium, and she will be applauded for it, and quite rightly."

Trevor and Leslie escorted Ruth back to the Ministry and then slipped behind the Abbey through Dean's Yard to the school. That was a little corner of London untouched by the music-hall spirit. It would remain and its power would be effective long after the din of the scramble for novelty had died away, because the seeds of destiny ripen slowly. They are planted far back in the ages and for mankind—even twentieth-century mankind—must live by its fruits. Leslie was aching to hear what Trevor thought of Ruth, and he trembled with delight when his friend said:

"I shan't let you come to stay without your sister. She's—well . . . There's no one quite like her, is there?"

On the day of the party the evening papers were full of the cross-examination of Mr. Ysnaga, who had given evidence on subpoena in the great African case. In the first place he spoke German; in the second he had traded with Germany before the war; in the third he had acted as agent of a German Metallurgical concern; in the fourth he had been in prison in South Africa, in England, in America; in the fifth— But there is no need to peruse the chapters of Mr. Ysnaga's misadventures. He had always been in prison for business, never for anything that touched his personal and private honour. He stood forth before the world and his own conscience an honest Jew, and he got what he wanted out of Mr. Barnes's subpoena—an advertisement for himself as an impresario, and the arts of leading counsel could not trip him into perjury. He blandly admitted all the charges brought against him, and the part he had played in the complicated history of the African Edmonton Lands Company. Mr. Barnes of Her Majesty's days had shot his bolt. There was no one else whom he could touch. The case was as good as lost: though that meant nothing, as there would be an appeal.

Trevor had listened to the proceedings, and was full