

must have gone home. He wondered when they would hear about it—and how. His servants, of course, would tell the police, and every paper, every news-bill would be full of it. How would they take it, what would they think had *really* happened? What was the impression that he had left on their minds by his general behaviour that afternoon? Everything depended on that, and the coming stratagem that was forming in his mind was so much wasted ingenuity if they had thought him abnormal. It might be a petty thing, people who had not been in the same position might call him self-conscious or pernickety, but, if you looked at it reasonably, if words had any meaning, why *should* a man be called insane when he was not only positively sane but relatively far more sane than his neighbours?

Hatherly would be rather broken up, but he would be the last man to suspect.

Raymond would not hear about it for months—not until the war was over and he was released from his fortress. Then he would find himself in unconditional possession of a trifle over twenty million pounds (and be damned to him! let him see what *he* could do with it!), and the whole tragedy would be so long past by them, and he would find no one with whom to exchange and compare suspicions; otherwise it was awkward, because old Raymond was a shrewd fellow. But the money would keep *his* mind occupied. . . .

People *would* regard it as a tragedy—young, rich, popular, good-looking, on the eve of being married; he was getting to know the personal touch of the press, he could foretell the exact form of the obituary notice, and in thirty-six hours the little cuttings on their yellow slips would be pouring in on him from his agency. At least, not on *him*; they would come addressed to him; it was rather curious to think of letters coming in after it was all over, of a hundred and one subsidiary wheels still revolving when the piston was motionless in its cylinder. People would finger the envelopes, wondering who had the right