

ing on one heel and looking about her. "Deryk, you really are wonderful. And Mr. Oakleigh told me that I was extraordinarily trusting to let you decorate my drawing-room without consulting me! Every room's so perfect that I don't know which I like best."

"You mustn't make him conceited," Yolande cut in. "I was telling him that he's spoiling his hall by taking away so much of the light. Don't you think I'm right?"

Idina looked at the sky-light of thick frosted glass, lying on its iron frame by the side of the circular opening in the roof.

"I suppose it *will* make it rather dark," she agreed.

Deryk lit a cigarette and threw away the match with a gesture of impatience.

"How is it *possible* to say that without seeing the sky-light *and* the glass roof in place?" he demanded. "This actually lets in *more* light, with less reduction for frame, than the old dome. If you'll take the trouble to *look*. . ."

Conscious that he was becoming shrill and excited, he bent down to the opening and untied the builders' tarpaulin sheet; then he loosened the rope that coupled the planks together and pulled half a dozen away from the middle.

"*Now* you can see!" he called from the far side, rather red in the face, as he dusted his clothes.

"Ah, yes. D-don't fall in!" Felix answered. He sauntered away to the north side and looked down upon Pall Mall. "S-something's upset him," he whispered to Yolande; "he'll be rude to her in one m-minute. T-tell her to come to tea with us; then you'll br-break up the party."

Yolande nodded, looked at her watch and issued the invitation with fine spontaneity. As Idina began to accept it, however, Deryk abandoned a sketch of the roof garden which he was drawing for her in his pocket-book and intervened with an announcement that tea was actually awaiting them in his rooms.

"I'd no idea it was so late," he said. "Dina, will you be hostess and take Yolande and Felix along? I'll follow as soon as I've finished the sketch and put this gear back in