

‘With pleasure, sir.’

‘To-night,’ Hugo proceeded, ‘you can occupy my bed in the dome ;’ and he pointed to the spot where, during the day, the bed lay ingeniously hidden in a recess of the wall. ‘I shall no longer need it. To-morrow we can make some more permanent arrangement for you.’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘Also,’ Hugo continued, ‘I would like you to go along to the offices of the *Morning Post* for me some time to-night before ten o’clock and take this. There will be a guinea to pay.’ Hugo handed him a slip of paper.

‘Yes, sir.’

‘Read it,’ said Hugo.

And Simon read : ‘ “ A marriage has been arranged, and ”—and—has taken place, sir ?’

‘Precisely.’

‘Precisely, sir. “ Has taken place at Hythe between Mr. Owen Hugo, of Sloane Street, London, and Mrs. Camilla Tudor, widow of the late Mr. Francis Tudor.” ’

‘You are the first to know, Simon.’

Simon bowed.

‘May I respectfully venture to wish you every happiness, sir ?’ Simon pronounced at his most formal.