

more felt himself secure. "That's Sir Anthony Stollard," somebody whispered, "the Under-Secretary——" He moved away.

But he could not escape the conversation which reached him from the neighbouring compartment of the corridor train—

"Owner of Stawell, by Jove—forty something, not five—and such a position in Parliament! Lucky fellow! Do you believe there is anything in the story of a *liaison* with Lady Mary Midas?"

"I always believe, on principle, the story of a *liaison*. Besides, why not? He's been a widower for ages; men don't go on mourning for their wives till they marry again. And surely, Lady Mary can't have doted on Midas. By-the-bye, she's been giving her millions away."

"Yes. Rum go. What fools women are!"

"And to that painter chap, of all crea-