

"Can't we go and have tea at an A.B.C. or somewhere for old times' sake?" said Eliza wistfully.

But Estelle shook her head. She was not in the mood for tea at an A.B.C. in such company.

"Not to-day, dear. I'll come out to 'Ambrosia' one day soon and see you. I want to go now, but you should stay a little while. There will be other speeches, and you might find it interesting. Besides, if Mr. Bygrave gave you a ticket, he will be sure to come and fetch you out to tea."

"Then wouldn't you wait to see him, too?" said Eliza eagerly.

But Estelle said hastily that she would rather not. She felt glad for the moment to escape from Eliza's chattering tongue. She wanted to be alone, to think over what she had heard, to indulge in a certain secret pride over Dick Bygrave's achievement.

When she got to the bottom of the narrow, winding stairs which gave access to the Gallery, he was waiting for her.

"John told you I was here?" she said quickly, trying to hide her rising colour. "Or are you going up to see Miss Inman?"

"No. I came to see you. I knew you were there," he said quietly. "No one told me."

"Oh!" said Estelle, and, as several ladies came down behind her, there was no opportunity to say anything further.

Bygrave drew her out into the open air.

"Will you walk down to the Park with me? It's just a step to St. James's."

"I—I don't mind," said Estelle. "But can you leave the House? Won't there be any discussion on your speech?"

"Not to-day. And, anyhow, I don't care. I've said