

As Allan stepped out on to the roof-garden again, Kilgallan came towards him and clapped him on the shoulder.

"You are all right, Mac!" he said.

Quietly Mac handed a sheaf of telegrams to a red-coated servant.

Some minutes later the roof-garden was deserted. Every one had gone about his own business. The hotel servants were moving away the chairs and plants to make room for Vanderstyfft's great aeroplane.

Vanderstyfft took his seat in it and saw to the lamps. The propeller throbbed, the machine leapt forward a dozen paces and rose in the air, then vanished like a great white bird in the luminous clouds of New York.