

“LET THE ROOF FALL IN”

through the grass to the ill-protected stand, spending the rest of the day with shoes and stockings damp and feet cold, shivering whilst the horses paraded, watching them through obscured field-glasses as they jumped, or fell short, the colours indistinguishable, and the result in doubt until the numbers went up.

Lady Carrie loved a day's racing, and had, in fact, insisted that Lord Ranmore should fetch her in the car and drive her down. But the weather made it impossible. She gazed out of the window, doubted, shivered, and was glad of her warm *peignoir*.

“You can put away all those clothes, Marie; I shall stop at home,” she decided at last, abruptly. “Get me my writing-case and the telephone book. Tell Mrs. Batson we shall be four or five to lunch, and she must see there are plenty of hot cakes for tea. I shall have bridge here; it is the only thing to do in such weather.”

She turned away from the window. The warm bedroom, with all its comfortable disarray, appealed to her senses, and now she sank luxuriously on to the sofa, happy in her decision.

That was the moment when the big car turned into the Square, and, with its familiar toot-toot, and the soft splash of its tyres in the fluid mud, drew up before the house.

“Ranmore must give it up,” she said to herself comfortably. “It isn't as if he were going to ride Montserrat. The idiotic clairvoyante put a stopper on that. I shall want Betty Brinmore for a fourth, I suppose Betty is one of the party.”

Any doubt on that score was quickly set at rest, for the car had hardly stopped, the engine still making its unholy noise before the door, when Betty Brinmore herself, having discarded ceremony many years ago, and never