

Estelle laughed.

"I hear of it now for the first time. I haven't seen him since we left London. When he motored down here one day I happened to be at the mission. We don't want any more rumours put in the newspapers, Clare, if you please. Mother was frightfully upset about that one in the *Morning Post* yesterday."

"But that wasn't a rumour, and it was quite time it was announced."

They walked some little distance in silence. Then Estelle drew an evening paper from her satchel, in which she carried various papers and things belonging to the Mission.

"There's something about East Breen there, Clare, that might interest you—the name of the Labour candidate."

Clare grasped the sheet eagerly, and stood still on the soft grass of the park until she had found the name.

"Bygrave! Now, where have I heard the name before?" she said musingly. "Does Cyril know him?"

"Yes," answered Estelle. "It was his sister who died in the summer. We knew all the family before we got the money."

Estelle never blinked facts or gilded any pill.

Clare bit her lips, handed back the paper, and they walked on to the house without further speech.

"I wonder why you hate me so much, Estelle Rodney?" said Clare before they entered. "I've never done you any harm, and, though I married your brother, I've got very little out of the bargain. He has got everything."

"We can't discuss it," said Estelle rather painfully. "And I don't hate you. Only you and I belong to different worlds, as far removed from each other as the east is from the west. As a matter of fact, I belong