

The other pushed back his chair, rose, and brushed crumbs from his creasy waistcoat.

"He didn't, not in one way. In another he did. Well, you were right. He'd have carried us further than—we wanted."

"What are you going to do? Take a holiday?" questioned Christopher, rising too.

Watt laughed in his short, ugly way.

"I've had enough of holidays. There's plenty of work to do. Good-bye, Mr. Masters. You don't fit into my scheme of things anywhere. You ought to be different with your money."

"Arrington was tolerably rich too!" protested the accused man laughing.

"Was he?"

Watt paused for a moment, hat in hand, gazed at it in an abstracted manner and remarked at last with a sort of slow surprise:

"Was he? It's queer, I never thought of him like that."

He barely remembered to say good-bye. Christopher watched him go away down the street, and disappear in a crowd of workmen occupied in raising a vast iron girder to position.

It was a curiously grey day. Christopher was struck by it. There was nothing cold in the air but there was here in the teeming city at all events an absence of light.

"Autumn's coming on," he thought, as he went back into the Club.