

manage your wife as successfully as you will govern the country, and by the same means."

"No, Sir Conrad! It is Eileen who has thus managed me, and so has taught me how to govern the country. It isn't I who have called out the best in her, but she who has called out the best in me."

"And you believe that it is she, and she alone, who has made you what you are?"

"I am absolutely sure that whatever good there is in me is all owing to her influence."

Sir Conrad shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes, you are thoroughly in love; there could not be two opinions on that score. A man who will believe that a woman's influence has made a Prime Minister of him, will believe anything."

Mark laughed.

"Well, I do believe it, all the same. And now I must be going," he added, rising from his seat, "to tell Eileen what I have just heard."

"And to put her to the test?"

"No, Sir Conrad; but to tell her that I myself have been put to the test, and, owing to her influence upon me, have not failed."

"And you will come to-morrow to talk politics?" cried Sir Conrad.

"Most assuredly I will, and with heartfelt gratitude for the benefit of your superior age and knowledge and experience."

When Mark had made his adieux and departed, and the two older people were left alone, Lady Clayton went up to her husband and placed both hands upon his shoulders.

"Conrad, say once more that you forgive me," she pleaded.

He bent his worn face down to hers and kissed her on the forehead.