

"Now it would be a happy surprise for these two young people if I could persuade your lordship—hey? Really, it would be an act of great condescension—to grace the wedding, and throw the white slipper! They start immediately, you must know, in the Duke's own travelling carriage—for Florence. Now, my lord, if you would be so benevolent——"

I think he would have gone if he could—to have stared Rose into stone, to have had Roger by the windpipe—yes, he would have gone but for one thing. It was Mr. Heniker who saved Golder's Green from a fracas. Trapped, cornered, deserted as he was, Bendish could not let this blabbing old fool into his secret. On the contrary, he showed him his stateliest and most urbane.

"I'm really very sorry, Heniker. This news of yours is sudden. I wasn't at all prepared for it. And I fear that my appointment won't stand over. Be sure that I wish Roger very well—all that—more than—he deserves. I daresay it will turn out excellently. He shall hear from me—of course. That's of course. We are old friends—at least I had taught myself to believe it. But it's a queer world. I must take your word for the lady. A Miss Pierson, you say? And now, if you'll excuse me, Heniker——"

"Yes, yes, to be sure!" said the hearty man, and looked up at the clock. "God bless my soul! I haven't a moment." He held out his hand. "Good-morning to your lordship—and many thanks. Be sure that I shall give your kind messages to my boy