

CHAPTER XXVI

SUNRISE

JOHN GLIDE, riding on the top of an omnibus down Whitehall, saw walking quietly along the pavement a figure he recognised. Without waiting to make sure, he swung himself to the footboard, and thence to the ground, while the omnibus was still in rapid motion.

"That was a most dangerous proceeding, and, if anything had happened, John, I should have been obliged to give evidence that nobody was to blame but yourself," said Estelle Rodney reprovingly.

John merely laughed as he shook hands.

"I was afraid I'd lose sight of you. There generally is a fairly good crowd about the gates of an afternoon, and we don't enter by the same door. I needn't ask you how you are. You look the picture of health."

"I am. I've had a month at Cannes. We came home only last night."

"And where are you staying?"

"We are at the Coburg for a few days, but I hope we are going back to Wreford. I think father and mother want to buy it, John. They are to meet Lady Boltwood to-morrow about it."

"You would like that, Estelle."

"Yes. I shall be glad to be near London," she said evasively. "It makes life easier."

"Old Dick will be glad you have come back in time to hear him speak to-day. Last night he didn't expect it." Estelle made no answer, and Glide went on: "He's more nervous about it than I expected. After all, what