

Nap Fenwick's jaw dropped, and he intervened hastily.

"There's no better place in London, sir, but I'm afraid our presence there might excite more comment than you'd like."

"I was meaning dinner in my own suite," said the Prince.

Fenwick shook his head deferentially.

"Both Mr. Markham and I should experience some difficulty in facing the head waiter," he said.

The Prince laughed good-humouredly.

"Well, choose your own place," he said. "Or, as Miss Kavanagh is the only lady present, let her decide."

He turned to exchange a few words with Fenwick, and the Kitten crossed the room in obedience to the beckoning of Pat's finger.

"Where shall I say?" she whispered.

"I don't care, so long as I'm on one side of you, and you don't say a word to the man on the other."

Pat raised her nose haughtily.

"That's for the Prince to decide," she told him.

"His wishes are yours. Have you forgiven me, Pat?"

"No—and I never will."

"Then why did you tell the Prince we were very great friends?"

The girl frowned.

"I didn't. And it wasn't fair of him to sneak, anyway. Where are we to go?"