

*guerre*, and held out her hand as frankly as she had spoken. He did not take it, however.

"I'm going to escort you over to Mrs Brown's," he said with a very different expression now in his eyes.

"It's very good of you," she said; "you are sure you have time?"

"Loads!" he assured her.

He opened the door for her, but she stopped on the threshold. A young woman was waiting in the hall.

"Mrs Brown has sent her girl to escort me," she said, "so we'll have to"—she corrected herself—"we must say good-night now. Is it good-bye, or shall I see you in the morning?"

His face had become very long again.

"I'm very much afraid not. I've got to report myself with the lark. Good-bye."

The front door closed behind her, and Commander Blacklock strode back to the fire and gazed at it for some moments.

"Well," he said to himself, "I suppose,