

"I'm—not—so—sure! I fancy Tim thought something of the sort did. But I couldn't say. It's too long ago now to remember anything fresh. That's a Koodoo. If I had horns, I should like that sort."

"Never mind the Koodoo. Go on about Gwen and the blind story. You know we both thought she *was* going to marry the Hapsburg, and then she turned up quite suddenly and unexpectedly in Cavendish Square, and told Clo Dalrymple she had come back to order her *trousseau*. Then the Earl said that to you about the six months' trial."

"Ye-es. He said she had come home in a fine state of mind, because her mother hadn't played fair. He didn't give particulars, but I could see. Of course, that story in the papers *may* have been her mamma's doing. Very bad policy if it was, with a daughter like that. However, he said it was very near the end of the six months, and after all the whole thing was rather a farce. Besides, Gwen *had* played fair. So he had let her off three weeks, and she was going down to the Towers at once—which meant, of course, Pensham Steynes."

"And nothing else?"

"Only that he thought on the whole he had better go with her. Can't recall another word, 'pon my honour!"

"I recollect. But he didn't go, because Gwen waited for her mother to come with her. Undoubtedly that was the proper course." This was spoken in a Grundy tone. "But she was very indignant with Philippa about something."

"Philippa was backing the Hapsburg. All that is intelligible. What I want to understand—only we never shall—is how Adrian's eyes came right just at that very moment: Because, when we met him with his sister in London, he was as blind as a bat. And that was at Whitsuntide. You remember?—when his sister begged we wouldn't speak to him about Gwen. *We* thought it was the Hapsburg."

"Yes—they were just going back to Pensham after a month in London. She just missed them by a few hours. There was not a word of his being any better then."

"Not a word. Quite the other way. And then in a fortnight, or less, he saw as well as he had ever seen in his life. I don't see any use in putting it down to previous exaggeration, because a man can't see less than nothing, and that's exactly what he did see. Nothing! He told me so himself. Said he couldn't see me, and rather hoped he never should."