

bed in the bachelor room and stared glumly at the crumpled sheet.

He might go back, but no amount of eloquence or of passionate pleading could wipe out that damning proof of his folly and incredible recklessness. He had lied to Anna Helder, just as he had lied to all other women save Kitty alone. For he loved her with all the depth and sincerity of which he was capable, and the idea of giving her up, the thought of the scorn in which she held him, now unmanned him.

He had still three days of his visit to put in, but he was intimate enough with his host to be able to excuse himself. He knew that, so far as getting any further good out of the sport was concerned, he was done.

Yes, he would go back. He took the Bradshaw up from the little bookshelf to be found in every room of that perfectly appointed bachelor house and made study of the trains. By getting to Newcastle he could catch a train which would run him into King's Cross at ten-thirty that evening. He would take that.

He was about to run down to the billiard-room to tell Tony Bagshot he had to go when Cyril burst in.

"Say, old chap, I've had a wire from Clare. She wants me to go to my people at once. She's there, and my father has come home."

"Oh!" said Ted rather heavily. "I'm going too."

"Has she wired you, too?" asked Cyril interestedly.

"But, naturally, the old man would like to see you. A regular family party, I suppose, engineered by Clare."

Cyril did not mean to be ironical, but that was the impression he conveyed to Ted.

Charters sat up suddenly and surveyed his brother-in-law with a certain kind of serious interest. Cyril was quite harmless, but he had no qualities of mind or heart such as command for a man the respect and admiration of his fellows. A pretty average, useless cumberer of the