

would have sat on in endless, obedient devotion, Yolande had to shew her some mercy. Under cover of wanting to take Felix home, she suggested that they should all go by way of Pall Mall and tap at the door on the off chance that Deryk was still there.

"Probably he's gone off to find his architect," she suggested, as they set out; "or else he's just heard——"

She went on accumulating explanations until Felix broke in unexpectedly with an account of a winter garden which he had once seen on the roof of a house in New York.

"C-couldn't place it before," he said in explanation of his long silence. "But th-that's what his description c-called to my mind; I shouldn't be surprised to f-find he'd been re-remembering that more or less unconsciously. Are you ready? We c-can get across now."

He gave an arm to either and crossed to Deryk's front door. It was locked and unyielding, the bell brought no one to them, and, when he tapped the panels with the head of his cane, they seemed too massive to admit of the sound's being allowed to penetrate. It was in the last resort that he put his lips to the keyhole and whistled a jiggling bugle call.

"There's no one there," he pronounced at length, shaking his head. "Wh-what now, Yolande?"

Out of the corner of her eye she glanced at Idina.

"He's forgotten all about us," she decided. "Well, we ought to be getting home. Dina, if you're staying at the Hans Crescent, we'll drop you on the way. Or, if you'll accept Bank Holiday fare—*literally* it's cold beef and a fruit tart—will you come and keep us company?"

Idina roused herself from her attitude of dumb expectation and turned her eyes slowly away from the door.

"It's awfully kind of you," she said, "but I think I'll go back to Deryk's rooms for a few minutes. It's so odd, you know——"

"My dear, he'll all *right*," Yolande interrupted. "If you knew him a tithe as well as I do——"

"But he said he was coming at once! He was just finish-