

a cavalcade of ivory elephants. At his father's last words, however, he looked up.

"How much *are* you worth, dad?" he enquired.

Sir Aylmer looked at him and then looked away at the fire; as the silence lengthened, Deryk's eyes met Hatherly's, and the two waited with conscious expectancy.

"How much do you think?" Sir Aylmer said at length.

"Please stop fidgiting with those elephants."

Deryk flushed at the reproach, and dug his hands into his pockets.

"I've honestly no idea," he said. "A million?"

This time his father hardly hesitated at all; his mind was made up, and his eyes, with a question in them, turned for confirmation to Hatherly, who answered with a quick nod.

"More than that, Deryk; my annual income is over a million."

Deryk whistled, and sat staring at his father with wide-eyed astonishment.

"But how the deuce d'you manage to get rid of it?" he demanded.

"That is a question which you'll have to answer in your time," Sir Aylmer replied, as he looked at the clock and motioned to Hatherly for help in getting out of his chair.