

himself looking straight into the eyes of Jacob Rivett.

"Go out!" said Mr. Rivett in a low voice.

The colonel stared at him, confounded.

"Go out!" repeated Rivett softly.

The colonel, flushed and utterly discountenanced, started toward the door. Mr. Rivett followed him out into the hall, closing the door behind him.

Diana stood stock still, as though turned to stone. There had been a crash outside; then, in rather rapid but irregular succession, a series of thuds. It was Colonel Curmew's impact with wall and floor; Mr. Dineen had been patiently knocking him down until that battered and half-senseless warrior took the count. Then one careful and heavy kick sent him down the first of the flights of stairs, and a moment later Diana heard the door bell.

She opened; Mr. Rivett walked in slowly, as though abstracted; Mr. Dineen came behind, straightening his scarf-pin.

"You left the door ajar, so we walked in," observed Rivett, ignoring his previous entrance. He strolled about, glancing up at the pictures and tapestries. Then his manner changed.