

and girl—as indeed I may call her. Pray, pray don't disturb yourself, my lord.” He bowed and bustled himself out. Bendish was alone indeed.

He stood trembling for a few moments. He heard the sudden burst of music. The Guards' Band was at the Palace—the heartless world was still twirling and grinning round him. His trembling grew upon him. His hand mechanically felt the knob of a drawer in his writing table, pulled the drawer open, and closed about the silver-handled pistol which always lay there. In the act he looked up, and in the mirror opposite had a sight of his own shocked and wounded face. That sobered him. He flicked his hand out of the drawer as if some one had caught him unawares, and slammed it to. Mackintosh entered the room.

“I beg pardon, my lord, but the horses——”

Lord Bendish lifted his head, and looked at him.

“I shan't want the horses. I'm not riding.”

“Very good, my lord.” But the man remained in the room. “I beg pardon, my lord——”

“Well, Mackintosh, what is it?”

“I was about to say, my lord, that if I could be spared, I should be glad of a hour or two this forenoon. Mr. Heniker, my lord—Mr. Roger, I should say—is about to be married to that Miss Pierson; and he have been good enough to say that he should be glad of my presence. So I thought . . .”

Bendish broke down. Mackintosh was alarmed. “My lord—oh, my lord——” The young man