

CHAPTER XXV

A FLYING THRONE

EARLY next morning Monsieur was taken to the little island, and I felt that his interview would be long and solemn—perhaps stormy. I hoped so. He came back for luncheon and immediately left again, having given us no intimation of his progress. I did not know what Doloria might be suffering from these visits, but they made me so abominably restive that during the afternoon I took a rifle and crossed to the mainland, half-heartedly intending to look for deer. It was nearly sundown when I returned.

“We’re packing, sir,” said the sailor who tied my punt.

“Packing? Why?”

“Orders, sir.”

Without loss of time I hunted up Tommy, finding him and Bilkins busy at carpentry.

“What’s in the wind?” I brusquely demanded, forgetting that Tommy was rather particular about the way people addressed him.

“Rain,” he imperturbably replied; or did he mean reign, and was employing a vulgar pun to apprise me of Doloria’s decision! So I delivered a ten-second philippic on the poverty of some intellects, whereupon he left off working and regarded me with amusement.

“Fact is, Lord Chesterfield, I don’t know what’s in the wind,” he said, “but we’re leaving for Little Cove to-morrow at dawn. Bilkins and I are making a port-