slept in his clothes on the floor for twelve hours on end.

"She's had a wonderful night," he told me, exultantly. "And the boy's doing magnificently. They seem to think it'll be reasonably safe to move him to-morrow. And then, if all's well with Sonia, I shall go back to Melton. I shall only want to talk to her, if I stay any longer; and, as it is, if a board creaks or anyone touches the bed . . . That good angel Violet has promised not to go until *every*thing's all right. Don't you think she's been wonderful? Violet Loring, I mean. I'd got no sort of call on her."

"I don't know that the baby upstairs has any great call on you," I answered.

"We—ell, you can't open an account with a thing twenty-four hours old," he laughed. "I say, Stornaway, I had no idea that babies were so *small*. Hullo, that's Violet's step! There's nothing wrong, is there?"

Lady Loring had come in to say that Sonia was asking for him. He hurried upstairs, leaving his breakfast unfinished, and did not return for a couple of hours. I asked him whether there was anything amiss, for there was an unfamiliar frown on his face.

"No, but it was curious . . . ." he began hestitatingly. "You remember how she made me promise. . . . Well, I went in and asked her how she was, and she said she was feeling better. . . . And then she asked about the child . . . wanted to know whether it was a boy or a girl . . . wanted to know how it was. . . . It ended by my carrying him in for her to see. . . . I was in two minds whether to do it, because she was working herself up to a pitch of great excitement, but I thought it would only make things worse, if I refused. She wanted to see what he was like, you know, whether there was even the remotest resemblance. . . . She gave a sob, when I brought him in, and said, 'He's got my eyes.' I'm afraid the whole thing excited her rather. She suddenly got the idea that she oughtn't to have asked *me* to bring him in. Poor mite! he's not responsible for his own father, and I told her that if we started quarrelling over a thing like that . . . An-