

"How do you mean?"

"Well, they say he had a diamond mine of his own which did not cost him a cent. You know, of course, that the miners are searched . . . swallow the diamonds . . ."

"You don't say so!"

"Lloyd . . . doctored whisky . . . sea-sick . . . Lloyd's mine!"

"But that is incredible."

"Well that is what people say . . . And now you see him giving away millions of dollars for universities, observatories, libraries . . . But the man is an incurable invalid and lives in a constant state of nerves. Concrete walls several yards thick keep out all noise from his living-rooms . . . in fact a prisoner."

Maud at last turned towards the speakers remonstratingly, and they ceased speaking.

During the pause, Hobby was seen making his way into Lloyd's box and shaking hands in a cordial informal way with Ethel Lloyd.

"You see, I was right," resumed the deep voice in the box adjoining the Allans. "Hobby has all the luck! Of course Vanderstyft is still to the good . . ."

In another minute, Hobby was back again with his friend. "Come along, Mac," he called out, "The old man wants to talk to you."