

my say, and all that matters to me at this moment is what you think of it."

"I? I—oh—I thought it was splendid."

He took her arm and piloted her across the throng of the street, and they made their way in silence which was eloquent to the green and lovely spaces in the Park.

As far as they were concerned, London was an empty place—a wonderful, glad world in which they two roamed alone.

"I've never seen you look so well. When did you come back?" said Bygrave eagerly.

"Only last night. We are all at the Coburg. Probably we are going back to Wreford Manor, though mother is talking about a flat in town or a house. She wants to rouse up Kathleen, if possible. You know she has never been quite herself since the death of Mr. Charters."

"It was a horrible thing," said Bygrave. "I was very sorry about the whole thing. And what is Cyril about?"

"Cyril? Oh, he has been all winter in Australia. We hope he is coming home soon. His wife is living in her own flat in Clanricarde Mansions. What a hollow mockery that marriage was—and is! I am so sorry for them both."

Bygrave, watching the sweet, fine outline of her face, thought how her sympathies had widened and what marvels two years had wrought for her.

He was quite conscious that the years had done even more for him, and that they had put him in the right way, so that he might reach those finer heights possible to true manhood.

"Let us sit down here, if you won't find it cold. There is a nip in the wind yet for May."

"I shan't be cold," said Estelle. "But it is worrying me that you should be out of the House to-day. I am quite sure you ought not to be."