

taking the girl and pointing her to the stairs, 'just round at the top. It is quite quiet up there except for anybody who may be at the writing-tables. Shall I let Mr Carter know, when he comes, that you have enquired for him, Miss Dunn, and are waiting?'

Sandra's hand flew out against the wall for support. 'I don't know,' she returned bewilderedly, 'I don't know, Mrs Anscombe. Don't say anything, please, till I come down.'

The man paused a moment.

'Oh confound it!' he remembered, 'the dining-room's closed. Couldn't you have a glass of milk or something sent up—I dare-say Miss Dunn could do with that, or a cup of tea perhaps?'

'No, no, no,' she prayed him, 'I don't want anything, Mr Liscard—!'

'Only that thousand dollars, eh? They seem to be terribly on your mind,' following her up the short flight. 'But surely there's no occasion for a lady to worry about a matter of that sort as you seem to be doing, Miss Dunn? Allow me—'

He lifted the curtain for her that draped a doorway.

'—Ah, this is better. We can talk here quite well.'

He glanced at a man seated at one of the writing-tables there, and indicated a chair for Sandra by the window.

'Hope we don't disturb you, Mr Hickman?'

The other looked up preoccupied and short.