

at the flat. So far as he could remember, no such gentlemen had ever come to see his master.

This was a slap in the face for the Duke. Thwarted at home, he had counted upon finding out something here; but now he told himself that it was ridiculous to have been deceived in this simple way by such an impostor. Now that, at last, he thought of it, it was easy to see how the man had glanced hastily at the name-board, and had seized upon the first victim who came under his eyes. Probably he had never heard of Major Cayley-Gwynne until, with enviable presence of mind, learning of his existence through the name over the letter-box, he had claimed him as a convenient friend.

The Duke was in too impatient a mood to linger long for mere politeness' sake. He bade Major Cayley-Gwynne good-bye, and addressed his next question to the janitor. But that blue and gold liveried person shook his head doubtfully. To the best of his recollection, no such gentleman as the Duke described had ever presented himself in the Mansions. He certainly was not a resident, nor could the janitor believe him to be a visitor. He would make inquiries, certainly, but to judge from his looks he was not very hopeful of the result.

This disappointment left the Duke with no spirits even to make his excuses to Mademoiselle Renaud and Cissy. He could not waste a moment upon them, for now it was in his mind to go again to the Duchess's and tell her all that had taken place between him and the man of mystery.

It was better that she should know the danger in which she stood, and soon. Should he offer to marry her at once, and give her his protection against all enemies? He was not sure what he wished to do, or what he might be capable of doing; but he told himself that their whole future might depend, if not on the answers she gave, at least upon her manner of receiving what he had to say.

The Mercedes sped through the dark and quiet ways, soon depositing him before the Duchess's house in Pont-street. The windows were depressingly dim behind their lace and silk curtains, but he did not think much of that, for probably Magda was still dining, and the dining-room was at the back of the house.

He asked for her of the same white-robed servant who had twice admitted him in the afternoon. "Her Grace is not at home," was the answer.

"Are you sure?" he questioned, eagerly. "She may wish that message to be given to ordinary callers, and yet, perhaps, she would be willing to see me for a few moments."

"She is really away, your Grace," returned the maid. "She left the house more than an hour ago, and sent word downstairs that she was dining out."

Dining out! Calmly dining out after last night, and this day's happenings? Guy was conscious of a deep sense of resentment and increasing suspicion against the Duchess. Where could she have gone? Where could she be?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

