

to Abdul Hamid . . . worth two hundred thousand dollars."

Allan looked up. The box opposite was dark—Lloyd had arrived.

In the box, Ethel Lloyd's delicate features could just be discerned. Her pale gold hair was recognizable by a suggestion of glistening, and on her right temple, now turned towards the audience, she wore a great diamond which shone like a pale red star.

"Look at that throat and those shoulders," the bass voice in the adjoining box could be heard. "Did you ever see anything like it? They say that Hobby, the architect—yes, the man who was next door——"

"Oh, indeed! One can quite imagine it," rejoined another voice, with a notably English accent, and the speaker laughed softly.

The back of Lloyd's box was hidden behind the curtain, but Allan concluded from a gesture of Ethel's that Lloyd himself was there. He bent down towards Maud and whispered to her, "Lloyd has come after all!"

But Maud had ears only for the music. She did not understand Allan at all. She was perhaps the only person in the hall who was unaware of the arrival of Ethel Lloyd, wearing her "Rose Diamond." An emotional impulse, caused by the music, moved her to stretch out her hand gropingly towards Allan. Allan took it and stroked it mechanically, while a thousand quick, keen thoughts chased each other through his brain, and his ear took in fragments from the conversation which was being carried on hard by, jerkily and in whispers.

"Diamonds?" inquired a voice.

"Yes," replied another. "They say that is how he began. In Australia."

"How did he make his money though? By mining himself or speculating?"

"Neither. By running a hotel."

"Do you mean to say he had no claim?"

"He had a peculiar claim of his own!" And the speaker laughed softly.