

inclined to think he meant "*ad infinitum*;" but the argument is quite as cogent as it stands.

And yet, since they returned to Kit's House, which they did after an absence of three years, Mr. and Mrs. Fogo have been called upon by the *Cumeelfo*. Some months ago the Admiral button-holed me in the street.

"I say, who are all those people staying with— with your friends? I mean, the strangers I saw in Church yesterday—a very creditable lot, upon my word."

"I am glad you approve of them," I answered gravely. "The lady with the spectacles is Miss Gamma Girton, the Novelist of Agnosticism; the tall man in black, Thomas Daniel, the critic——"

"Oh, literary people."

"Quite. Then there is Sir Inchcape Bell, the great Engineer; and Lady Judy Twitchett—her husband (the young man with the bald head) sits for Horkeyboro', you know, and will be in the Cabinet with the next——"

But the Admiral was already hurrying down the street. That very afternoon he took his family up to Kit's House, to call; and has been calling at short intervals ever since.

The Goodwyn-Sandys', unless we are sharper than the police, we shall never see again. They made good their escape. So close was the pursuit, however, that they were forced to leave the portmanteau in the cloak-room at Paddington Station, where it was discovered and opened. It contained a highly curious clock-work toy,

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