

"Sure."

The girl returned to her first question.

"But what are you going to do with it?"

"I never rightly thought that up," Lancing replied. "It—it isn't the money. I'm not sure that I know what it is."

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"You ought to have stayed over here after you were married," said Hatherly, breaking the long silence. He had drunk his wine and was now cutting a cigar in the companionship of his own thoughts; Sir Aylmer, who neither drank wine nor smoked, had been sitting sunk in his chair, twirling the stem of a wine-glass between thumb and first finger and gazing fixedly through half-closed eyes into the gloom, beyond the yellow circle of candle-light. Neither noticed any break of connection or pause in their conversation.

"I meant to," answered Sir Aylmer. "Heaven knows what I should have done; I've been trying to find out the last fifteen years, but I meant to. I as good as promised Gwen I would, before we married. Then you remember I met Raymond on the boat, and he set me thinking."

In 1887 Lancing had married the Boston girl. They spent a leisurely honeymoon in Europe, staying with Hatherly as they passed through London, and returned to America in time for Mrs. Lancing's confinement. On the voyage west their places in the saloon were opposite an untidy, cheerfully rebellious young man named Raymond Stornaway, who was being despatched against his will to Washington as a Third Secretary in the British Embassy. At Trinity, Cambridge, he had been at least the most disputatious of an advanced school of Philosophic Radicals and was ready then, as throughout life, to express theories on all subjects, ever posing as the simple, sane man in a world of criminals and lunatics, but avoiding offence by his obviously sincere belief in his ephemeral ideas. Books undigested and phrases misunderstood simmered and boiled in his eager brain, and throughout his conversation ran a